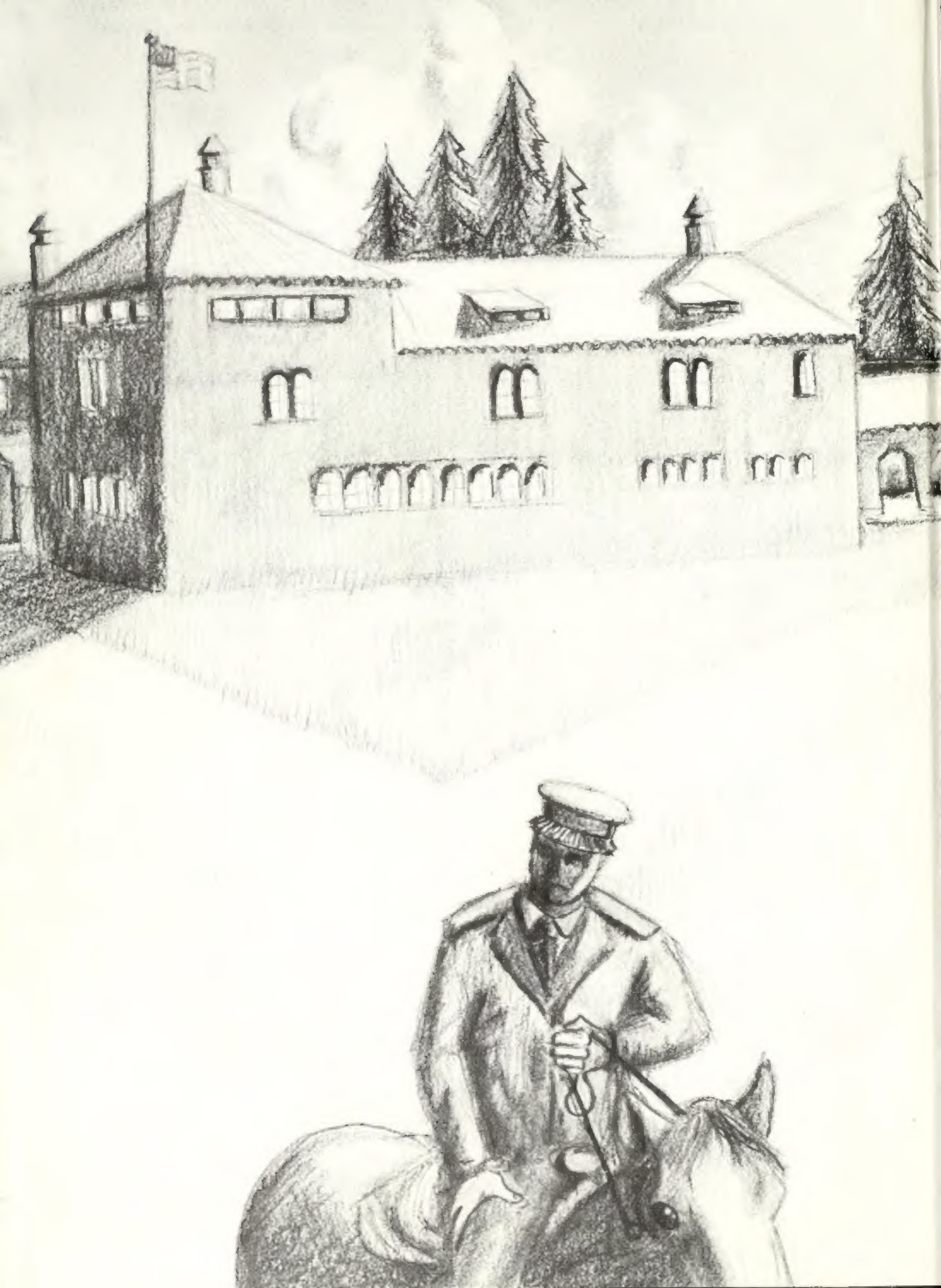
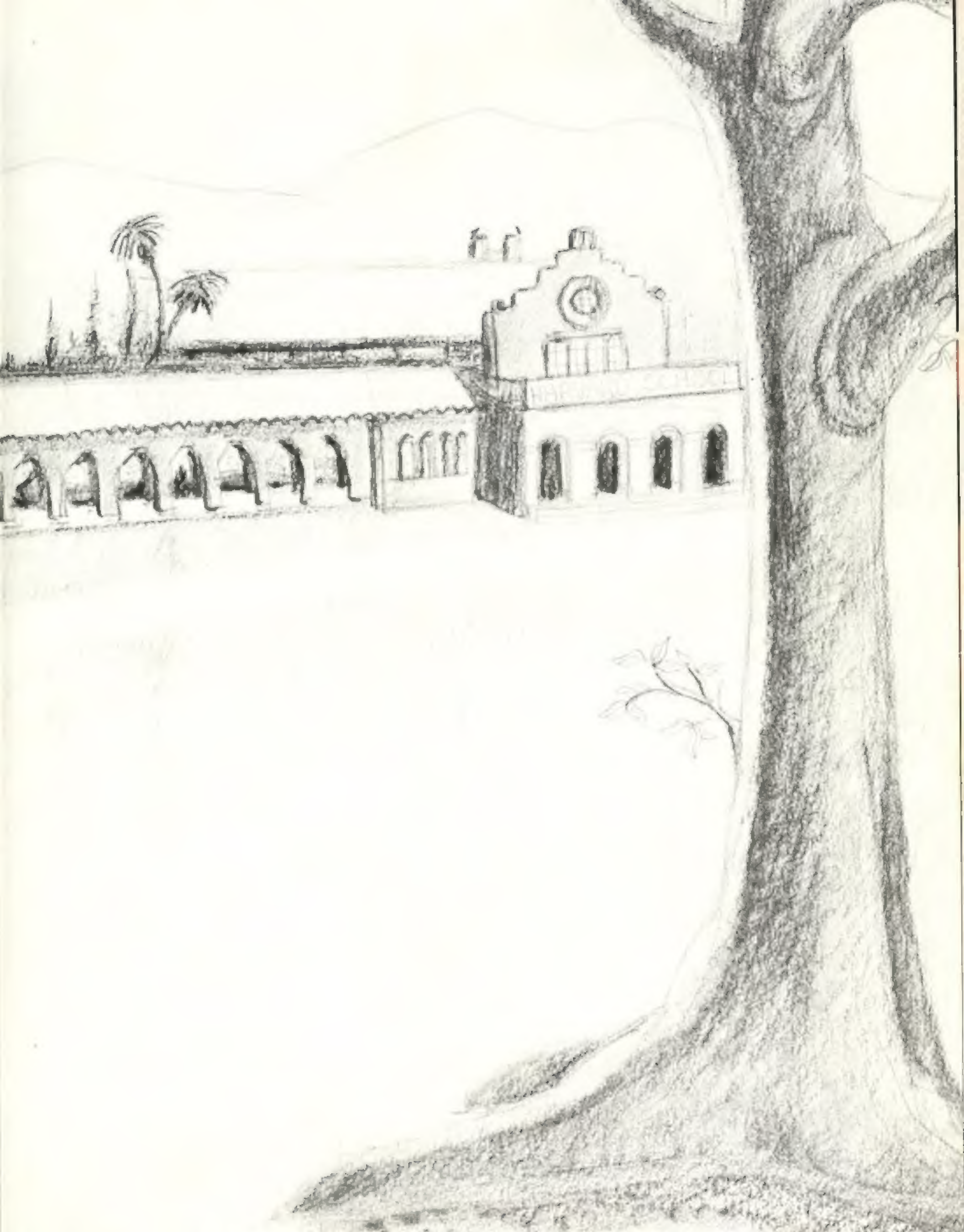


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HARVARD SCHOOL 1900

defferds

On the twenty-fourth day of September 1900, Grenville C. Emery threw open the doors of the Harvard School to the public for the first time. His hope was to have boys from throughout the city under his instruction and he was not disappointed in this, for his name as a teacher of high standards was renowned.

HARVARD SCHOOL

1976 SENTINEL ANNUAL

North Hollywood, California

Mike Herbert	Editor-in-Chief
Andy Caine	Assistant Editor
Bill Urick	Sports Editor
Vince Jefferds	Art Editor
Eric Lund	Historical Consultant
Dave Frankl	Photography Editor
Jeff Anderman	Assistant Photography Editor
Tony Lomax	Assistant Photography Editor
Jim Isaacs	Business Manager

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A lion symbolizes strength and power; a crown represents responsibility. The lion's red claws and tongue have no significance, they are merely to add color. The angels' wings are for the City of the Angels, Los Angeles, and the sword indicates the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's. The wings and the sword are thus common to the arms of every institution of the Diocese of Los Angeles. The distinctly "Harvard" part of the arms symbolizes the Harvard ideal for its students, intellectual strength exercised with responsibility.

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MEMORANDUM

HARVARD'S HEADMASTERS

HARVARD SCHOOL 1900-1975 Throughout this year we have been celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of Harvard School. In doing so we have been reminded of the debt we owe to the many people who have helped Harvard to grow. Our founder, Grenville C. Emery, had a vision of a school that embodied the best traditions of his time and a new and exciting community. His successes have steadily added to the original concept and Harvard has changed its location, grown in size, and now stands among the most prestigious institutions of its kind in the country.

The School's reputation derives from the successes of its students, inspired as they must be by great teachers. Of these Harvard has had far more than its share.

The School also needs the support of generous men and women who believe in the education it has to offer. The magnanimity of Harvard School's benefactors is apparent everywhere on our beautiful and well equipped campus.

Harvard School has been most fortunate to have survived the turmoil of three-quarters of a century so that today it can face the future with a larger, stronger student body than ever before, a faculty rich in talent and experience, and a reputation for excellence which every one of us is dedicated to uphold.

This book looks back with pride on Harvard as it has been. It records with affection Harvard as it is today. May it inspire all of us to see that the Harvard of the future keeps faith with this great tradition.



CHRISTOPHER BERRISFORD 1969-



FATHER WILLIAM S. CHALMERS 1949-1969



REV. HAROLD H. KELLY 1930-1934

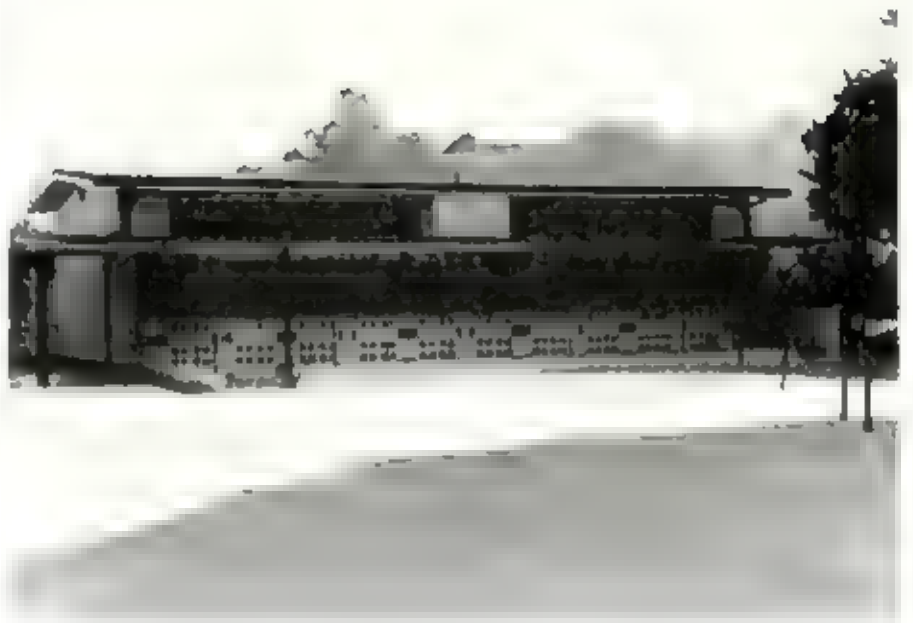


BISHOP ROBERT B. GOODEN 1911-1930
1934-1949



GRENVILLE C. EMERY 1900-1911





1900-1915





KINTER HAMILTON

"TAUGHT OF THEE,
THEY TAUGHT THEIR DAY"



CLARENCE BARNES



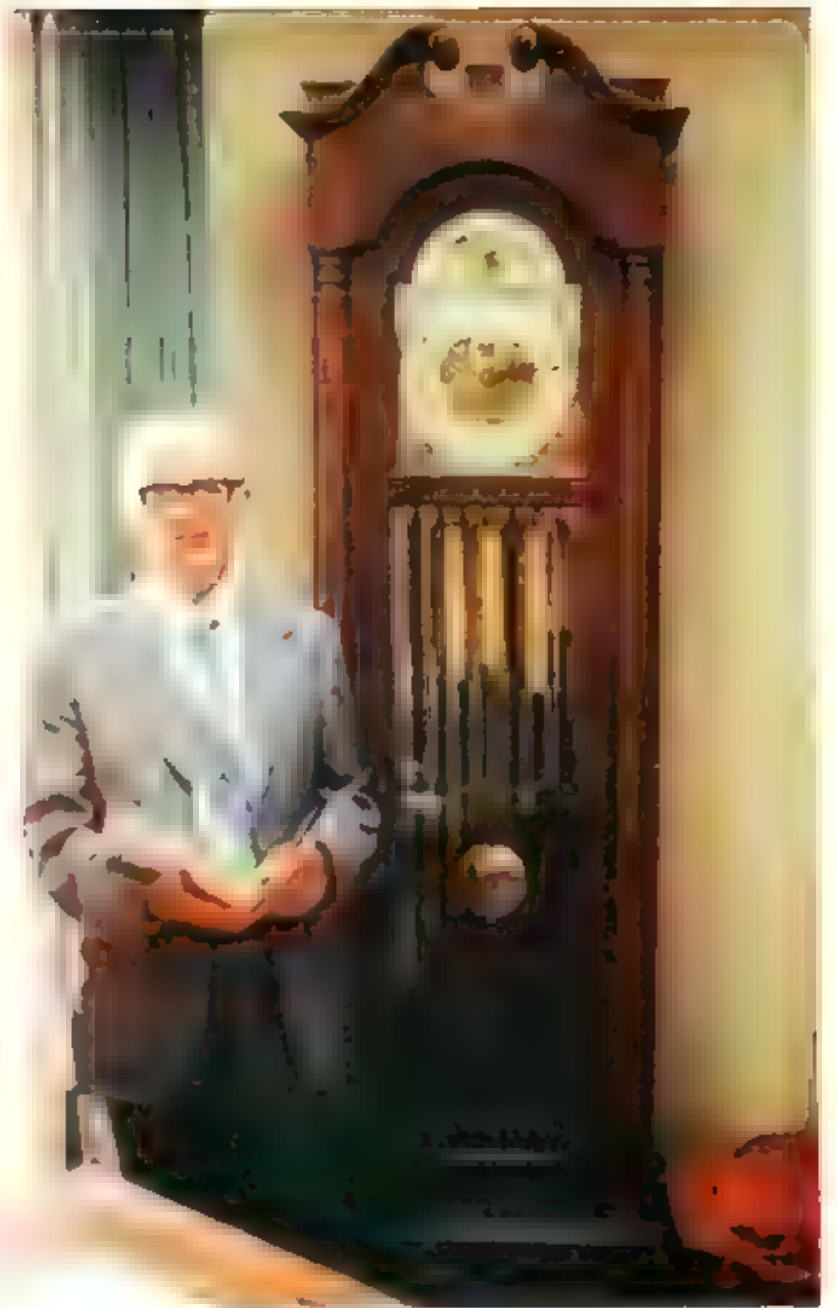
JAMES M. CLERY

- 1900 School founded
by Grenville C.
Emery
- 1906 Football Score:
Harvard 6, USC 6
- 1908 Debating Society
Topic:
"Should the United
States adopt a
progressive inheritance
and income tax as a
part of its Revenue
System"

DEDICATION

NATHANIEL

HUGHES





DEDICATION

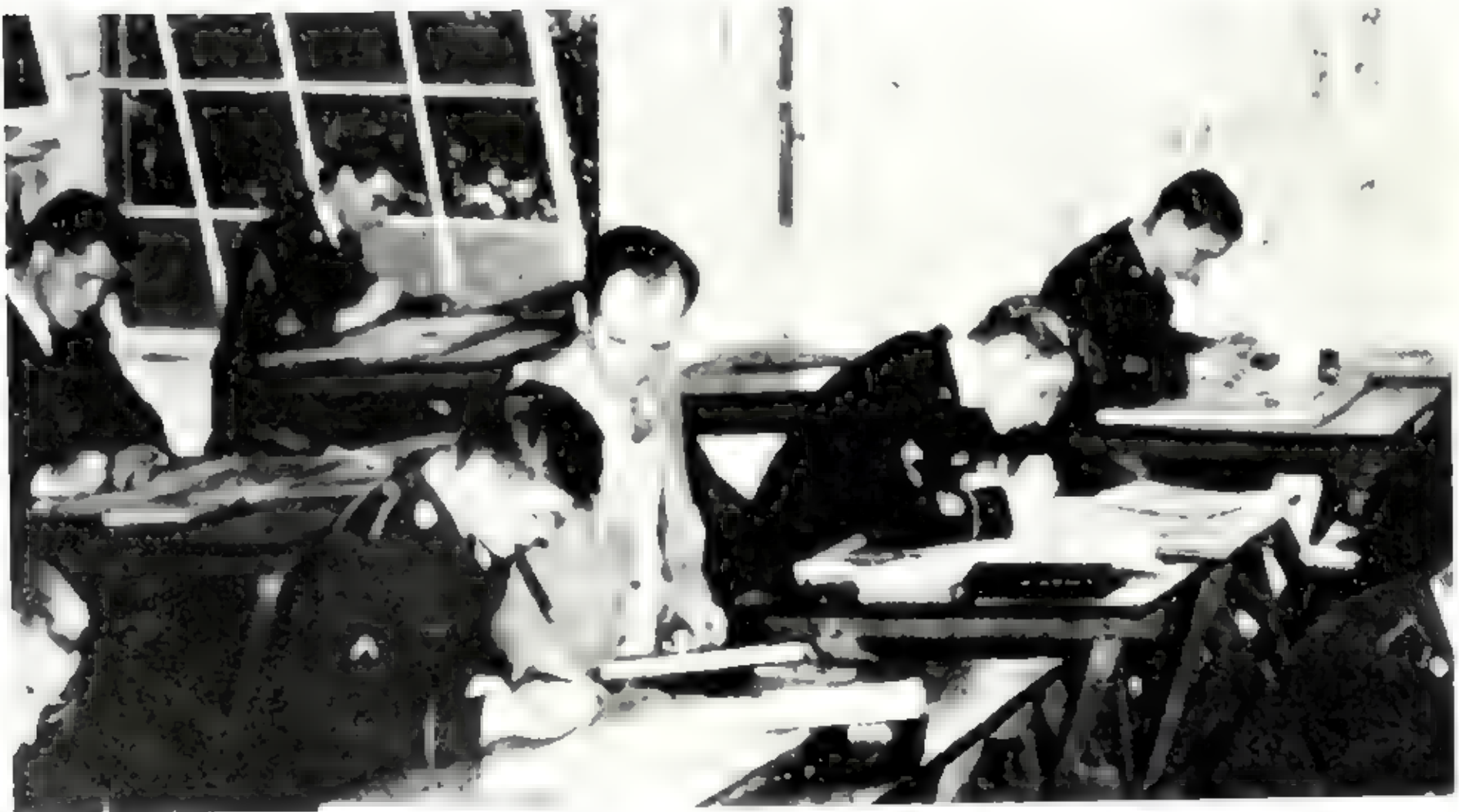
to

NATHANIEL G. HUGHES

Through whose patience and hard work the Harvard School Sentinel Annual has been made possible during the past several years and with whose aid the Class of '44 has managed to cruise safely through the trials and tribulations of high school life and finally through that difficult period of "Seniority." Many thanks to him from all of us. - Yearbook 1944.



NATHANIEL G. HUGHES, A B (U.C.L.A.)
Applied Art, Mechanical and Freehand
Drawing—1938



A key concept of private education is that students, faculty and administrators enjoy an intimate working relationship that is generally not possible in public schools. For the last 38 years now, no one at Harvard has embodied this concept better than Nathaniel G. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes received his B.E. from UCLA in 1947, and then moved directly to Harvard. Initially, he taught Mechanical Drawing, English, and Social Studies. Then, in 1948, he became Head of the Lower School, though he continued to teach until 1971, when he assumed full-time administrative duties.

This year's graduating seniors are the last class to have had him as a teacher, but all those who ever passed through the Lower School during his tenure there surely recall his way of calming down anxious and nervous 11 year-olds during their first Harvard interview; and after admission, the small notes of encouragement, adulation, and sometimes disappointment which he wrote on the back of our report cards; and finally, the long letters at the end of the 8th grade evaluating our first two years at Harvard.

Mr. Hughes has always tried to personally know every student at Harvard, and for this he has gained both admiration and respect from all those who have come in contact with him.

For three-fourths of a century, Harvard School has aimed at offering a more personalized education to its students. For half of that span, Mr. Hughes has done much to further that aim. And so, in grateful recognition of his dedicated contribution to the life of our school, the class of '76 dedicates this annual to him.







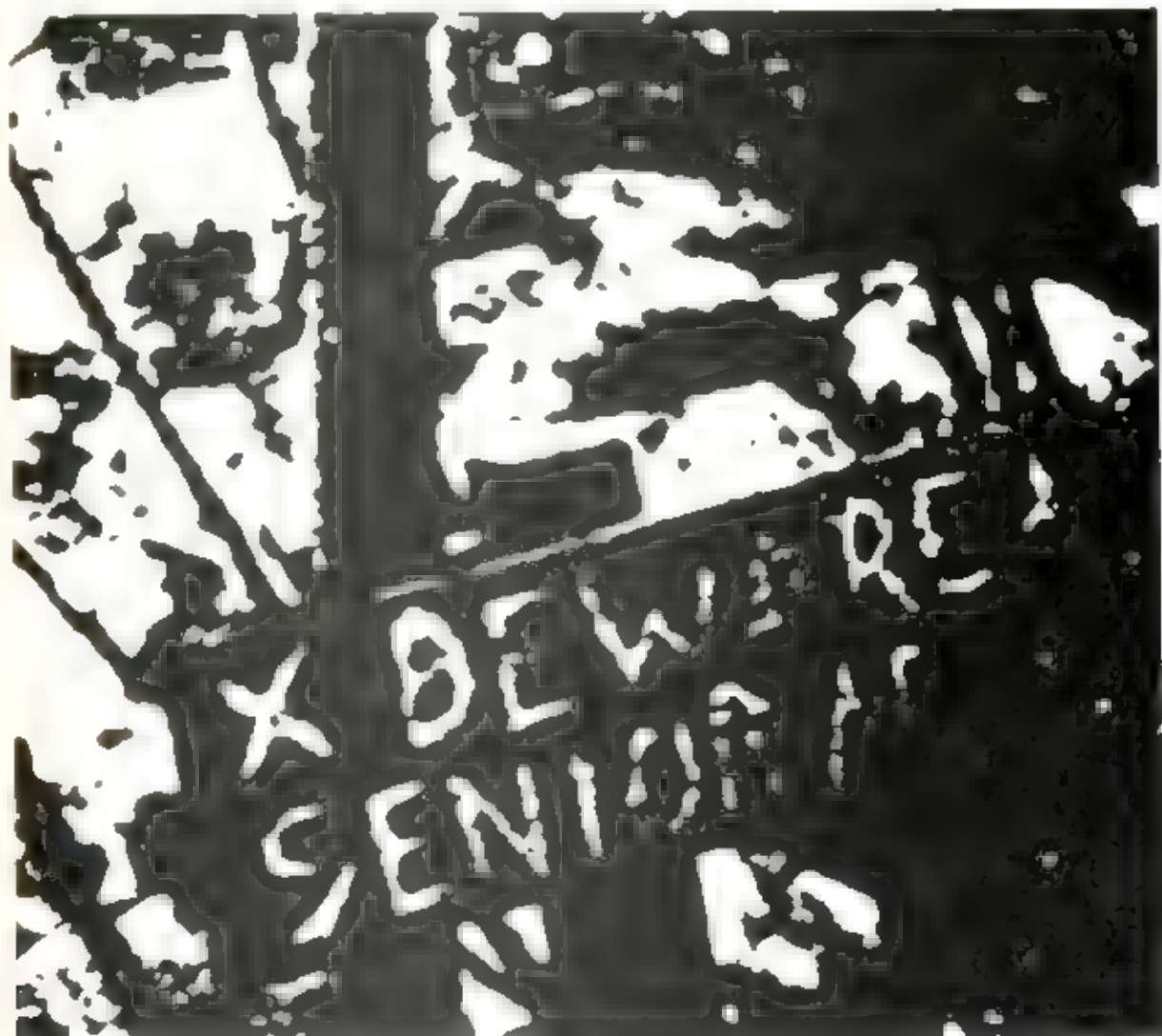
"The results of our work have been
gratifying in the extreme."
— Yearbook 1918

The Alumni

As a result of the work of the Alumni Association, the School has been able to secure a number of new students, and the Alumni Association is proud to report that the School has been able to secure a number of new students.

Class of 1901

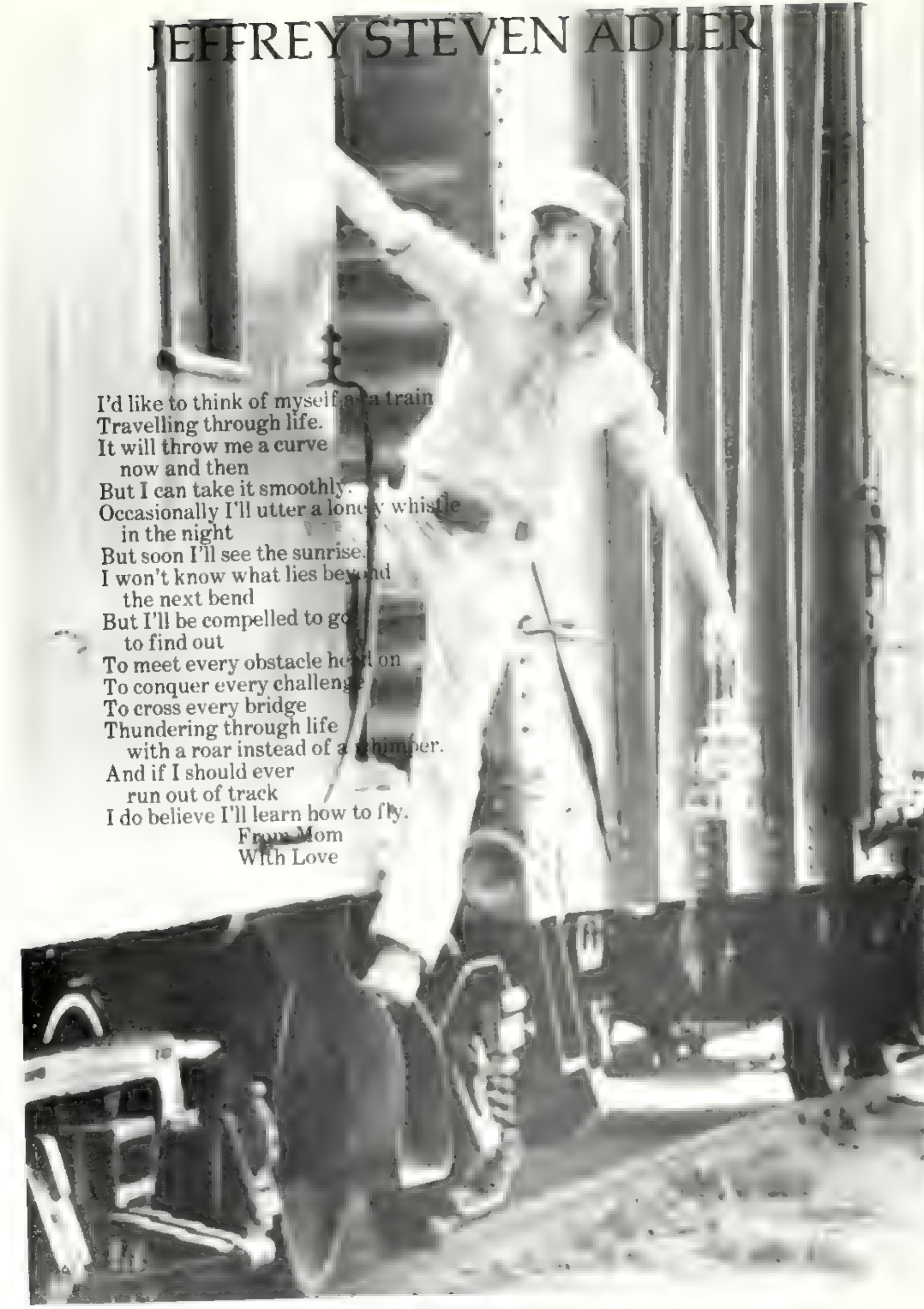
- 1 Thomas Bruen Brown,
Real Estate and Fire Insurance, 402 Trust & Savings
Bldg., Los Angeles
- 2 Henry Fay Grant, Ph B (Yale)
resident Foco Oil Co., Franklin, Pa
- 3 Herbert Heron,
Writer, Carmel, California
- 4 Ora Delmar Snyder,
With Cooper, Coates & Casey Dry Goods Co., Los
Angeles



1912 — The keys to the
school were presented
to Father Robert
Gooden by Grenville
C. Emery
The Bishop's Medal
first awarded to the
outstanding member
of the senior class

1914 — Building of St.
Saviour's Chapel

JEFFREY STEVEN ADLER



I'd like to think of myself as a train
Travelling through life.
It will throw me a curve
now and then
But I can take it smoothly.
Occasionally I'll utter a lonely whistle
in the night
But soon I'll see the sunrise.
I won't know what lies beyond
the next bend
But I'll be compelled to go
to find out
To meet every obstacle head on
To conquer every challenge
To cross every bridge
Thundering through life
with a roar instead of a whimper.
And if I should ever
run out of track
I do believe I'll learn how to fly.

From Mom
With Love



JEFF ANDERMAN

"Education is what you have left over
after you have forgotten everything you
have learned."

"Angling may be said to be so like the
mathematics that it can never fully be
learnt."

Izaak Walton



I think I got one a-nibblin'

JOHN A. ARCHER



To Bull: Jamming with Mott
the Hoople on the air guitar
To Mars: Jamming with Cob-
ham on a variety of instru-
ments
To Dick: The knowledge we
share that hygiene can be
fun
To Pork: Luck in the Pursuit of
such knowledge and
orthopedic shoes to correct
your walk.
To Lock: A floating crap game
and free Kings tickets
To Porter: A scale that meas-
ures by the grams
To Fomon: A tent for his B.C.
harem and a limit of 2 Mai
Tais
To Reich: A year's free admis-
sion to the Sugar Shack
To Banks: The knowledge that
you're a badder dude than
Ron Cornelius
To Neg: All you can fit in your
pockets
To Mr. McFadden: an unlim-
ited shopping spree at C & R

Special thanks to my parents
who had the understanding to
let me return to Harvard.



WHY IS THIS BABY SMILING?



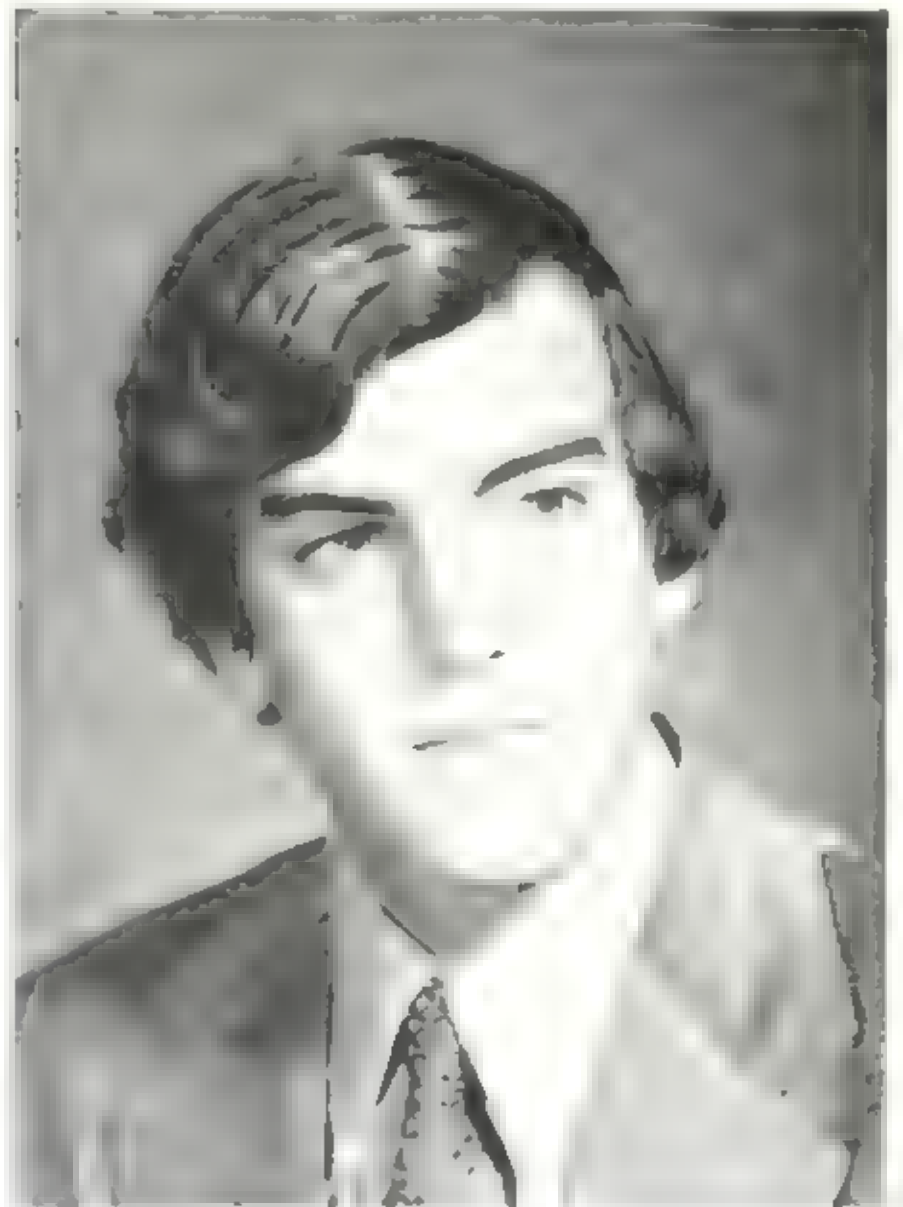
TO GARTH:

Sail on by
Your time has come to shine.
All your dreams are on their way.
See how they shine.
Oh, if you need a friend,
I'm sailing right behind.
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will ease your mind.
— Paul Simon

DAVID BENNETT

As my six years here at Harvard draw to a close, I have come to the startling realization that I must soon shuffle on to the new world of co-ed dorms and crowded lecture halls. I part, leaving the following thoughts to these people: To John, Heeeey. Lauren, do me a favor, keep the faith. Bill, don't worry, you'll get your "A." Jim, Reeceeee. Ghodeleine, thank you for showing me that part of life that I probably would never have known. Danielle, thanks for being a really good friend. Mr. Marks and Mr. McGarvey have my greatest thanks for teaching me that soccer is more than just a game, it's a skill. To Mr. Archer, Mr. Holmes, and Fr. Gill; you have taught me and I have learned from you. Thank you. I only hope that I can help somebody in the same way that you three have helped me. Ruth, I'll love you always. Thanks for making me feel like a real person. Kevin, I owe you so much; I hope that we will always be as close as we are now. Thanks for being there when I needed you; may God protect you from the wrath of the unthinking. Long live the L.I.R. brothers

To my mom and dad, I want to say thank you for making these six fantastic years of my life possible. I love you both. Finally, to the rest of Harvard, I say a good-bye and good luck.



BILL BENNETT



The Cost of Freedom



Lot crew - what a bust
 Scott: Yosemite, Tubers
 parking lots driving in the bomb
 and B is calling, turns, women
 D kind of using women and
 D Frank Zappa - Sink for
 and love - forever...
 Since the Cinal frontier
 Donna: I leave you all my love
 and bad times
 Scribes - Airman, 10
 The Red Riding hood
 for it. (M) from: climbing and
 most of all something
 Dedicated to the Senior



ARIC BROWNE

- 9th Freshman Basketball
Varsity Baseball
- 10th Junior Varsity Basketball
Varsity Baseball
- 11th Varsity Basketball
Varsity Baseball (ALL-LEAGUE)
- 12th Varsity Basketball
Varsity Baseball

I would like to express my deepest thanks to Mr. Miller, Mr. Michaud, Coach Winetrobe, and Sr. Martinez for enriching my experience here at Harvard School.

In addition, I would like to extend a special thanks to my parents for giving me the opportunity to attend Harvard School.



KEVIN CAFFEY

Never look back, never say good-bye;
I am learning how to live
And yet wondering how to die.

I was tripping home the other day, gliding into a fiery sunset. The lights of the city were twinkling in the dusk, into a sky of orange and blue. The figures around me faded into silhouettes, and I was all alone again. Then, ever so slowly, something materialized in the disk of the sun: a hole. And in the hole was a hand, strong and safe, which beckoned me, tantalized me, urged me to follow my path. It shimmered and shook and dodged behind dark engulfing mountains, but whenever I lost faith it appeared again. I reached for it, I still am, even knowing that it is within me already. I yearn to touch it, come what will, and if I do not succeed I hope to die trying, having marked a little of the path for those who follow.

"When you're weary, feeling small,
When tears are in your eyes, I will dry them all;
I'm on your side, when times get rough
And friends just can't be found,
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down."

Simon and Garfunkel

Dave: What can I leave you but a little piece of myself? We have been through it all together. I will never forget. Reach for the stars, they belong to you.

Mark: You have really been a friend. I wish you the success you deserve so much. Remember the time?

Randy: Keep your head above water; thanks for the ride.

Ted: I do not know what it is, but you have got it. I am only sorry we drifted the last few years.

Jim and Clark: Can't say it hasn't been fun.

Ruth: Lean on me, I care more than you will ever know.

Joanne: Cradle my heart and soul, I am a hopeless romantic.

Peers: I have enjoyed knowing all of you, and the experiences were something. I hate to leave, yet I look to the future: we may not make a difference, but we can sure as hell try.

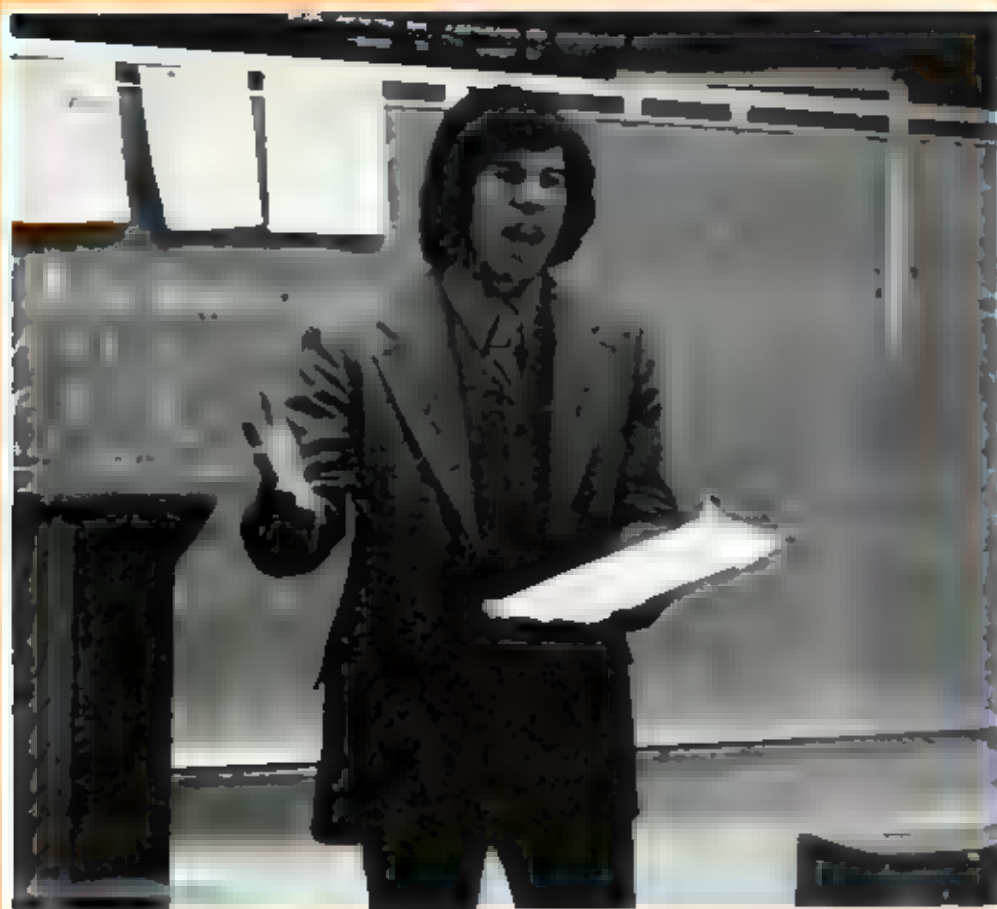
Faculty: The only way I know to thank you is to fulfill any hopes you place in me; you taught me how to learn.

Mom and Dad: You have made me what I am, and I owe you my life. I will be sure to keep the faiths.

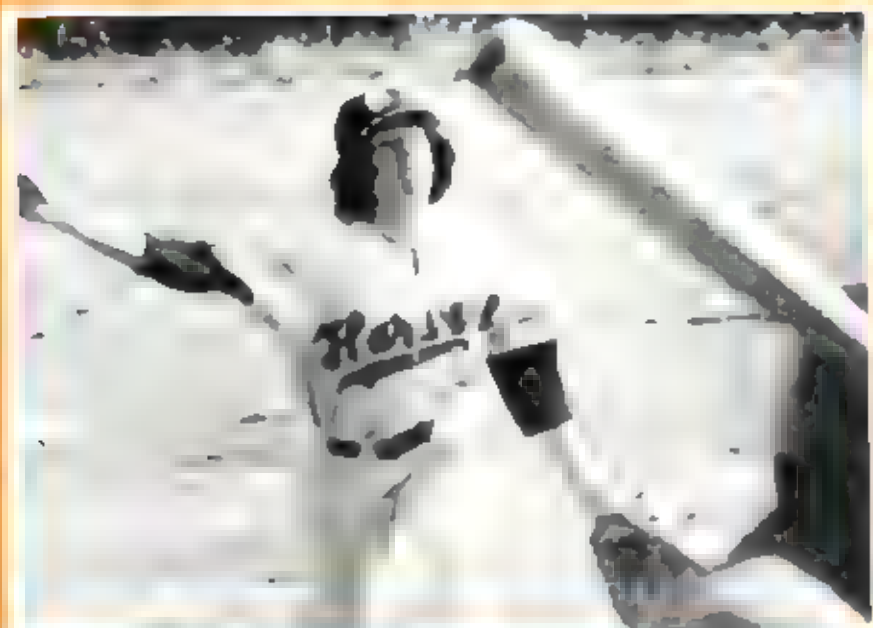
"If you think it's a joke, that's all right
Do what you want to do.
I've said my piece and I'll leave it all up to you."

Moody Blues

ANDY CAINE



1. THE FUTURE
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99. THE FUTURE
100. THE FUTURE



Entered 1970



Left 1976



I, James Carroll, also known as "El Pork," bequeath these words of wisdom to the following people:

To Steve — Catalina nights and babes; a bottle of rum, ice, daiquiri mix, blender and no electricity. Friendship. To Tommy — Black Cadillac, La Jolla, and some of the most insanely rowdy times of my adolescence, Friendship. To James B. — Serious B.S. To Chic-Kun-son — your sister, fringe benefits included. To Bennett — "T" shot. To George — The JV season and Coach LoPresti. To Glenn — Malibu 2 to 3, mumbling. To Billy E. — A life supply of tapes. To Kyle — Hickory sticks. To Lock — 4 more inches and college basketball. To Arch — The girl at the Dodger game and criticism. To Greg P. — Needle, needle, needle, stick, stick, stick. To Tofer — the fact that you never cease to amaze me. To my brothers — I give back everything that you gave to me plus Lettice and Susi. To Malborough girls — Another year of Harvard boys. Yes, I'm talking to you: Liz, Laura, Lynn, Ann, Susie, Mary Ann, Marcia and Rose. To my sister — Happiness and good luck in future years at Malborough. To my Dad — 2 loves, Mom and his boat, the Mahalo, plus sincere thanks. To my Mom — Love, clothes, Hypoglycemia, thanks. Thanks also to Mr. Ameer, Sr. Corcoran, Sr. Dees, and Coach Thran.



JAMES CARROLL

Though they say all good things must come to an end, I can still justify the means. To those who enjoyed it or sixths thereof with me, little needs to be said. For those who cannot say the same, I hope either hindsight or ex post facto observations (depending on your dialectic) will show the way. For posterity's sake, though, I bring forth the following: to David "J." Mael, A Jar for the Lid You Gave Away; to Kevin "Ralphie" Caffey, The Mutual Realization that Years of Study Meant We Were to Become Flunkies Nonetheless; and these quotes: for those who speak quotes, page 1288 of Edmonds' translation of War and Peace, and for those who debate quotes, lines 3 and 4 of Bowie's Moonage Daydream. But seriously folks, tradition compels me to say what is most appropriate here. The people who have made Harvard what it will always be to me all deserve recognition, if only for the sake of those who have the chance to spend a few more years with them. Many thanks to Messrs. Archer, Hughes, Koslow, and Radstrom for starting me off right, and to Messrs. Miller, Ozawa, and Schmidt for having continued later on. To Mr. Martinez, the Louis XIV award for excess in enthusiasm about French culture, and to Mr. Smith, and I.O.U. for some very rare cognac which I shall someday order you in Paris, hopefully being taken for a native showing the marvels of Paris to his tourist friend. For cultivating my appreciation of things outside pure academia, my thanks to Mr. Clark, Mr. Margolis, Mr. Stewart, and of course BIG MAC, TDW, Val, and all my friends at the W.F.I. At last, thanks are hopelessly inadequate in goodbyes to Fr. Gill, Mr. Humphrey, and Mr. Murrow, who have made me feel what respect and admiration combined with friendship are all about, and who have inspired me to try to command the same someday. Oh, and for those who can't understand this page, see either "Wond'ring Again" (Jethro Tull) or David Frankl, the only other Harvard person to appear here.

An Ravi
MBC

MARK CARROLL



RICK J. CARUSO



Live the life you Love, and Love the life you Live.

I, Rick J. Caruso, known better by rumor than by truth, do hereby bequeath the following memorable items of esteem to my closest friends.

To Jimmy, I leave Jack Daniels, a mirror and a brush, an easy million, and my sister. To George I leave a Salvo tablet, "My name is Pancho," and a full moon. To Ben, I leave a Viking Sword, a salad, and 12 sets of tennis. To Tina I leave "clean up the boat," but more importantly a love which is not always apparent. To Bobby, I leave mammary glands, titii "Maybe baby," foof, back room rug, midnight cruises, "hit that swell," and luck. To Jeff D. I leave a new western civ book, Nancy, Maycon, "we'll see," "don't worry," great arguments, a new car, '75 prom, missing good times in Newport, four years of friendship, and all my problems. To Dave, I leave iggies, foof, heinies (dark), Indians, "wait, let's listen to this," a bouy, Chicago, B.N.'S couf of cuppie, ugar, a trip to Santa Barbara, "ya, this is Caruso," and a wasted year!

But to all my good friends, I leave good times on the Arriverdereci, midnight cruises, all nighters, and memories of us all enjoying good times. To you I have an eternal friendship which has gained a trust and closeness which few ever experience.

I would like to thank Mr. Berrisford, Mr. Ameer, Mr. Archer, and Fr. Gill for their guidance and inspiration which they have given so willingly to Harvard. And a special thanks and appreciation to my parents for giving me the opportunity to attend Harvard and for their guidance, love, and understanding.



BRIAN M. CASTLE

1971 — Entered Red

1972 — A monopoly

1973 — No lunch (7 solids)

1974 — Are victim (Radio)

1975 — 8 tests and Moss

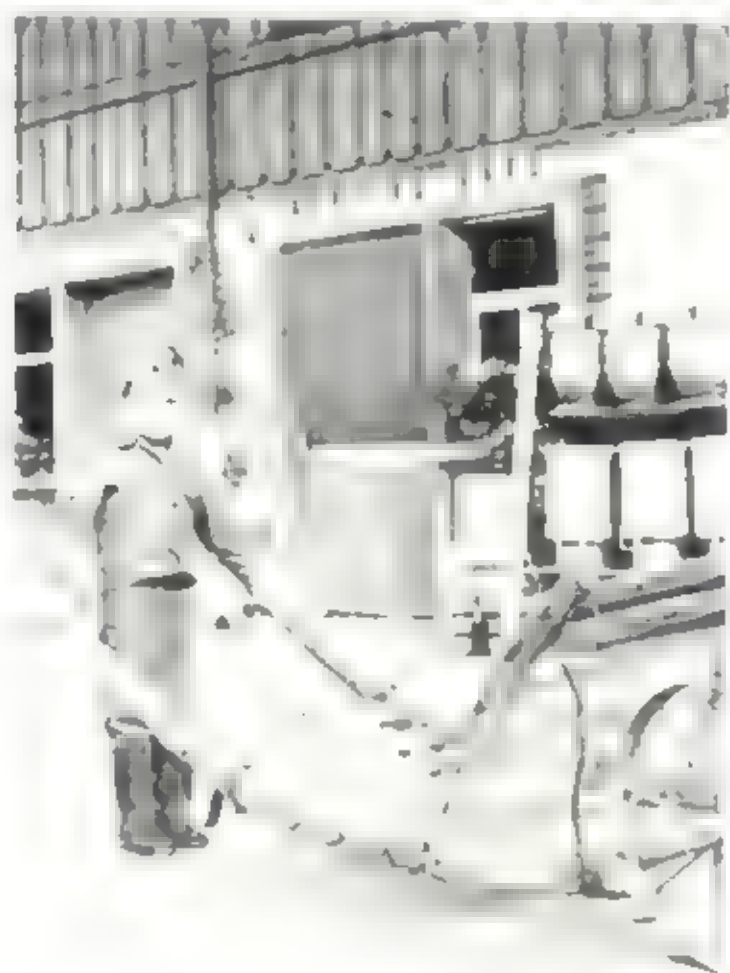
1976 — What A Rush! (Excited still red)

Blessed are the bold, for they shall be
masters of the world.
Cursed are the poor in spirit, for they
shall be spat upon.

WHY TRY, I KNOW WHY
THIS FEELING INSIDE ME
SAYS IT'S TIME I WAS GONE
CLEAR HEAD. NEW LIFE AHEAD
I WANT TO BE KING NOW
NOT JUST ONE MORE PAWN

FLY BY NIGHT AWAY FROM HERE
CHANGE MY LIFE AGAIN
FLY BY NIGHT. GOODBYE MY DEAR
A SHIP ISN'T COMING AND
I JUST CAN'T PRETEND

— G. Lee and N. Peart



To all the students and faculty
who have made my stay at
Harvard enjoyable, many thanks.

To Messrs. Berrisford, Ameer,
McGrew, Hughes, Clark, Roberts,
Morrow, and Pavon, special
appreciation for putting up
with me.

To my mother, more gratitude
than I could ever express in
words.

LATER



SCOTT CHRISTOPHER

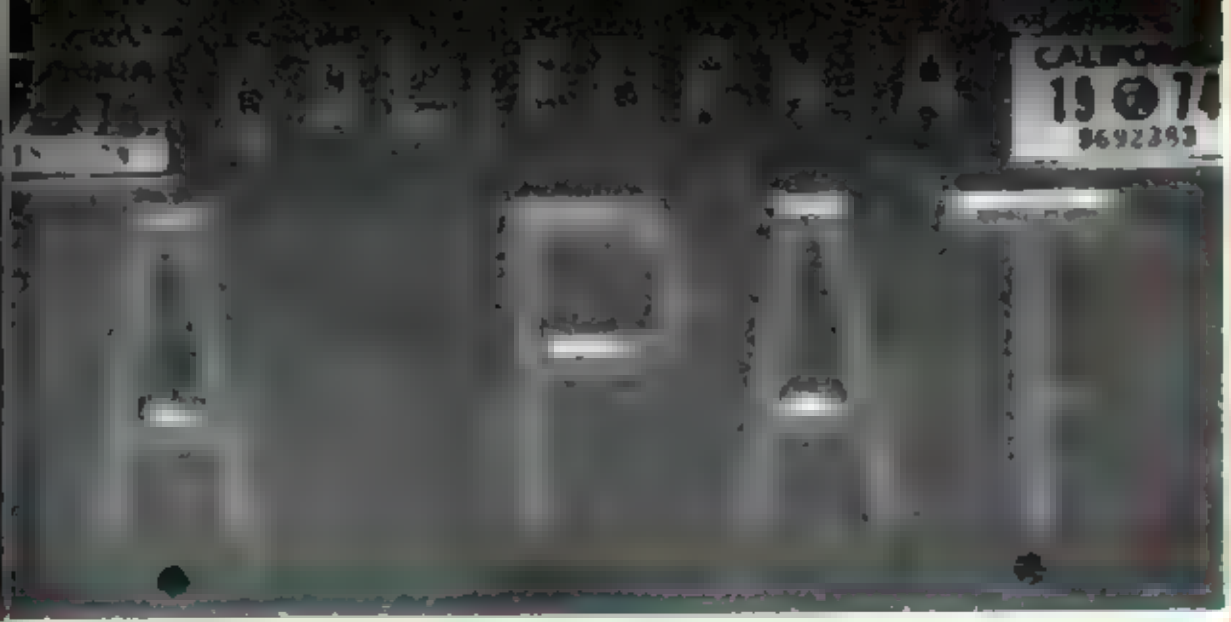
Take your time, think a lot, think
of everything you've got, cause you
will still be here tomorrow, but
your dreams may not.

Cat Stevens
"Father & Son"

My six years at Harvard have been
wonderful. Thank you all for making
my world what it has been and is now.
Later,

Scott





ALEXANDER

PATRIC

COHEN



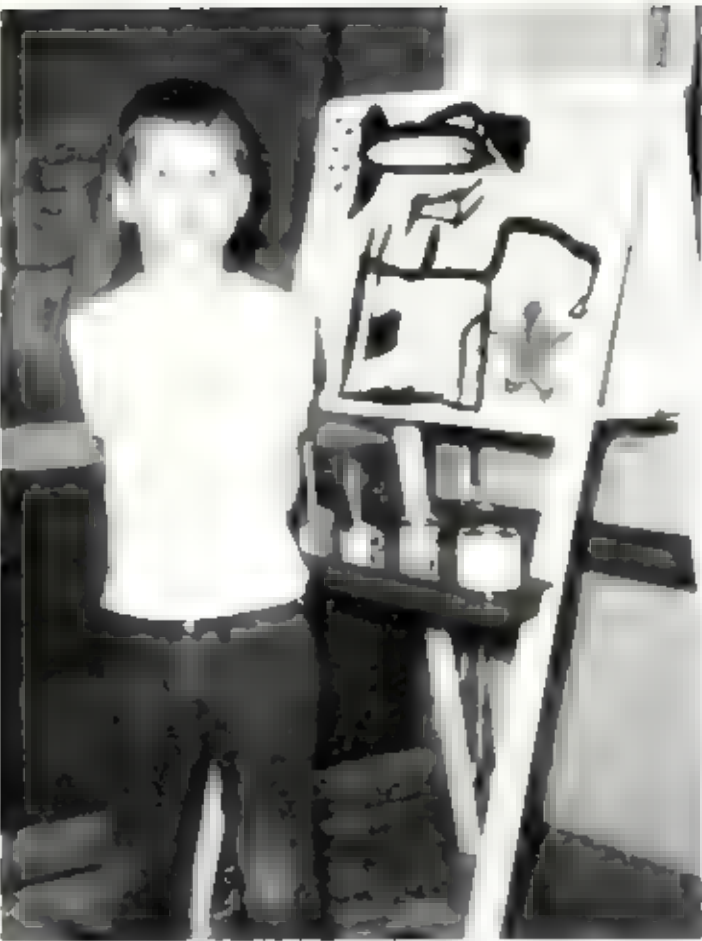
I, Pat Cohen, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mike, Mammouth and the orange bomb on chair 16, K.C.'S, Jaw's cove and a red pick-up truck, OJ and a police car, principles, LIL OLY, the greatest stunt we have yet to pull off together, Liz, and a great friendship. To Dave, the rest of your life in the DUNGEON, J.M. and S.Y., "This is true," the chick at work, the Joe Walsh concert, a donut shop in B.H., the KEY, and all the good times we had together. To Brian, "what did ya do to your chin," Chair 16 in the bomb, The Harvard pole vaulting record, an American Indian for your very own, T.T., a new Dino, J and B in Hancock park, and friendship. To Bob, DBSP GET DOWN! A mile walk in Mammouth, water ballooning the police, and an eternal party. To Bopper, hyperness, Jaw's cove and a red pick-up (The three of us could have taken him, crowbar or no crowbar), a 200 yard game, your bet with Mike (you'll probably lose), and good times. To Ted, R, a year's supply of beautiful babes, frisbee, L.M. and the fact that C.S. was really the only one, no brakes on Wilshire in Westwood, and an everlasting friendship. To Chuck, THE OLD CROW NEVER DIES, and the fact that you wouldn't look classy in a Cadillac. To Haddad, Hey Toots!, Tough guy eh!, and the rest of the stooge maneuvers. To Toaf, Mike and my book on your maneuvers, Dr. B's, the pinto, lifeguarding at the T.C., Mammouth, and the hope that some day we can truthfully call you FOAT. To Sambo, a 911S, a set of driving lights, and WOOF! To the group, in the Senior parking lot that night, thank God we were lucky. To Mr. Ameer, Mr. Winetrube, Mr. McGarvey, Coach Thran, Coach Himmelman, and Ma. Dietz, thanks for caring enough to keep me going. To Mom and Dad, thanks for the opportunity. And to those I have left out, thanks for friendship and good times. SO, WE BEAT ON, BOATS AGAINST THE CURRENT, BORNE BACK CEASELESSLY INTO THE PAST.

Jonathan Cooksey

Why am i fighting to live,
if i'm just living to fight?
Why am i trying to see,
when there ain't nothing in sight?
Why am i trying to give,
when no-one gives me a try?
Why am i dying to live,
if i'm just living to die?

You know i used to read my words into confusion,
So i hope you'll understand me when i'm through,
You know i used to live my life as an illusion,
But reality will make my dreams come true.
So i'll keep fighting to live
till there's no reason to fight
And i'll keep trying to see
until the end is in sight
You know i'm trying to give
so come on give me a try
You know i'm dying to live
until i'm ready to die.

from 'Dying to Live'
by Edgar Winter




BENNET DAVIS



To my benefactors and good buddies, I leave the following: Steve — 1st B's at Harvard Day. Dave — Stu, Vlad, never down, and we never did make top 10. Tom — one certified all-American ooh-hoo-ooh-hoo. Juice — you taught me all I know. Bob — you look good in the line, but one of these days I'll show you how to ski. Jim — Sunday night at the p.p. and good talks. Kyle — the "Espirit de Corps." Lil' Oly — talks after B's and you lost the bet. Bagdad — you're the worst Indian player I've ever seen. Thanks to all my teachers and coaches, especially Coach Thran.



DOUG DICKINSON



I, Douglas S. Dickinson, leave the following to the following: To Arch — an inconspicuous 3 am shower, Easter vacation at your pad with Mich's, 4-some at the McCoart's, 1 to and Big Bear, and thanks for nine years of friendship. To Q — madman, dater, Kareem Abdul-McFadden, 1 to with Brad P. (and other worthwhile experiences that night), juvenile delinquency, 10th grade fortnightly, concerts, waterskiing, Arrowhead, hosted by J. Pierre, Big Bear, (the babes, the n's quantas, dueling drummers and a sudden last for marshmallows). To Tuck — Susie's J. N eggs (a and j in sudden) feet dirty, cosiness, skiing, the bachelor life at Big Bear, 3 and 4-somes at your house, and thanks for your generosity and understanding. To Boon — jacuzzis and Carte Blanche after Butler, chanting Butler's Serenade after losing by 50, the fact that parties are obsolete now that you're gone, and Check Kew-san. To Dave H. — Harvard's only Lebanese frog, a streak of yellow on your car after Chicago, Doc's concert, one dollar to crush an egg on me on Halloween, M. Smith, the worst Indian player alive, and thanks for the great times. To Dave N. — Oia, clonables and you stunk it up, big John's pizza, a pitcher disappearing before our eyes, and B-Ball. To Greg B. — a 3 am spaz attack that made me think crazy Darryl was going to kill the only Honkey in the room, 10th grade Deney's, skiing, and a brick wall imported from Colombia. To Randy — Mission Impossible and Pam S. cause they go hand in hand. To Mike Heady — a party on wheels and a fantastic time at Mammoth. To Mike M. — you bet or not have left me a 200 lb Mexican. To Super Luck — you're not as bad as Super Chan but you're still super. To Ball and Marse — Lyso, Air Freshener for your fangs and Permabond for your scrambled brains. To the Duck — I have never, ever and more good times than anyone else on this page. To Ann H. — 1000 cr. pata banatas and my friendship. To J. H. — a jacuzzi. To Laz — this page is for you, you've given me 15 months of great times filled with love and laughter, that I'll never forget. Thanks Again. To the Lintons — Thanks for your hospitality. To my Parents — Thanks for being perfect. Your love, trust, and understanding has made home a place where I would like to stay for the rest of my life. To the Faculty — Thanks. Goodbye Harvard.

JEFFERY C. DILLMAN



"...and BL RN"
Deep Purple

I, Jeff Dillman, (alias Dil-honest, that's all!), being of frustrated mind and skimpy body, do burden the following with the following. To Mike a garbage play, three years of Varsity Soccer (were they really super sophs?), surf's up and all the Pali chicks you can handle; to Ted T. — a weekend with the Menlo cheerleaders and a sixer to go along; to Steve — a B.M.W., the Doobie Brothers, a world of favors, Mr. Hoeper, and good times; to Ted R. — a new baseball coach, "not too shabby," a cross, and rowdiness; to Charlie (long gone) — Santa Barbara, motocross, Finias and Gene, an Easter in Palm Springs, and a questionable future; to Tom (also long gone) — a party, a "grease-woman," that same Easter in Palm Springs, and pretty

fine parents; to Michele - my warmest regards and an ever-lasting implantation of memories; to John — 12 years of friendship, John Thomas Dye and Mr Cagle, Michele (no 2!), and a quick future and a lot of good old days; and to Kyle — a football combo that never reached stardom, Redondo and a concussion, "Dad-Summit," A & M with a Theology major, and six years of fun and very good friendship.

Oh yes, I almost forgot! To Dave — a silver Camaro, Chicago, A.F.S. and the French Way, a super family, a new junior year, U.S.C., the Three Stooges, and a girl outside Marlborough, to Rick — the rights to all of my failings, the Balboa Boat Bunch, a \$1,000 tab, a 5'4" brunette with a cute walk, Maycon, Arby's, Robin Wright-On, a conversation with Nancy, many "discussions," U.S.C.; to Sis — much success (you may have to support me), a Buffalo Springfield album, L A and a Junior High play, and finally to Rick and Dave — I leave Newport, a bay cruise, Indian, Westwood, going for the foof, Jackie, seriousness, many, many good times and an eternal friendship that can't be beat. Friends like you are what make life worth living.

My thanks go to Coach Thran, Mr. McGarvey, Mr. McGrew, Coach Gingell, Coach Hinman, Mr. Berrisford and Mr. Roberts for their patience and guidance, and my very special thanks go to Mr. Winetrobe, Mr. Amcer, and Mr. Ozawa for their understanding and influence. You make the school what it is.

To Harvard I leave six years of frustration, happiness, opportunity, and challenge. Thanks for the experience!



"There is nothing so gentle as real strength"



And how does it feel to be so wise, to be so wise, to be so wise. Tell me, grey

The day's duties follow a regular rule. This should inculcate habits of method and promptness. The routine followed is given here:

School Duties

Routine of Duties

CALLS and DUTIES	Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	
A. M.					
First Call	6:40	Same as Thursday	Same as Thursday	7:40	
March	6:45				
Reveille	6:50				
Assembly	6:52				
Setting-up Exercises.....	6:52-7:02				
Mess (Breakfast)	7:17			7:57	
Quarters (<i>Morning Inspection</i>) on Friday at 8:10 a m	8:00			9:00	
School Call.....	8:45			9:30	
Assembly	8:49			Church Call 10:50 Assembly 10:55	
Chapel	8:50				
School	8:55-12:09	3:55-12:50			
Recess	10:27-10:37				
School Call.	10:35				
Assembly	10:37				
First Call for Drill.....	12:09	2:30			
Assembly	12:15	2:35			
P. M.					
Recall from Drill	12:50	3:15			
Call to Quarters			12:50		
Mess (Luncheon).....	12:58	12:58	12:58	12:58	
School Call.....	1:35	1:35		Letters Home 2:15 to 4 P. M.	
Assembly	1:40	1:40			
School	1:40-3:15	1:40-2:30	Recreation 1:00 to 5:30 P. M.		
Recreation	3:15-5:30	3:15-5:30			
Call to Quarters.....	5:30	5:30			
First Call for Retreat.....	5:40	5:40			
Assembly	5:42	5:42			
Retreat					
Colors					
Mess (Dinner)	5:45	5:45			5:45
Chapel	6:45	6:45			
Evening Study.....	7:00-8:45	7:00-8:45			
Call to Quarters	8:45	8:45	7:00	7:00	
Tattoo	9:20	9:20	8:50	8:50	
Taps	9:30	9:30	9:00	9:00	
Fire Drill (when ordered)					

TIMES AND METHODS OF PAYMENTS BOARDING PUPILS

\$550 Room		\$650 Room	
<i>Due at opening of school</i>		<i>Due at opening of school</i>	
Board and Tuition	\$300	Board and Tuition	\$350
Uniforms	54	Uniforms	54
Athletic Association ..	10	Athletic Association	10
Total	\$364	Total	\$414
<i>Due February 1st</i>		<i>Due February 1st</i>	
Board and Tuition	\$250	Board and Tuition	\$300
Camp	6	Camp	6
Total	\$256	Total	\$306

DAY PUPILS

<i>Due at opening</i>		<i>Due February 1st</i>	
Tuition	\$110	Tuition	\$ 60
Uniforms	54	Camp	12
Athletic Association ..	10	Total	\$102
Total	\$174		

Outfit

One Cap (dress)	Four Nightshirts
One Coat (dress)	or Pajamas*
One Trousers (dress)	One Cap (service)
Two Trousers (khaki)	One Coat (service)
Two Trousers (white duck)	Two Trousers (service)
Two Shirts (olive drab)	One Brush (hair)*
One Hat (khaki)	One Comb*
One Belt -waist	One Brush (tooth)*
Four Gloves (white)	One Whisk Broom*
One Tie (uniform black)	One Brush (nail)*
One Shoes (black)*	One Brush (shoe)*
One Shoes (tan)	One Soap Dish*
One Slippers*	Six Towels (bath)*
One Shoes (gymnasium)	Six Towels (face)*
Eight Undershirts	Two Spreads (white)*
(summer)*	One Blanket (pair)*
Or Union Suits	Four Pillow Cases*
Four Drawers (summer)*	Six Sheets*
Or Union Suits	One Pillow*
Eight Socks (black cotton)*	One Tumbler*
Six Collars	One Napkin Ring*
(uniform white)	Two Clothes Bacs
Twelve Handkerchiefs*	

The following articles are authorized, but not required: Shaving mug, razor, athletic shoes, and goods. Cadets should bring with them articles marked thus*. All others will be furnished at the school. Each cadet shall have an English Bible.

JOHN DUNBAR



To Michele,
Laughing eyes and smiling face,
I feel so lucky,
Just to have the right,
Telling you, with all my might,
You're beautiful tonight!
G. Lightfoot

After surviving six fairly long years at this institution I feel that I cannot possibly depart without leaving a few things to a few people. To Jeff, I leave twelve years of friendship, (or is it thirteen?) and the, The Stewardesses I know. To Kyle, I leave Little League, Shea Kirshner and the fact that football doesn't agree with you. To Jon, I leave Grandios (?) F. Licentious, Officer E. Jensen and the fact that life is an inside joke. To others, who feel that they need to be remembered, you are remembered.

I would like to thank Father Gill for all that he has taught me, Mr. Hughes for all that he has done for me, and the dedication he has given the school, and Mrs. Rebek for brightening up the Social Studies department. Finally, I would like to thank my parents, for without them sacrificing for me, all this wouldn't have been possible.

Time
Runs slowly,
As it moves
In circles.
Yet
Time
Never moves
For it is always
Now.

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run —
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a man, my son!
R. Kipling

BILL ELDER

I, Bill Elder, otherwise known as Bull, Bull's puzzle, and Elderwerdo leave the following to the following: to the Mars, 500 quacks through the perfect ripoff, Las Vegas escort service, and Prowlin' A., to Hinds Lano's, Get your _____ in a sling, "Bull's puzzle," the ability to beat the odds at Las Vegas, and Stickball with the Vets and snucs, to Uncle Neg, the ability to become literate, loading up the Chooing, and the entire city of San Diego at your disposal, to Arch, Rollerball, the ability to stay awake till at least 10 p.m. and a book entitled "1001 Ways to Cut Down an Indiv. animal," written by yourself, to Reefers or Davers, "You a piece of _____," "Pardon," "You're a real Elder," and the hope that one day you'll turn us on to some Black Sheeba, to Reche, cekikel, Loesch's house during free periods, and those groovy "things" at the Sugar Shack, to Portly Porter, "OVERLOAD!", "Those Bentel parties all through the summer, the hope that your voice will finally change, and "You and Haze will never beat Bek and I," to Esteban Paul, Catalina trips during the summer, and wrong-way driving after parties' Remember", to Tucker Trainer, a picture of Fonon, G.A. and Tones at every party, and Billy Cornam at the Roxy, to Chicknson; Halloween at Hancock Park, the ability to keep your car in one piece, and Alimos Bay, to Meryas, all the trips to Newport that I promised you, PAT DAVIES HIT MAN SCHOOL ENROLLMENT, and the thought that Porter is tops on your list, to Sady, no regrets as to how you act in the 2nd and 3rd quarter, and a friendship that will always last, to Jaws, "On that's nothing _____," to Jimmy, the ability to be as great as he says he is, and ELP concerts all year around.



DOUGLAS ERWIN

Entered: 1971
Left: 1976

"I can say with perfect honesty that I have never knowingly catered to anyone's ideas and have expressed what was within me, regardless of the consequences."

— Clarence Darrow

"There is more to life than increasing its speed."

— Gandhi

" . . . You can't see anything from a car; you've got to get out of the goddamned contraption and walk, better yet crawl .. When traces of blood begin to mark your trail, you'll see something, maybe."

— Edward Abbey

"There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval."

— George Santayana

"I was never less alone than when by myself."

— Edward Gibbon

"The swiftist travler is he that goes afoot."

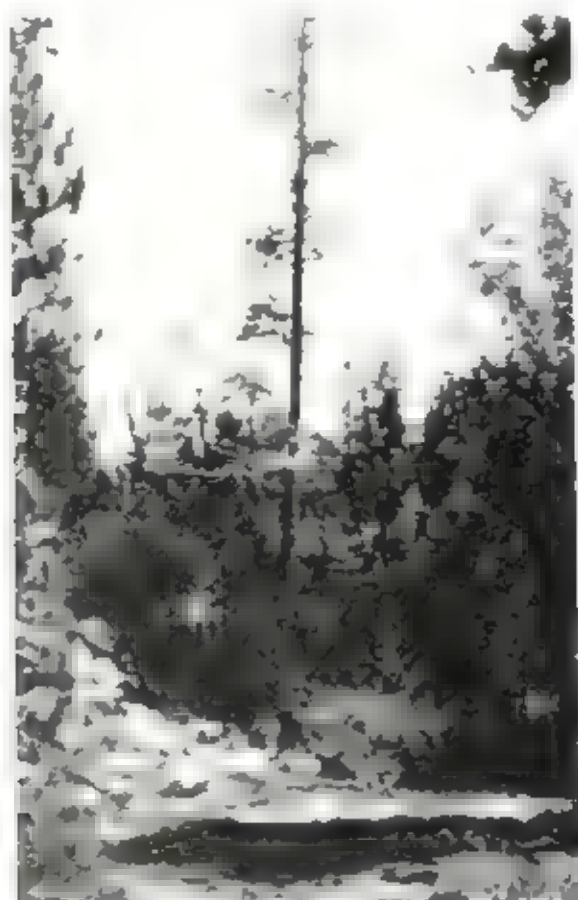
— Thoreau

"For me there is only the traveling on paths that have heart, on any path that may have heart. There I travel and the only worth while challenge is to traverse its full length. And there I travel, looking, breathlessly."

- don Juan



I would like to express my thanks to: Mr. Ameer, Fr. Gill, Mr. Miller, Dr. Dietz, Dr. Ozawa, and especially Dave Theis, Erv, Bill Pasnau and most of all, my parents.





"A sudden uplift, a sense of exhilaration, of physical exaltation, appeared to abruptly sweep him from his feet. As from a point high above the world, he seemed to dominate a universe, a whole order of things. He was dizzyed, stunned, stupefied, his morbid, supersensitive mind reel- ing, drunk with the intoxication of mere immensity. Stupendous ideas for which there were no names drove headlong through his brain. Terrible, formless shapes, vague figures, gigantic monstrous, distorted, whirled at a gallop through his imagination.

Never had he so nearly grasped his inspiration as at that moment on the hilltop. Even now, though the sunset was fading, though the wide reach of the valley was shut from sight, it still kept him company."

Norris, The Octopus

Prefect, Pipeline



Forensics, Track



Chris Escher



He wondered how he had lost it; how time had taken all his youthful reality and left him with only memories. Ah, but the memories were still alive: running across an icy field in gym shorts on a chilled winter morning, victories and defeats in cross country races, staying up through ungodly hours studying for exams, sharing fantasies and dreams with friends, the loneliness and companionship, the depression and happiness that had all been an integral part of those years.

He knew then that he must depart, yet also realized he could never forget his six wonderful years at Harvard. Years of innocence and adventure; realization and maturation.





WILLIAM KYLE FAUNTLEROY

I, Kyle Fauntleroy, alias Hick, Hickory Stick, Six Guns, Tex, and Texas, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following to a select group of flakes I call my friends.

To George Jr., Clay: the fine art of robbing the cradle. To Dill, Jeff: Too much foof can be hazzardous to your health. To Snowballs, Steve: New Year's Eve in Mammouth, and Hub-ba. To Eric, brother of Bobby: The fact that you and I are the only sane people left. To Bop, Beenie, Bennett: Friday night at Tucker's and a blood test. To Tucker, Tommy: Friday night on the road with Bennett, and be careful of the heathen weed. To George: Some better jokes, a permanent southern accent for the trip back from St. Joseph's and a house closer to the parties. To the rest of my friends I leave a lifelong friendship.

A special thanks to Mr. Hughes, Mr. Dickey and Mr. Ameer with their guidance I received more than an education.

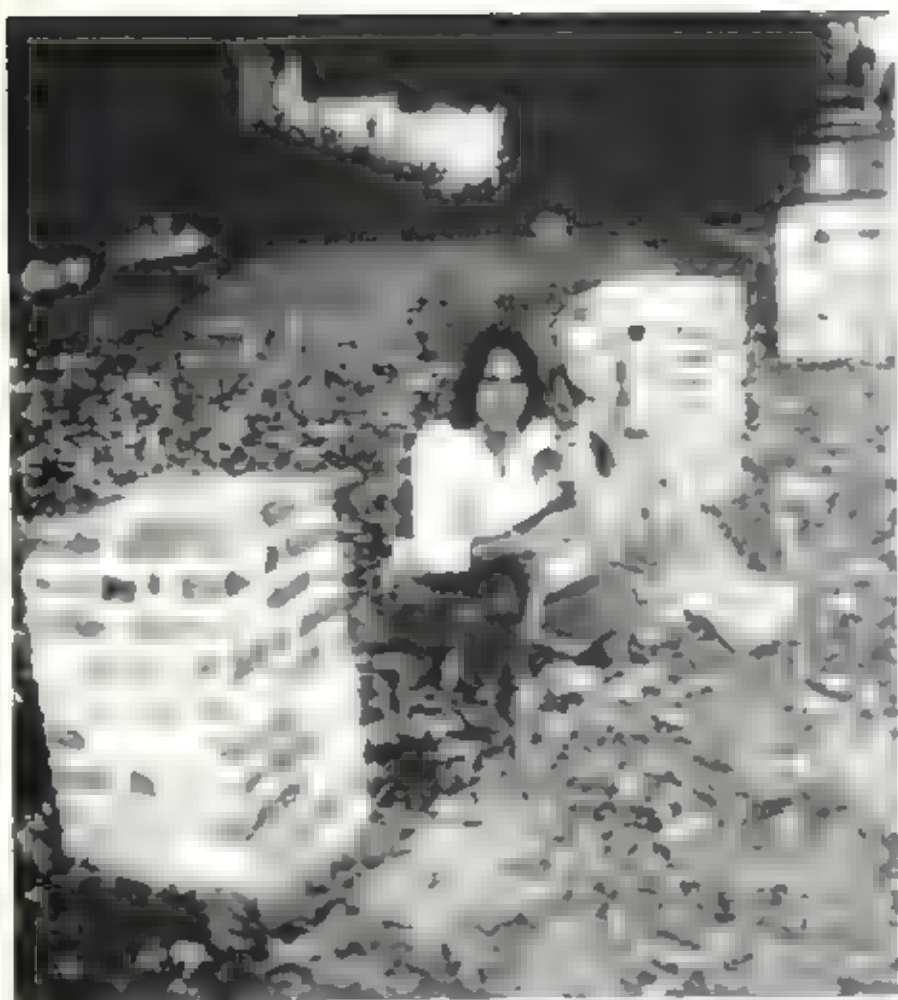
A note to the administration. Bring back a little bit of old Harvard, when it produced men, not just minds.

To my parents, the greatest people in the world who I sometimes take for granted, thank you for giving me the opportunity to go to a school like Harvard.

Finally to Coaches, Thran, Gingell, Goodman, Hinman, and Pacheco. The people who added a little spice to the school life, my eternal thanks and admiration.

- 1971 — A loyal and
- 1972 — ardent Blue
- 1973 — Frosh Football
Bruised Heel
- 1974 — Varsity Football
Separated Shoulder
- 1975 — Varsity Football
Severe Concussion
Wrenched Neck
- 1976 — Varsity Football
Dislocated Kneecap





"Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

"All that is gold does not glitter
All those who wander are not lost
The old that is strong does not wither
Deep roots are not touched by the frost."
— Bilbo

"You can have your cake and eat it too"

Bob Dylan —

To Mr. Gibson and Mrs. Ryan I leave
another
"victim of circumstances!"

To Harvard — A winning Var. Football
Team and a 400 mean on SAT's.

BRENT R. FERM

"The Juice"

Academic Honors: Not mentioned here
or anywhere else!



In all seriousness I would like to sincerely thank Coach Thran, Coach Gingell, Sr. Corcoran, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Dickey, Ms. Dietz, and Mr. Ozawa for your patience, compassion, friendship and concern. Without your help I may have gotten lost on the way. Your impact on me has been far greater than you think

Special thanks to Steve, Rob, Todo, Len, and Mary Lou who helped to make prep school bearable.

Extra special thanks to Bob and Marsh
Need I say why?

Mom and Dad thank you for your love.

"May your beards grow longer and may the wind be always at your back."



MA CHERIE ANNE,
A' L'AVENIR TU' SERAS
UN GRAND SUCCES.
JE T'AIMERAS TOUJOURS

Thanks Mom and Dad for being my
friends as well as my parents.

ROBERT QUAINTANCE FOMON

Memories

to Dick: A night with Brad Parker, the
golf course streak, some stylish clothes
and one on one.
to Mike: Berk's class and the 120 mph ride
home from Mammoth.
to Hajo: A game of Indian at Mammoth West
to Lock: Gene Shacove, Monday night
football, Caesar's Palace and the Bronx.
to Pork: Treats and a logical mind
to Willy: The Beach Club and the
adventures of Chuck and Tracy
to Hook: Ribs and Art's Deli
to Lil' Oily: The fact that when
E. F. Hutton talks people listen
to Bopper: Eggbert, the C.H.P. and my style
on the slopes
to Steve: My car stereo
to Ireek: Presidency of the J5 fan club
to Randy: A picture of Pam S.
to Greg: a poppy field.
to Arch: the BEACH CLUB BAR





Moving to California from New Jersey was a big step for me. I had many friends at my High School in New Jersey. When I found out we were moving to California I was upset but I looked at it with an open mind.

When my father came back from California, before we moved, he gave me a choice; I could go to Hollywood High with 8,000 students or I could go to Harvard High with 600 students. Getting into Harvard as a senior was going to be tough, but I made it. Now all I had to do was wait for September to roll around.

We moved to California in August and I was left with nothing to do. I did not know a soul and there were no kids in the neighborhood. That month was one of the worst in my life.

Well September finally came and school started. The first day was terrible because all the seniors knew each other and I didn't know anyone. After the first day I wanted to quit school and go to work. The second day I met at least ten people and they were all very nice to me. I have loved every day of school since then. The Administration has been like a best friend to me.

I really wish I could have gone to Harvard a little longer, just to get to know everyone better. Harvard has really made California my home. I just hope it stays this way for the other students who will someday be in my position.



DAVE FRANKL



The Scholar



THE GLUTTON



Jeff, Bob, and Eric (you traitors) see what you're missing. Andy, thanks for continuing and thanks for the year.

My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for life itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be for a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady.

R. W. Emerson

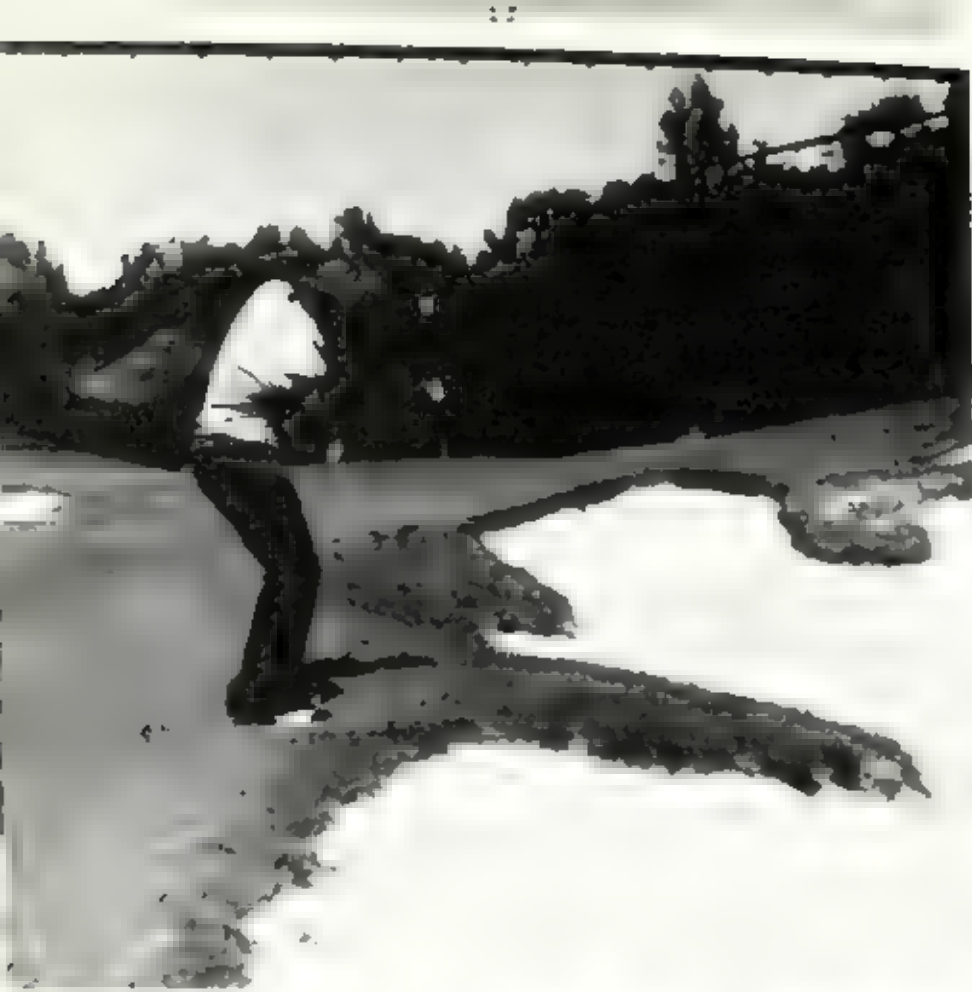
HANS FREDERICKS

My brain hurt like a warehouse,
It had no room to spare.
I had to cram so many things
To store everything in there.
And all the fat-skinny people,
And all the tall-short people,
All the nobody people,
And all the somebody people —
I never thought I'd need
So many people.

D. Bowie

Many thanks to family, friends,
and faculty for helping me sur-
vive these years. Special thanks
to Mr. McGrew, Mr. Smith, and
Mr. Winetrobe for special
efforts.





SKIP GILLETTE



Hook — You name it - I'll try: Ram games and more Ram games, Elton twice, Ray Cooper, football on the BACC fairways, new stereo and 280 SL, Tull concert, languages of the ages, 1975 golf season and Corona nap, Sams dogs, congrats Champ! Elton and a new band, Grad night in the Good Year Blimp and dancing on the floor inside, a million to invest at 10%. Willy-Bellagio, Mrs. Katayama, Brian and Sharon Johnson, Balboa, Century Plaza and a Hotel management.

CRCIV — Tracey for life, a Mercedes 450 SL, Cypress Point Club, nights all over town, rides to golf matches, car crashes, College life, K.E. Sean — knowing that whenever anything comes up, you will be there, Chicago, Elton, Westwood Playhouse, sailing, Moses' bad influence, BMW, ocean motors at 11:00 and the House of Pies, Thor-Skiing at Castaic and Mammoth, Grad-night in the Good Year Blimp with a treasure hunt and pin the tail on the donkey, Zimm-¹/₂Queen and high golf team hopes at Westchester with the Kimmer. Sammer-¹/₂Queen, a big "WOOH," and Phil held at Emerson Jr. High.





ED GLANTZ

To Bill: Hockey, soccer, the Dallas Cowboys, Eon Ell, a new Bavaria with C.B. and tape deck

To the Ack: "The puck stops here"

To Rhonda: The Chicago concert, a Jensen Healey, and David Bowie.

To Aberg and Heeb: The continuation of Lintons carpool

To Mark: A Renault 17 Gordini minus one door

To Zack: A stubby cue stick and a cold sunrise

To Rick: The Tashma-mobile

To Art: The tank and Fred

To Dave: Reseda High

To Chip: Lanai Rd. after Hockey, and a night at Sepi's.



To Kim: Westwood on Friday night

To Kev: Westwood on Saturday night

To Leslie, Trudy, Melissa, Chickee,

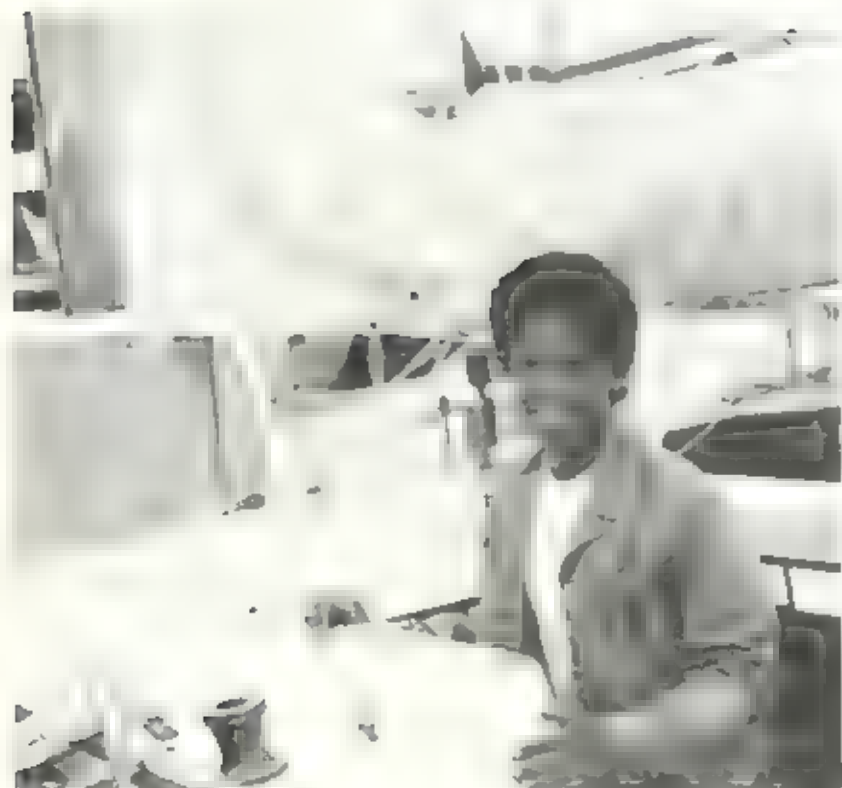
Lynn, Kim, Ann, Pat H., Dave,

Pat C., Chris, Lew, Smiley Dave,

and Loren: Westwood!



COOL BREEZE



BLOOD



WESLEY MICHAEL GROVES

BAD BEAU



MEAN MACHINE



FINISHED PRODUCT



SKIN TIGHT



DAVID HADDAD



I, Dave Haddad, alias Bagdad, Hodad, Hadjo's, Baby Ben, etc. do hereby bequeath the following. To Doug, I leave a rattleproof Vega and "will ya knock it off" in French class. To Bob F., I leave E. F. Hutton and Company and a free ski lesson. To Bennet, I leave a ski trip and "Krebits." To Eric M., I leave Aspen, saheeblahoob, and five years of friendship. To Dave N., I leave a book on how to play pool, a six pack and an indestructible car. To Mike Healy, I leave New Year's Eve and Beer. To Gina, I leave Elton John and Chicago. To Kyle F., I leave a low voice and good times. To Mike M., I leave Ming's and the \$750 jackpot. To Steve Paul, I leave New Year's Day and the "Punch." To Ec, I leave "Long Train Runnin" and good times. To Tina, I leave a "thank you." To Ben, I leave nothing but I thought I would mention your name. To John U., I leave the Dylan-Lamm duo, Heavenly, and an axe to destroy your Yamaha with. To Jeff and Rick, I leave a case of M, Heinies, Iggies, Foof and everlasting friendship and thanks.

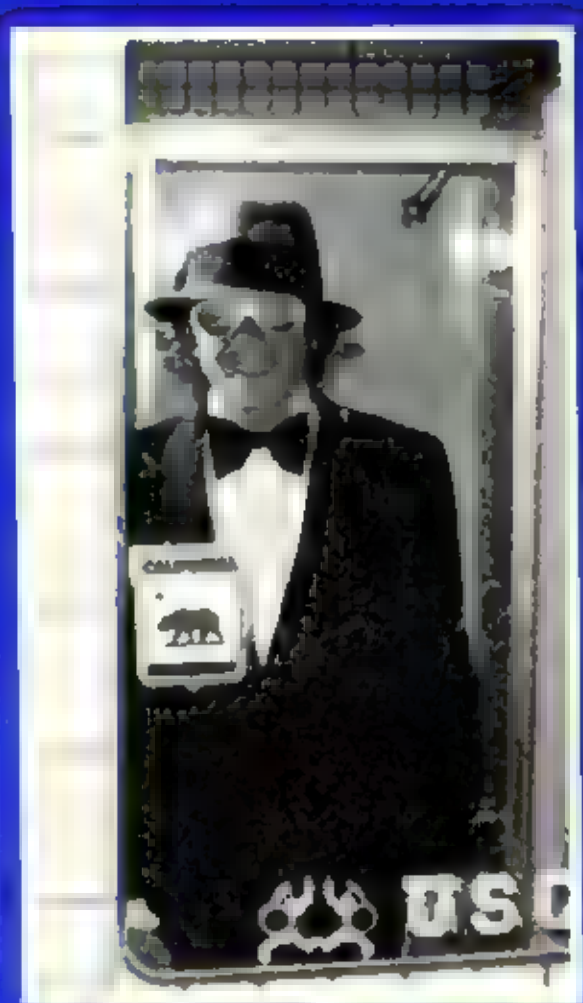
Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Ameer, Mr. Ozawa, Mr. McGarvey, Mrs. Rebek, and Mr. Berrisford for their guidance on campus.

Most of all, I would like to thank my mother and father for putting up with me through all my years at Harvard for without them I would never had made it.

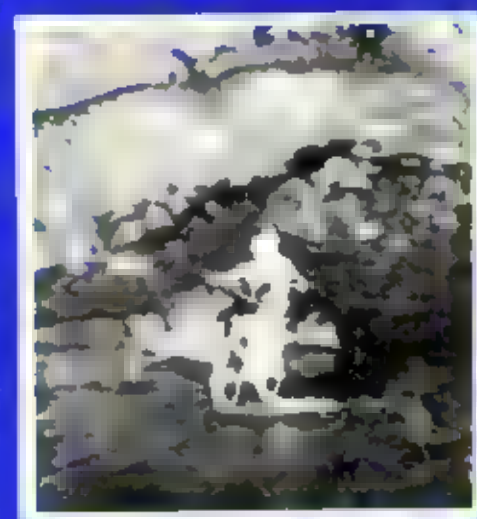
MIKE HEALY



9th: VAR SWIM
F/S POLO
10th: VAR SWIM
JV POLO
11th: VAR SWIM
VAR POLO
12th: VAR SWIM
VAR POLO
RALLY COMMITTEE
S.A.C.
SENIOR CLASS VP



Steph Paul — Skiing in the bathtub, 1/2 gallon of tequila, and rolling eyes. Bryan — A red haired freckled surfer, your parties, and Deep Cyn. Jakim — The Orange Bomb (Your not mine!), your temper, and a desert race. Bopper — A bag of Munchos, hyperness, JAWS COVE, peg arm, a pile of dead flies, and spotlighting on Mulholland. NelRock — A definite white situation, your T's, the race home from Ann's, a gold plated frisbee, a Jensen Healey (Compliments of Grandpa), KA Brohoos, and lots of good times. Glenn — a pinecone. Fomon — My Dad can beat up your Dad!!, and our cars at top end. A Pat — The bush(es) on Kimberly (St.), Easter at Mammoth, cops' lights (We will do it!!), USC, ski sales, the red pickup at Laguna, \$1.23, lots of French toast, and the incident with Wade (ONK) and Jones (ONK, ONK). Had-dad — Indian at Mammoth (You lost), and Shutup here comes a cop!! Maloney — Your infamous warmup drive, a big mouth, water-ballooning the Showboat, and D.B.S.P. Charles — "The best," a diving scholarship at Stanford, and a game of Redeye. Sambo — Your sound system, the \$400.00 WHOOH, taquitos and burittos, your modified Volkswagen, that terrible stuff you call music, and Tijuana Tech. Toaf — (Oh wow) The hard fact that you are illiterate (Only 20% of the time), your unsuccessful attempt at shooting Deep Cyn., my open door, and hope that Toafness is not contagious. Ted — the founder of Healybum. M.S.C. — your H.P.C., lots of bad times, lots of good times, and one more year behind bars. Sierra MC — The conviction of Eyheribeyies, and many thanks. Joe — The family tradition, your (my) room, and I'll see you in the dirt. Mrs. Nelson — Thanks for your hospitality. Mr. Colbert — My ability to be consistent. Mr. Stewart — An "A" in Math Cit., #1 in CIF, and many thanks. Mom and Dad — Thank you for nagging, and you might like to know it WAS worth the money (Now you can move to Laguna!!)



I love her I need her
I believe in her
Yeah she turns me on
Alright hold tight I'm a highway star



MICHAEL HERBERT



I, Mike Herbert, alias Perve, Herbie, Putz, The Lens, The Third Eye, and Snapshot, leave the following to the following: to Ted Rutter, 5th grade wrestling in our private club; to Steve Horowitz, Susan Jill, Kim, Randi, etc.; to all the Seniors, November third, and the fact that I didn't turn the pages in until December 17th; to Jill, why did we go; to Andy, "Is this on the tail on the donkey?", and a job well done; to Bill Urick, your jokes and **THAT'S FUNNY**; to Jeff Stern, Presidency of the Activities Major Club; to Dave Frankl and Jeff Anderman, 1,500 rolls of Tri-X to be developed and printed by June 3rd; to Mr. Schmidt, a computer that can ask the question "Why eat Twinkies when you can dine on Filet Mignon?"; to Mr. Magusin, "Where is Mr. Michaud?"; to Mr. Florian, it might be simple, clear and logical but I don't understand it; to Mr. Cohen, a neon paper round circle, and the fact that your class was the best; to Mr. Berk, 25 wheels of Jarlsberg, and a membership card to Gemco; to Mr. Zawacki, your Ph. D, and "where are we?"; to the administration, you're looking at it, and thanks; to Mr. Holmes and Mr. Michaud, my resignation, a success, and my deepest gratitude for your support; to Oran Resnik, Mark Cohen, Randy Chrisman, and Bruce Maxwell, All those HAPPY HOURS, and the fact that I couldn't have done it without you; and finally to Mom, Dad, and my sister Dana, thanks for the love, understanding, patience, and sometimes good advice.



THE HERB



I, STEVE HINDS,

leave the following, to the following:

TOMMY — Freshman football against B.H.? Linda Ronstadt and the T.D. bowl. P.S. I won't steal any more of your firecrackers, I promise!!

BULL — Prowling Al. Freeway, windows up! 2 smokes. Midnight ride to O.C.C., Las Vegas. . . sorry. **LAS VEGAS**!

JIMMY — **ONE SATURDAY NIGHT**. Porter's B day.

BILL REICH — Tramps, buy 'em or bum 'em. Chucks', I'll be there. Rick Lesh's. yeah. Las Vegas, well almost.

PORTER — some fine parties at **BENTEL** even if you weren't there. **AND** the inevitable word, just as we cruise into the lot, **OVERLOAD!!**

STEPHEN — Bombardment.

MARSALLI — Tower records, Rides to school. Be Mellow. L.V. 2 suites.

BOONE — Getting busted at the T.D. bowl with T.T.S.H.B.B. for T.S.

RUTTER — Now that was good Gold!

PORKER — Tommy Trainer

And my thanks for pulling me through to: Mr. Magusin, Mr. Koslow and to Mr. McGrew

LINDA — A house to yourself

TRAINERS — Harvard and the years before it.

MOM / DAD — I hope all your attention and help will prove to have been worthwhile.

LAD! GEORGE — Thank you for all your support through my years at Harvard.

JOSHUA DAVID HOLLAND





It was September of 1970 — things were different then — the '60s were over and all of America was hearing a sigh of relief. Everyone was in expectation of a more tranquil, peaceful era. It was under this aura that some one hundred twelve and thirteen year olds cautiously and lightly stepped into Chalmers Auditorium with closely cut hair, recently shined shoes, and one size too big Desmond's jackets. We were entering, or so we thought, just another school. College seemed as distant as the horizon.

By September of 1975 those twelve year olds had grown up — no longer did they lightly step into Chalmers Auditorium, yet frantically raced in and out of the college counseling office. The class of 1976 began the all-too-syndrome of the race for the colleges and the university entrance game.

It all begins in October with the request for applications. "Dear sirs: I am presently a senior at Harvard School and I am quite interested in pursuing an undergraduate education at your institution . . ."

Then, in November, the preliminary application. Date of birth, "When did my parents graduate?" and "do you have any relatives attending this institution?"

Finally, in late December, after two months of procrastination, one is forced to write the college essay. "Tell us about your musical abilities," "Tell us about yourself in one page," "What do I value?" "Who wants to write a book?"

During the final days of the year, most are forced to send their many envelopes full of creativity, special delivery, to make sure they beat the deadline.

Then it is all over, save the waiting; four months of waiting. Six years condensed into 120 days. Yet then, in April, on the 15th, the letters of reply come: Some thick, some all-too-thin. Some rejoice, well, and some just start again. Another September, just another school.



JON CROWLEY HOOKSTRATTEN



I, Jon C. Hookstratten, known only as Hook, do hereby leave to the following persons the following strange incidents, things, and people, all of which will be treasured by each of you forever. To The Bel-Air 4 — Indestructability. To Ann Hook — Elton at the Troubadour and no guys for you 'cause you got me no girls. To Crane City — Wednesday roast beefers, your dates to all the concerts (he who laughs first, laughs last), a yellow bagroom wall night, FORE' at the L.A. Open, your Beach Club, and rockin' the Big A including horn solos. To Donna L. — "DON!" and a date (although I don't know who with). To Grover — Lakeside (the worst). To Vince — a great fight with what's-his-name. To Kyle F. — James Bond. To Thor — a day on the links and "THORBABY!" To Foman — Ribs, the Temps, and Sly. To Skip — 50 gears in a green Vega, Jethro, Corona and the Ramada Inn (What does every conversation usually lead to?), Dave Marr, Byron Nelson, "the best" and "the worst." To WAR — Donkey Loesch and congratulations at the Hamburger Hamlet. To Mars — B.H.C.S., what's-his-name, and a house in Bel-Air. To Morg — world's second longest dummy, water to drive through, and smaller hands. To Zimm — Fieldgoals, "ZIMMMMMM!", and your new image. To the world — my Fro. To Mom and Dad — Thanks very much for everything. You're the greatest and I love you both. And to everyone else — Bye-Bye!





GREG HORWITZ

My school life is directly related to the teachers. And the teachers that I have had and have come in contact with have shown me a new side of life that was up to that point unexplored by me. They have given me valuable experiences over the years. I hope that in college, I will meet teachers who care about their students as much as Harvard teachers do.

JOHN HOWARD



There is no place
so lonely
that love cannot exist

I meant to do my work today,
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand,
So what could I do but laugh and go?
Richard LeGallienne

Hold fast to dreams,
For if dreams die,
Life is a broken winged bird
That cannot fly.
Langston Hughes

O Lord,
Make me
and instrument
of your peace . . .

Help your brother's
boat across, and lo!
your own has reached
the shore.

Anon.

when i wander lost
and lonely in the
forest and am
surrounded by nature in
all its glory and power
i am protected because
in her i have found
refuge from every storm

That love
is all there is
is all we know
of love.
Emily Dickinson





JAMES B. ISAACS JR.

I have been extremely fortunate to attend a school which is financially able to operate in a way impossible to most schools and, as I examine my six years at Harvard, I am struck by the diversity and uniqueness of the numerous opportunities I have had.

My instructors have been excellent and I thank them all, remembering especially Mr. Holmes, Mr. Woods, Dr. Schmidt, Fr. Gill, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Humphrey for not only attempting to convey their love of learning to me but for being real friends. They have made life fuller for me.

To my parents, who made my Harvard career possible, I give deep thanks and love.

To Harvard and to my classmates, who have seen me grow and change as much as I have seen them change, good luck.

Thus endeth the eleven years of the Izos.

Upon leaving Harvard I bequeath to:
 Bill — Needlepoint and my chess crown
 J.H. — Vegas, modesty, a 43" trophy
 Miller — A Woody Hayes poster and darts.
 Ricky — Pierre and a B-ball rematch
 Matt — More horsepower and an argument
 Doug — A car as fast as my Impala
 Andy and Dave F. — Domination of SFVFL
 Coach M. and Mathees — victory
 John H. — A car and my true respect
 The World — Platon Kurakyeu and Phineas



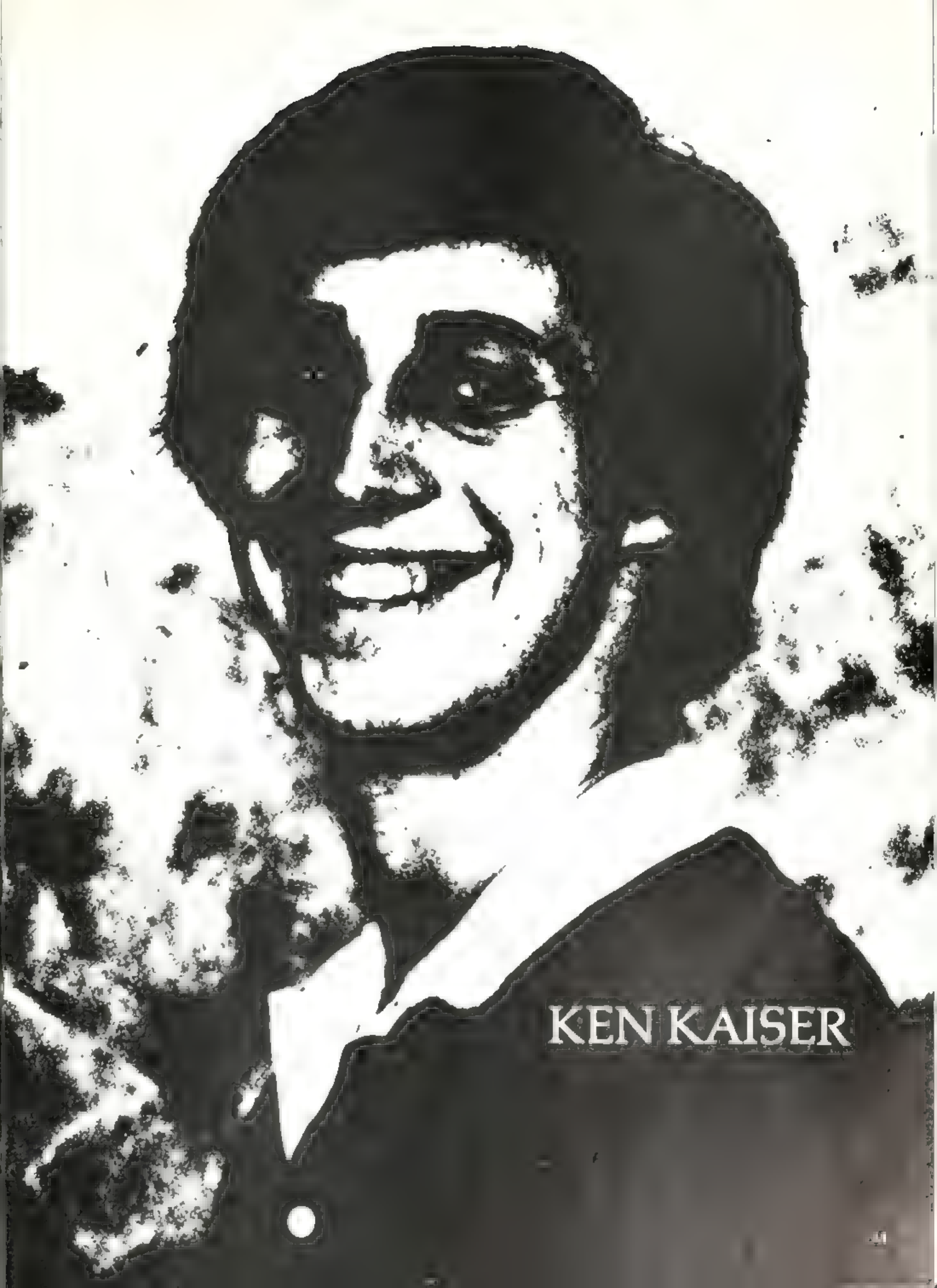
LAST WILL

TO JAMIE M. KICK.
WILLIAM. ARIC B., "HOOK", BOB K.
BOB M. JIM I. KELL F.
JAMIE M.
CHARLIE D.

SHIRLEY
JOHN BOYER
WALLY ROSE
KEITH
KLEINER
MRS. HARRIE
TEGAN WEST

EVANS, I LEAVE
ALL THE MONEY
TO THE KICKS
AND THE ASHES

WILL - MARY



KEN KAISER

For all that has been — Thanks!
To all that shall be — Yes!

Dag Hammarskjeld

MATTHEW KAYDEN



He who knows nothing loves nothing.
He who can do nothing, understands nothing.
He who understands nothing is worthless.
But He who understands also loves, notices, sees.
The more knowledge is inherent in a thing, the
greater the love . . . Anyone who imagines that all
fruits ripen at the same time as the strawberries
knows nothing about grapes.

Paracelsus

To Mr. Ameer and Mr. Hughes
thanks for your help and under-
standing; to Mr. Berrisford many
thanks for making Harvard what
it is today. And to the perceptive
faculty — I thank you all!

And special thanks to my parents
for their love and guidance.



"Was he in the cave and were you in the cave and on and on . . . and Unto us a Son is born, unto us a child is given . . . and am I good and is he bad and are we saved? . . . and ending everything the echo."

E. M. Forster



It's always wait a minute Kessler, shut up Kessler . . . well that's a possibility. To Mr. Archer — Socrates an interest aroused, a need never satiated. To Mr. Ozawa — I can't remember, I Can't . . . I seem to go blank. It's all because of the psychoanalysts. To Mr. Schmidt — be more impulsive, yell at somebody, and punch someone. Besides that thank you for Tolstoy.



ADAM T. KESSLER

Literary Magazine
Speech and Debate

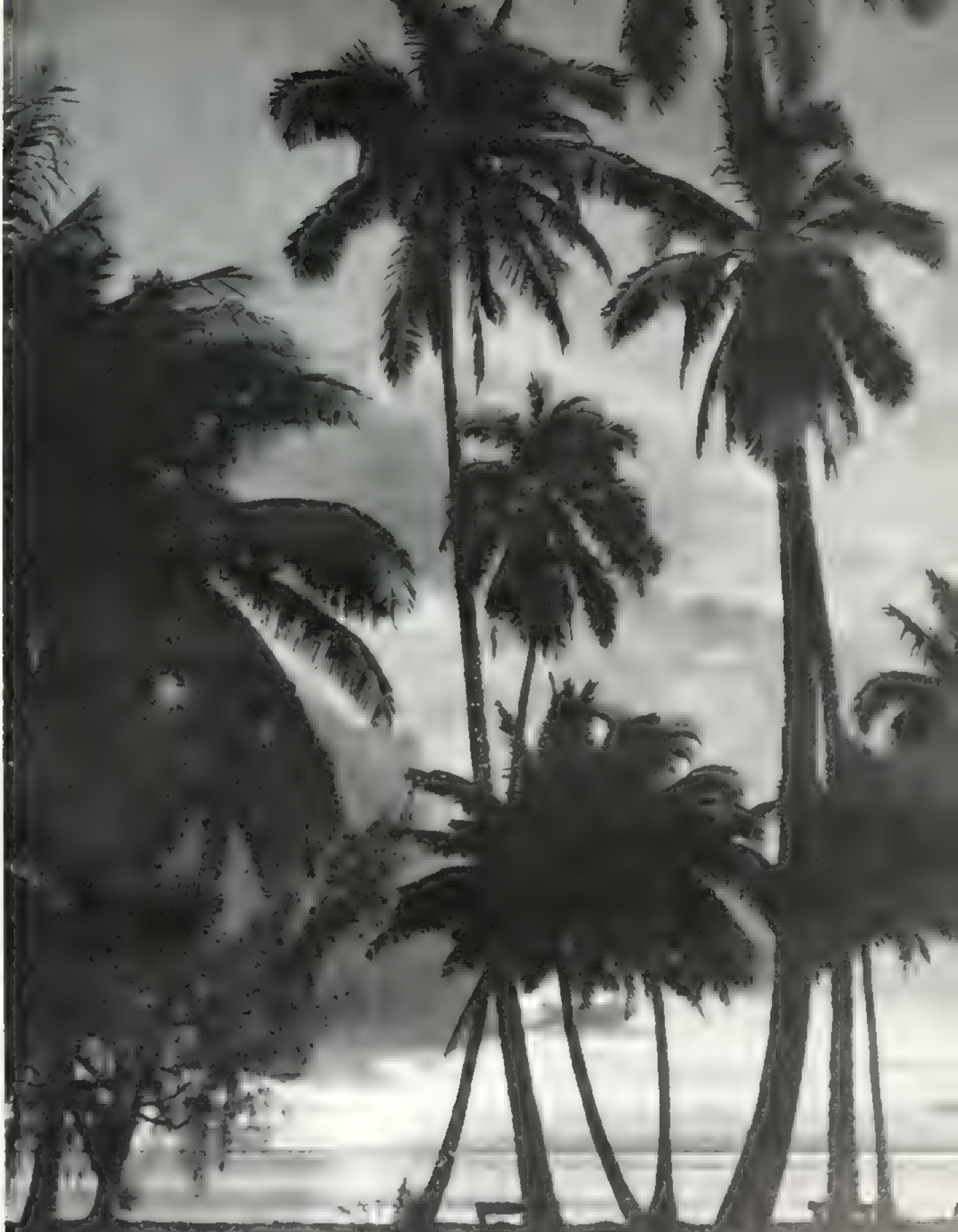


WESLEY A. KING III



The wind of time inevitably blows,
bringing the end,
Therefore I too must go.

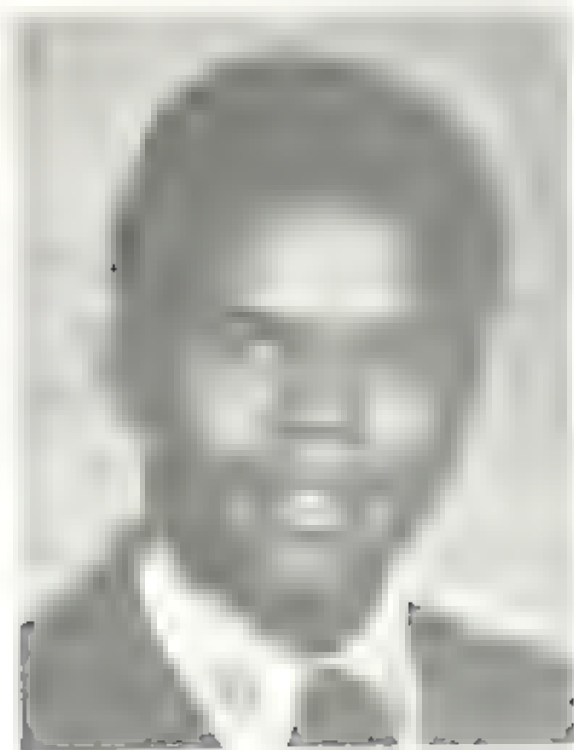
Later.



GLENN S. KIRKEBY

MICHAEL PATRICK

DEAN KIRKWOOD



My experience at Harvard School has been very different from my peers education at public schools - thanks to Harvard's administration and faculty. For the last year and a half my life has been rebalancing. My intense interest and involvement in the fine arts has set me off in some aspects from my peers. But this also has become beneficial. I taught others the enjoyment of the fine arts, and they encouraged me in the primary courses. "An oyster can live to itself, but without a grain of sand for agitation it cannot produce a pearl."

I leave John D. a year of Chemistry with Peter, and a telephone. I leave Chris the freak "Switch of Back," I hoped you would hate it. I leave Harvard school and J. Marg. a gift package (if it is not ripped off) Sc. the Bow.

Thanks

J.M., S.D., Joe O., and Max P. for your understanding

Michael Patrick
Dean Kirkwood

ROBERT KLEIMAN



"He seems to be a virtuous, strong person in his big-
s, but for reasons firm and
constant in his affections and
principals." — R.W.E. 1822

"We will walk on our own feet;
we will work with our own hands,
we will speak with our own minds
" — R.W.E. 1837

NEAL LEONARD

To all those who have commented, usually quite rudely, about the amount of time I spend sleeping, I leave the following explanation:

"I divide my time as follows: half the time I sleep, the other half I dream, I never dream when I sleep, for that would be a pity, for sleeping is the highest accomplishment of a genius."

Soren Kierkegaard



TREASURE ISLAND

by Keith Jarret

The treasure has always been there
It is not hidden
But is only where certain people would
Look at all
Thus it remains a secret to the rest
And to solace themselves
They say it's hidden
Or buried
To still their invading thoughts.

Some are calm and content
Or at peace in their worlds
Some are stirred and cloudy
But they are improving their vision.

Of the islands
Of themselves.



I would like to thank: Bob Archer, Phil Holmes, Robin "Wild Man" Zawacki, John Ameer and Walt Stewart.

I would like to thanks (plural of thank)
Jim Koslow, Ralph Schmidt, my parents
and my grandparents.



Dr. Doug Levinson with two of his most successful patients
Phil "Mad Dog" Berk and John "You're Gone" Ameer

DOUGLAS BRIAN LEVINSON

For each of the following individuals I leave the following gifts and/or question: Mr. Holmes — a tape of all my compliments for Harvard edited by Rosemary Woods. Mr. Payon — How can you possibly speak faster than the speed of sound?, and a weekend with Charo. Ms. Dietz — A piece of thread to lead James on a walk with, and my Pulitzer. Mr. West — A bright red coat so that you'll stand out on the Harvard campus. Mr. Marks — a picture of Pelé autographed by me. Coach Gingell — an intellectual discussion with Tom Nelson. Mr. Woods — a periscope to see over your desk, and an empty bottle of Emprins. Mr. Archer — an Evelyn Woods speed speaking course, and an oxygen mask in case you trip and the pressure suddenly changes. Mr. Winetrobe — an SC muffler which you can use as a toga. Mr. Berk — How can you smoke a pipe and not burn your moustache off?, and a Berlitz course in English. Jeff Stern — "Tomo Gitshy Gowa-Ahi!" Bill Urick — Page 402 of the Sears Catalogue. Jim Isaacs — a video tape of a meeting between the minds of Phil Berk and a brick wall. Andy Caine — my entire collection of Ferante and Tieher 8-track tapes. Mr. Berrisford — an underwater dictaphone. Mr. Ameer — If you ever need help, call me, I won't listen, but call me!, and my pet camel Abdul. Mr. Magasin — A pair of shoes with "L" and "R" on the inside. Mr. Ozawa — my everlasting boxing gloves and Tegan's imitation. But seriously folks, my most sincere thanks to: Bob Archer, Suzi Dietz, John West, Frank Magasin, Gay Gingell, and Jamie Winetrobe. Finally, how do you say thanks to a man who has made your life what it is? I know I will never be able to repay the things Joe Ozawa has done for me. Oz, you truly are "awesome."

ANTHONY LOMAX



sort of blinker, you know, but I don't
expect from me from a garbage
Monty Python



KEN LOUGHRAN

Nicknames — The Lock, Poo, and Jack

Started 1971 — Green

Hoops — Fr. '73, J.V. '74, Var. '75 and '76

Grid Iron — Fr. '72, Var. '76

Diamond King — J.V. '73 and '74, Var. '75 and '76

Rugby Poker Club '74-'75

B.B.S. Cofounder '74

Ecology Club '74-'75

B.B.S. Pres. #2 '75-'76

Dixie Canyon '75-'76

Finally, I must bid the Harvard School of Forestry adieu. In my five years here I had fun, I learned, I played a few sports and I got into a little trouble. For those who have either helped me get through these years or who have shared the enjoyment with me, I leave, as is tradition, the following items and memories.

To Jeff — friendship forever. To Stu Whales — my copy of The Secrets of Modern Poker, and unchallengeable amount of money lost playing poker, "dippin' into the old till," a watch set one hour fast so that you'll be on time for once, a bel. ava. drive up to Ventura, and New Year's Eve 1974 (if you can remember). To Pork — Dodge games, "I should have cashed in," and the Valley. To Meryash — the fact that you're the greatest poker player in the world — next to me, an almost victory in the greatest 3 on 3 football game, and your moves. To Pappas — Poker parties, the Sports Arena for one day, an accident in Westwood, and an unforgettable double date. To Chick — a bottle of S.C. and Grenadine before every basketball practice, being clutch against Leuzinger and being a choke against Lennox, Mr. Rock's ninth grade English class, and Halloween 1973. To Arch — Larry Brown of the Kings, a free pass to the Bob Bonderant school of driving, and a great mouth. To the Needle — Kings games and a physique. To Crandall — the hand is always not quicker than the eye, and guarding 6's centers. To Reich — Westlake Dance 1974, a night with J.C., and Moses' trampoline. To Dr. Q — the cheerleaders of the Pioneer League, and the Rams vs. the Skins on Monday night. To Kyle — "Hum say . . . Big . . . Poo," and a free cheap shot of the St. Joseph Co. — player of your choice. To B. Davis — Thanks for all the rules, and a lesson on how not to fumble. To Elder — Unequaled Thievery. To Neri — snakes in Mammoth. To Tashma — a long friendship. To Traction — Pizza Palace. To Treck — a deck full of jokers, dance class, teenage life, and Bob Kleiman. To Texas — Bill Bennett, You all can have him. To Lopez — 1st team all-league. To Weis — Saga of a Lifetime. To Boob — Yo ho, Yo ho the Saracens have arrived and Holland Boom! To Las Vegas — me for another summer, and I'll be 21 in three years. Finally I leave B.B.S. to Dr. B if he doesn't get nooted. If he does I leave it to T.D.

Special thanks to Mr. McFadden, Mr. Winetrobe, Mr. Ameer, Mr. Magusin, and Coaches Gingell, Thran, and Pacheco.

Thanks most of all to Mom, who somehow made it possible.



ERIK JAMES

Rather than present you with a list of odd and perverted friends with strange nicknames, I leave this picture, and, perhaps, this thought, to those that follow. If you don't want to or can't read, get loaded and stare at the picture, perhaps something will come to you. If, however, you can and do . . .

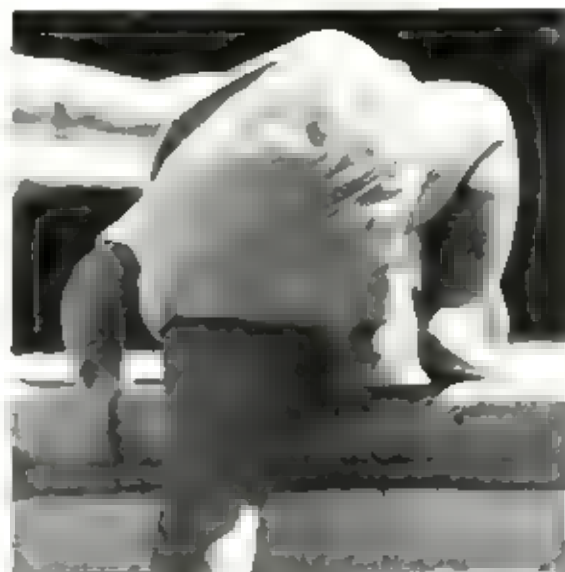
My advice is this: don't let Harvard get to you - maintain a life separate from it; secondly, for Christ's sake, have compassion; and finally, and most importantly, know thyself.

Somewhere around the end of my freshman year, I came to the realization that Harvard was not doing anything for Me, the Person (vs. Me, the Brain). I became bitter about what I thought Harvard was doing to me, and decided to beat them at their own game. I threw myself into studies, debate, speech, sports, etc. I tried to become a number with a high GPA, growing aloof, and trying to isolate myself from humanity in general. This turned to self pity around the eleventh grade, as I wasted my summer screwing around with debate, and then proceeding to take six or seven solids, three AP's, sports and debate, (doing none of these well). In the process, I became an emotional cripple. For the last three years, I have nothing but occasional twitches of love, affection, or even mild like for any other human being. Except for a dull, slow anger, I have felt little or no emotion, I managed to spend the better part of last summer seeing the wonders of the world with a shrug of my shoulders. I now seem to be removing the chip from my shoulder, looking at myself dispassionately and trying to do something about it.

Looking back upon this, it all seems really childish. I wonder if there's a future in writing sequels to Catcher in the Rye?

WANTED BY FBI

ACCUSED: Violation of Federal Narcotics Act and Mann Act, arson, rape, felony, drunk driving, shoplifting, possession of stolen fire extinguisher, spitting in a public place, creating a nuisance and felony loitering.



naka: McDigggle, MacDogdoo, "Mad" Noodle, The Doog, Mack, Doogle-Boy, MacDoober, Dealer MacDope. NCIC: 2356AAO3111051TT1412

FBI No. 749,002 J6

19 M 32 W 110
O 31 W 010

DESCRIPTION: Age: 17
Height: 5'11"
Weight: 135
Build: Lousy
Hair: Blond
s.s. 561-62-0683

Occupation: Student and full-time con artist
Scars and Marks: White scar on left shoulder,
Scar on right middle finger, Scar on forehead,
The cutest little mole in a very private place.
Race: White
Nationality: American

CRIMINAL RECORD: Convicted of leaving the following to the following: Vince — an ugly sister, nostril flares; Trainer, Burnap, Pomeroy, Sundt, Tony, Oiney — corral reefs and nitrogen narcosis; The Rut — Tarzanland, Hughe's donuts, 714, "Oh, WOW!", hiking, Ted T — freeway j, skiing lessons, a head-on at 95 and a new paint job, Porter — "Oh, WOWWWWWW!"; Troup — screwdrivers with my spotlight, SPEAK, Miko Kookwoo, Kook-woo-Ian Wayne, 5 free lessons in "HOW TO TALK GOODER," The Marss — "Oh, my God, that's bitchen as shot.", "RIIIGHT!"; Doug Levinson — Phil Berk and a lifetime supply of Aeme Zit Creme; Phil the Pill — Doug Levinson and all the papers I never got back; John "the Jew" — My French final grade and my SAT scores, The Freckled Surfer — freckles, H.G., freckles, Alfa, freckles, hiking, freckles, E. Land — a 57 Chevy to go with your Porsche and one night with Brucie and Teddie; Roach — roof (reef) jumps, oil ers, a nickle for each of your bonges; Ray — Gunne-WACKINESS, truckin', the Bo. Ar fire; Herbert — my page done right this time; Bunzel — acting lessons, Greenberg — a deeper voice and three treatments at a hair straightening clinic, The NOSE — I wrote that on your lawn, Gm, the Crow's nest, a nose job, Radstrom — recfer madress, Frankl a camera as costly as Eric's Porsche, Everyone else — THANK!

CAUTION: MacDougall is dangerous and will do almost anything to get his way.

THE SENIOR PARKING LOT

After five years of attending Harvard School, what can a Senior look forward to? The Senior year is the time when all past efforts fall into place and shape the destiny of each individual. Nothing can be done about that "C" in Biology A, nor the 410 verbal score, nor the lost year of football due to injury. This is the time between the works of adolescence and the unpredictability of the future; an aimless time which all the seniors share as their common bond.

At Harvard, the Senior Parking Lot epitomizes this bond creating an atmosphere all unto itself. Here the Seniors find a sanctuary away from the rest of the school. Here the Seniors feel that they have gone through more together than any other class in the school. That they have deserved a quiet, friendly community where they can rest, momentarily, from the anxieties and pressures of five years of college preparation. This is the place where Seniors can reflect as a united body. May the powers that be preserve the Senior Parking Lot! — Jeff Dillman

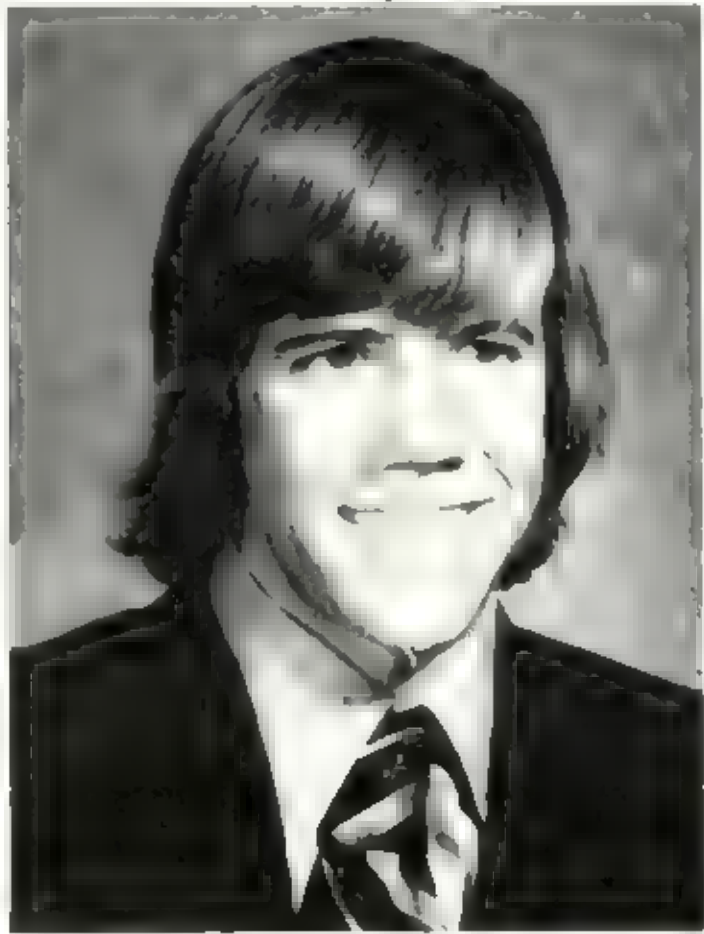
The Senior Stairs leading to the Senior Parking Lot



The trail of Death for the Lower school



BRIAN Maddox.
I thank everyone for everything



DAVID MAEL

AND NOW!
The further adventures
of the little man
with the cavities.

Two psychiatrists were
walking down a hall,
and one psychiatrist
said to the other —
"Hello!" And the other
psychiatrist said —
"Hmmm! I wonder what
he meant by that!"



Education is Man's
going forward from
cocksure ignorance
to thoughtful
uncertainty.

Anon



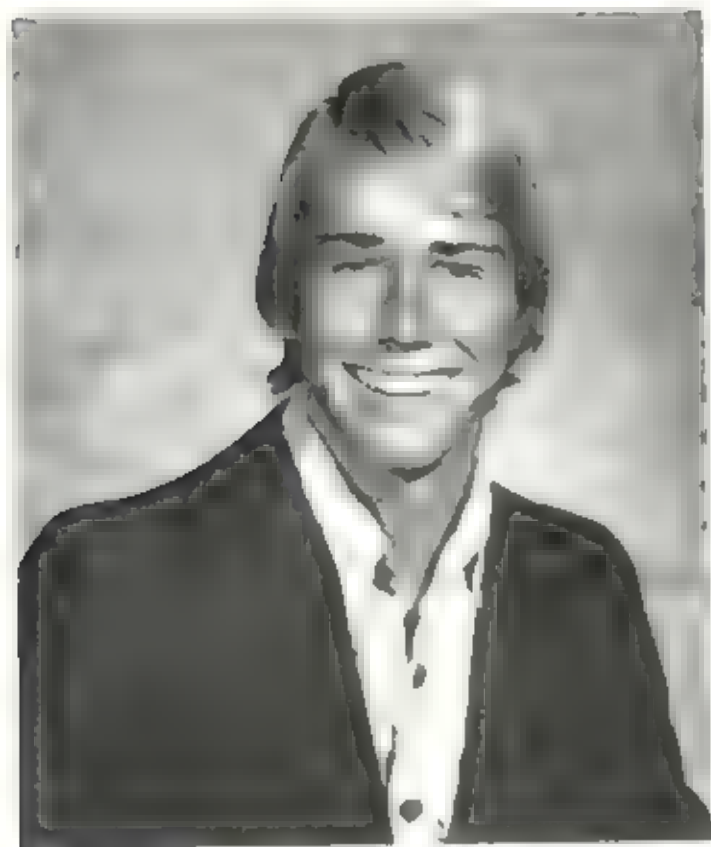
"Let me through—I'm a drunk!"

See what 6 years at Harvard can do to you!

Just remember: Happiness is all very well,
but it can't buy you money.

Be sure to tune in next week when David Mael and
the Werewolf meet Godzilla and Frankenstein's Monster
and go to Hamburger Hamlet.

ROBERT KELLER MALONEY



To the People:

If you don't know where you're going, any road will take you there. The Koran

My father is digging under the intolerable...

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1001-1005.

11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 271:1233-1234, 1994

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1038.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1038.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1038.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1037.

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9. _____

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1001-1005.

Sir,

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.

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11

To the leaders:

A teacher is someone who talks in other people's sleep.
Bergen Evans

To the Institution:

That which does not kill me makes me stronger.
Frederich Nietzsche

A flower plucked by the roots clings tenaciously to some of its lifeblood, the soil. A new flower sprouts in its place, and the soil is never missed.

To All:

Do not linger to gather flowers to keep them,
but walk on, for flowers will keep themselves
blooming all your way.

Rabindr'anth Tagore



THOMAS MAMPALAM

EDUCATION

Education is the ability to listen
to almost anything without losing
your temper or your self-confidence.

Robert Frost



I know that leaves are green. They
only change to brown when autumn
comes around. I know just what I say
today's not yesterday and all things
have an ending.

Stevie Wonder

Each of us strives towards his own destiny.
We can understand one another, but we are
able to interpret ourselves to ourselves
alone.

Herman Hesse



Because I know that time is always time
and place is always place and what is
actual is actual only for one time and
place, I rejoice that things are as they
are.

T. S. Eliot



HISTORY

The past is gone or never was
The future is light years away
The now is all.

WILL

It is impossible for me to describe or even recount all
the people who have helped me along in these past few,
fleeting years. I can simply thank all my friends, fellow
students, teachers, relatives and especially my parents,
who need no thanks.



ROBERT MARSALLI

"I never met a
man I didn't
like . . . But I
didn't like the
smell of a lot
of them!"

I, Uncle Mars, being of clouded mind and terribly deficient body, do hereby bequeath the following to the following future presidents of these United States.

First to Eldure; Uncle Neg, prowlin' Al, a piece of shot, and all the good times I can remember.

Second to Hindser; an eternity of complementary weekends in Vegas, a fake I.D., kickin' back by the pool and all the strawberry waffles you can eat.

Third to Tommy; an anthill, a flame thrower, and a screebus wastabus, maximus.

Fourth to Arch; "hey, Aaach," and a years supply of "No-Doz."

Fifth to Greg; a few extra pounds, and a severe case of the D.T.'s.

Sixth to R.J.C., the B.B.B.B.

Seventh to Vince; a thousand other faces.

And to everyone else, nothing, since I forgot about you in the first place!



CHUCK MAYTUM

I leave the following people
to the following things:

BOB MALONEY — 192,300 yen

MIKE HEALY — one big speeding ticket.

JIM RENE — a burrito run and a win at
something.

PAT COHEN — a rejection to what you
left me — unfair.

TED THOMPSON — a book on how to climb
without breaking anything.

CHRIS WOOD — a hang up of the phone.

BRYAN BOONE — a marshmallow fight
without Bob spilling anything.

DAVE NELSON — a fair pool match —
on my table.

KEN FOSTER — a lighter that never
runs out.

KEN LOUGHRAN — impressions at Mammoth

MIKE SAMUELIAN — anything that's not
on your car — if there is anything
left.

BENNETT DAVIS — a fair game of red
eye — leave me out.

STEVE PAUL — the same college.

DARRYL ZIMMERMAN — a losing tennis
match.

GLEN KIRKEBY — any kind of
transportation vehicle.

THE REST OF MY FRIENDS —
success in whatever you do.

TO WHOM I LOVE — memories.



I leave with special appreciation
to Mr. Stewart, my teacher, coach,
advisor, and friend

I would like to thank my parents
for the chance to go to Harvard,
their help in my education, and
their love.



DANIEL McCABE

(Underexposed)

MICHAEL J. MERYASH

I, Michael John Meryash, hereby leave the following articles to the following: To S. Paul, I leave tunes: "Show me the way to go home boom, boom, boom." A six o'clock glass off, an outrageous spray and the O'Brien ski team. A really close and real friend. Two B.M.W.'s (mine is quicker), a really good friendship — and finally women and a classical poker game. To B. Fomon, Notes in history, a ladies rating system and an eternal high score.



To Dick: I leave a 200 pounder in the bush. To K. Loughran, Guts, Poker, 7-27, Black Maria etc., Philly — another classic game of Poker, college ball, and a Biology Achievement. To B. Elder — Tower Records — (even though he already has half of it) To J. Dillman: An excellent soccer season, the super sophs and two more all leagues. To the original Six: we are all there!! To all the people who wished they were in the original Six: You aren't there!! To D. Haddad: A 7.50 Jackpot, Keono, Mings and a house of pleasure. To P. Neville: 40 footers on Keana point and Hawaii for the weekend. To Mr. Archer, Mr. Winetrobe and Mr. Ameer — Thanks.



To My Family: Thanks for everything and I'm off to College. To Carolyn: "Snoop, Snoop, Snoop" — Wuvableness — "RAH." "If only you believed in Miracles" and Thank you

"Who does not love wine, women, and song — Remains a fool his whole life long."

J. H. Voss
Adios and Later



MATTHEW FREDERICK METTLER



I vividly remember a timid seventh grader, trying to act inconspicuously whenever a SENIOR walked by. That seventh grader is now a senior, and having survived, somewhat surprised, six years of Harvard school, I wish to thank the members of the faculty who have helped me. Particularly helpful were the patience, ability to motivate, and penetrating insights of Mr. Archer, Mr. Clark, Father Gill, Mr. Humphrey, and Mr. Morrow.

To Bill, Bryan, Jay, James, Jim, John, Randy and the rest of my classmates: GOODBYE and GOODLUCK!!



John Nathan Meyer



RANDY MILLER

7th Grade Entered
9th Grade Frosh-Soph Water Polo; Varsity Swim
10th Grade JV Water Polo; Varsity Swimming
11th Grade Varsity Water Polo; Varsity Swimming
12th Grade Varsity Water Polo

I am the inspiration, I am the will. And, having the opportunity to give everyone what they

the five-point backstroke turn. To the

MARK MILLMAN



One step backward
Into becoming a Man
I'm moving on
To bigger things
Being left behind
The World is
Stranger than before
Where I end up
I'll be the last to know
In three years
I'll search her out again
It might be different
It might be worse
I'll try my best
To succeed
I never did fit in
All alone except for two
J.U. and S.Z.
I thank you
My parents tried
Their best
I couldn't ask for more
The teachers did all they could
I made it hard on myself
But that's the way I am
Nothing in this World
Can help change me
Except for one

Harmony gee I really Love You
And I want to Love You Forever
Sundown, Yellow moon
I'm going to see you soon

CLAY MITCHEL

1971,72 Entered, Devoted Blue

1973,74,75 Laved, Devoted

1976 Left, Devoted

Refraining from any unwanted and unneeded discription of myself, I now declare these unreplaceable items property of these unreplaceable people: to Scott, a steady porta-poty, and wind; to Jeff, a soccer kick with a soccer ball football or whatever, and foof; to Steve S., Dana; to Hugh, "Oh Whatever;" to B. (Bennett), loodle, loodle, loodle; to Snowballs, a few fuses; to Tom, an ouh-who, ouh-who, ouh-who; to Kyle, Bla-Bla, the quarry at 7 a.m., the Doobie Brothers, and Neils Fandango; to Aggie, Long Trail Cat, the Petersons Ranch, and a Blue Chevy short bed with 4 feet ground clearance, balloon tires, gun racks and a 450 V8 on Pismo.



MICHAEL H. MITCHELL

[1] J. K. Hale, *Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [2] J. K. Hale, *Introduction to Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [3] J. K. Hale, *Theory of Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [4] J. K. Hale, *Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [5] J. K. Hale, *Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [6] J. K. Hale, *Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [7] J. K. Hale, *Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [8] J. K. Hale, *Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [9] J. K. Hale, *Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.
 [10] J. K. Hale, *Functional Differential Equations*, Springer-Verlag, New York, 1977.

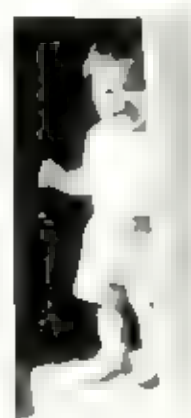
become a man, I have done away

means of a mental mirror, but then I know accurately even as I am accu-

Sooner. Thank you to everyone. Especially to U.S. for Stans and me. Thank! And don't forget your parents. To all it concerns, which it does, I will make it too.



The Band
 Jerry Garcia—lead guitar, vocals
 Bob Weir—rhythm guitar, vocals
 Phil Lesh—electric bass, vocals
 Ron (Pigpen) McKernan
 organ, harmonica, vocals
 Keith Godchaux—piano
 Bill Krietzmann—drums
 Donna Godchaux—vocals
 Robert Hunter—songwriter



John Morland
 "This curious world which we inhabit
 is more wonderful than it is con-
 venient; more beautiful than it is
 useful—and it is more to be admired
 and enjoyed than used."—Thoreau

"She was no longer examining life, but being examined by it, she
 was a real person."—Forster "Only those who take leisurely
 what the world is busy about can be busy about what the
 rest of the world takes leisurely."—Chang Chiao

"Sometimes when one is so drunk with the earth, one's spirit seems
 so light that he thinks he is in heaven. But actually he seldom
 rises six feet above the ground."—Lin Yutang



"I hope I may be permitted a general observation: that person
 is fortunate in whose soul some god fairly has placed the gift
 of responding to pleasure a perpetual responsive power in general,
 the reverse of insensitivity, and therefore brings with it much
 pain which others are spared. But I cheerfully insist that the
 increase in joy more than compensates for that disadvantage—
 if it is one—and it is a gift of responsiveness to even the
 most commonplace pleasures."—Thomas Mann "A whirlwind of
 primordial forces seized and bore me into the realm of ecstasy."

And light and airy, with my ardent carriages, steamed that
 at the Italian port of Genoa, I saw the rising of that gently beamed.
 My love to my friends especially: Coach Dan, Ralph, my brother,
 Zebin, Neil, Ted, Charley, Guyton, Dylan, Formkins, Fomen,
 the BEACH, David Frankl, Larry Dick, Mr. Hughes, Michael,
 Carl Wilson, Lieb, Yelamste, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Dab and all
 those who cared enough to listen to my thoughts.

KEEP ON
 KEEPIN' ON!



2ND A 1
 ROW SEAT
 UCLA ROYCE/Orchestra \$8.50
 KEITH JARRETT QUARTET
 2 8:00 P.M. SUNDAY EVE. 18
 JANUARY 1971
 GLOBE TICKET NO. 00000000000000000000

BENITO MUELLER



CARL FRIEDIRICH GAUSS

1777-1855

DAVID SCOTT NELSON

Did a lot, had good times, bad times, tried hard, learned a lot because, in spite of Harvard.



I, David Nelson, known as Nelrock, being of quickly deteriorating mind and body, and having come to the end of the line, do hurriedly bestow the following to the following: Ted, Dixie, Junior blues and the cure thereof, rehabilitated character, Manipulations, triads, tribulations of MSC, Mike, Marathons, concerts, MSC, the original whitey, proms, pop tops, Mammoth, parties, Bennett, Finals at SB, another Quid? preparation, RC membership, a red light tower, you, Pat, dungeon, SYC, Walsn, girl on the 10th, Dave H. The year, or missed, act, gutter head, buddies, Doug D., a bad party in Brentwood, B-ball, Bob M., Masketeers, organization, chaperones, Rene, obscene hand gestures, cigars, 1 more CIP and a portrait with your name on it, Steve P., A Mammoth card game and New Year's eve, Bryan B., good times, in general, RC practice, Bill, Clay, Tommy and the rest. How was your weekend? X marks the spot, Toaf, good times, dumb things, TC, the fact that you're going to be at Rally Comm. and Student Council, success and fulfilled ambitions, Hal, problems, this is an, lots of thanks, Mr. Roberts. Thanks for everything, chair of the year, at the M., Ameer, Ozawa, W., metrobe and Chuck, special thanks, Kent and L., it won't be long, optimism, The Ho's, fun and free frisbee lessons, Hotelings, Brooks, Krugers, Leases, Stuarts and Healds. Thanks for your help and care, Harvard, I'm, of the, cash and the fact that you should never let school interfere with education, your, Tom, parents. My love, and thanks for your trust and help through hard times. I'll be, for being a friend, good luck, happiness, and so much more. I can't say. So long.

History

Entered '70
A loyal Blue
Exited '76



"Oh Boy, A Mich!"

STEVE PAUL



I, Steve Paul, often referred to as "Snowballs", "Punchy", "Chinaman," and at times "Paulywog," being of sound mind and late body do hereby remember the following by the following: Mike Doobie Bros. on the High Seas, "Only if you", some good raps, VB over the diving board, poker, sincerity, "Can't you see us crüzin' in our OWN BMW's" EXCELLENT The Hay-O "Berk", crüzin in the BMDubb with THE TUNES, glass door, THE hit on the goame, good times — BUDDIES. Texas: some memmrable sticks, "You dad-gum pepper belly (smack)", — SoooWeee. Beany: 9th grade Harvard Day, THE stick as freshmen, my room at my party, unmentionable experiences at Mammoth and Colorado, "Evil Woman" Log Guts, "Dippin' into the ol' till," Vegas, FB, BBS, pokerparties (so damn lucky), Mr. Planters — YO! Stick: annual parties, green thumb, cooba diving, Colorado — "I'm only going 30mph!", "I call —", "Overload" Did the girl you want to forget — but never will, screwdrivers, F.F., FB, the rowdiness I ALWAYS knew you had. Marss "Rught" Hunts Bombardment at Bull's, van in Ventura, good times Bull Dodger games, Marvin or Mike dade, parties, RBine Q my stereo will always be better than yours. Randy Poker — "Be Cool," helluva ballplayer My Man Man toaghnness as a soph, some great games, independence The Dad Mammoth, Indian "Whudgya do that for?" Barnbap "Stickeee — get off." Boob: "Boulder-HO!" LBNL James waterboys, Hayatampas on the hill, the two oughies (wny?), a first at the Disney Hotel, G and T's — "I can't swim", many a good rap in the cabin and BMW, So C, everything else, "You're lucky if you have one true friend in your whole life" — Bros I thank N Hughes, J Ryan, M Aylwad, K Moore, T Corcoran, J Winctrobe (USC #1), F Magusin, W Dickey, M Miller, J P Clark, D McFadden, D Billingsley, P Hahn, G Gingell, G Hinman, and R Pacheco for their friendship and guidance. A special thanks must go to Coach Thran for not only making me a better football player, but a better person. Withoat you I might not have made it through this place. Good luck and "Get that Pig!".

Mom and Dad: I hate to think what might have happened if I had not spent the last six years at Harvard. Thanks for the opportunity and encouragement — love

"Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises?"

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

I'm gettin' there Brud!

— Thoreau



Dear Harvard

There is a faint image of beginning 7th grade.
And some even fainter of all here since then.
Otherwise there's been angels, my struggle,
and some really good memories.

anyway here I am now looking back.
It has all flashed by and is gone.

It's hard to believe

Goodbye everyone

I'm on my way.

I'm on my way.

Ferry Payne



WILLIAM CARROLL PLANTS

National Merit Scholarship
Semi-finalist

Cum Laude Society

Varsity Math Team

Harvard Chess Champion

NFL Degree of Distinction

1975 Sentinel Award

Lots of other stuff!



I, William Carroll Plants, alias Bill, alias Plumps, alias Bongo, alias Ace, alias Gimpy, alias Wildman, have acquired during the last six years many treasures and items of value which I shall now proceed to disperse to various members of the populous whom I deem worthy of them:

to J. I. — A raincoat and the wish that he will be as fortunate in the future as he has been in the past.

to Matt — A 99 year lease on the far right hand seat in the second row in Mudd and the World Flake-out Championship.

to Seymore — An eternal backgammon session and the ultimate squirrel debate case.

to Rudolf — Final victory over Bob and a spot in the Olympics.

to Jim — A backyard size totatarian state and a room to grow in.

to Jay — Something gross.

to Coacen Murrow — More Championship Math Teams and my thanks.

to Mr. Humphrey — "A P Chemistry Teacher of the Year" Award and my thanks.

to Mr. Clark — An honorary membership in the Senior Science Lounge and Lunch Area and my thanks.

to Mr. Archer — A cosmic poem that can be analysed like a math problem and my thanks.

to Dave — The Harvard Chess Crown to hold on to, my Math Team suit to grow into, and the family honor to uphold.

to Mom and Dad — For their efforts above and beyond the call of duty as parents, my love and a very special thanks.

GREG PORTER

Thanks!

Mom, Jack, Mommy Ann,
Grandmother, Mr. Hughes, Mr.
McFadden, and Mr. Dickey.

And special appreciation to
all those who played even the
smallest part in my experiences
because without them it
wouldn't be the same.



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THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION WELCOMES THE CLASS OF 1976



Chairman of the All Alumni Reunion, Bob Burgess '46



Alumni Board of Directors members Doug Westwater '63, Ted Naftzger '43, Bill Hunt '46, Bill Armstrong '52, Whitney Nicholas '58

Bill Deckeraw '37 presents plaque for "coach, teacher, legend" Jim McCleery to Christopher Berrisford and Father Chalmers for Harvard School




STEVE RAYMAN



To my friend Jim: Go for it!
To a teacher, Robin: A kettle of worms, fish, prunes, and many thanks.
To a school, Harvard: A synagogue
To those whom I need not mention: Gratitude.

Tennis: Steve Rayman plays Tony Trabert. Rayman loses.
Piano: Steve Rayman plays Johannes Brahms. Brahms loses.
School: Steve Rayman plays Harvard. Rayman wins.

The fact is, nothing comes — at least nothing good. ALL has to be fetched. Well, from 1973 to 1976, I did it all, thank God — and it wasn't easy. Now onward to more . . .
Take it easy.



"The conditions of a solitary bird are five:
The first, that it flies to the highest point;
the second, that it does not suffer for company,
not even of its own kind,
the third, that it aims its beak to the skies;
the fourth, that it does not have a definite colour;
the fifth, that it sings very softly."

San Juan de-La Cruz

RON REAGAN

BILL REICH

I leave:

To Willy Zim: Frank Zappa,
Freddie Mercury and Queen

To Mike K: Beach Club,
Troubador and Santa Cruz

To CRC IV: Pebble Beach,
Yosemite, and The Bagroom

To Hook: Elton John and
Westwood

To Skip: A Hammer, some Nails
and Buster

To Elder: Tower Records and
Newport

To Hinds: Chucks, Flying
Lessons and the Sugar Shack

To Arch: Film Glass, Allman
Bros. and Ric Loesch

To Tom T: Billy Cobham

To Mars: 50\$, Jammin and Ted
Heath

To Loughran: Vegas, and my car
for 2000\$

To Sean K: Camping and his car

To Casey S.: A Jeep and Halloween

To Chris, Jim, Steve, Mark, Etc:

A party

To Mr. Ozawa and Mr. Richardson:

My thanks for your time and
effort

To my Parents: My deepest
Appreciation for without them
I never would have made it.

SEE YA!

Bill Reich



JAMES MICHAEL RENE

To all those who deserve it: Thank You

Danny Maloney, we're still with you!

The ol' cat on the roof, he could stand a little push.
'Cause he's got nine good lives to live.
But like my momma said, you only live till you're dead,
And you've got to give, and give, and give.

There's a pebble in the pond, goin' on and on.
Making waves, and tides, and ripples, and rings.
There's a leaf in the wind, that don't know where to end,
Chasin' days, and ways, and wishes, and dreams.

Seems like everyone is out lookin' for the sun,
Singin' rain and pain on he who hesitates.
But it'll shine when it shines.
You might think I'm wastin' time.
But I'm just a good ol' boy that's learned to wait.

Whippoorwill's in the dawn, pretty soon he'll be gone,
And he's got one good song to sing.
But like my daddy said, it's in your heart not your head,
And you've got to sing, and sing, and sing.

There's a window in the wall, lookin' out on it all,
Leavin' fears, and tears, and troubles alone.
There's a fire in the stove, keepin' out the cold,
Warmin' wine, and winters, and babies, and homes.

Seems like everyone is out lookin' for the sun,
Singin' rain and pain on he who hesitates.
But it'll shine when it shines.
You might think I'm wastin' time,
But I'm just a good ol' boy that's learned to wait.

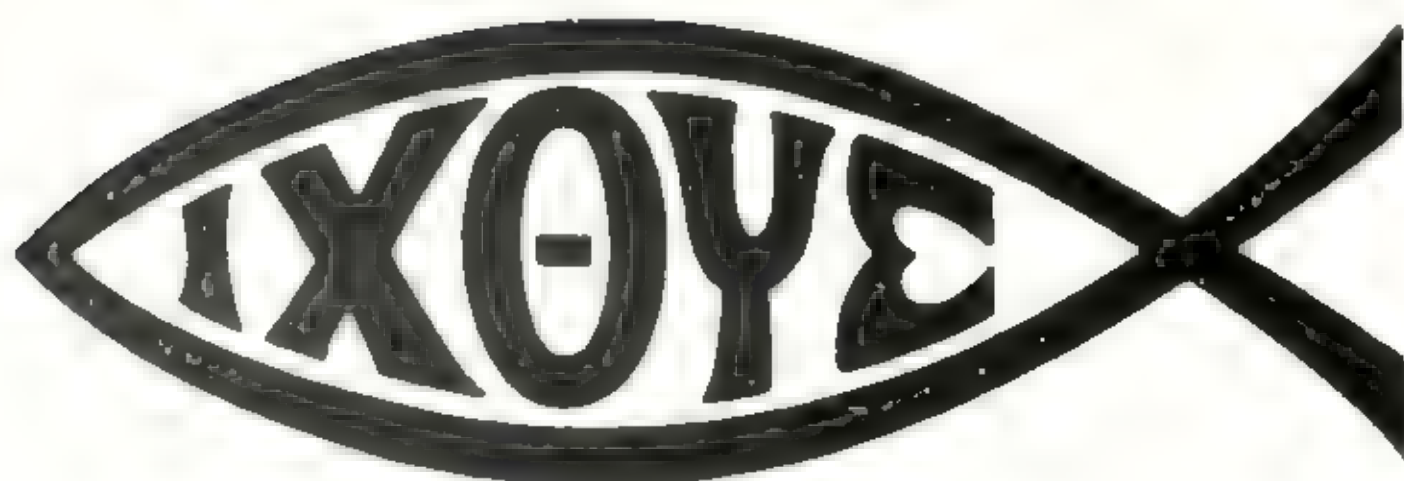
Yes, I'm just a good ol' boy that's learned to wait.

— Ozark Mountain Daredevils

DAVID ALAN RHEINSTEIN

Do not judge lest you be judged
yourselves. For in the way you
judge, you will be judged; and
by your standard of measure, it
shall be measured to you.

Matt. 7:1-2



And this is the confidence which
we have before Him, that, if we
ask anything according to His
will, He hears us.

John 5:14

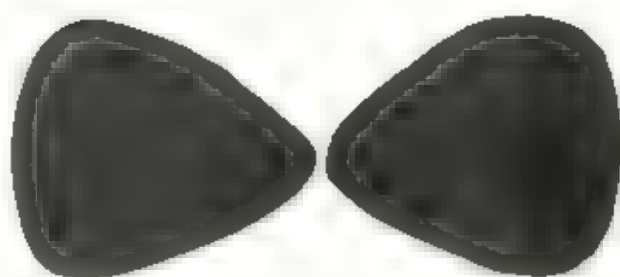


JAY ROSENBERG





TED RUTTER



I, Ted Rutter, having little to say but lots to leave, shall proceed directly to my will. First of all, to my mother and father, whom I love dearly, I leave all the love and gratitude possible for everything they have ever done for me, which is more than anyone could imagine. To Ginna — love and rearranged furniture. To Doobs, my sis, and Greg, my bro — more of what they're used to — parties, popularity, and the opposite sex. To David B. Nelrock — Gary Morgan, Dixie Canyon, Indian, and some "real" Rally Dudes. To Jamie the Doog — a lowd life, Jerry and Betty, and directions to your house. To Charlie — a dinner at Lynn's and peace and happiness. To Doc Watson Frank — a week in Mammoth and Friday night in Yosemite. To John Molland — a week in Yosemite and a parking permit. To Trixie "Dylan" Underwear — the fact that Bob Dylan is okay but Jerry Garcia is the best. To Ron, the gov's kid — the Ceiling Ball championship and Tarzanland. To Dan — John Birch. To Lionel — outright intellectuality, closet radical subversity, and comic books. To Teddy T. — retractable crampons and "You like the Dead?" To Daniel Boone — Mr. Skree — bus and a mask. To Healybum — Li'l Oly's, Mammoth, and a marathon. To A Pat Cowen —. To Benito — as great a time as Carsten had. To Ronnie Rad — Oeste. To Billy R. — The long drive to Roberts' boat and a muffler. To Willy — White shoes. To Kevin — Catalina and the Rancid Transit District. To Dave — R I. To Joe — Tweeti and a different name. To Laura — love and anything else you want. To Carolyn — lots of carnations. To Jill and Carolina — love, Mammoth, and "June and Oakwood." To Annie, Lizzy, Rosy, Pammy, Marsha — a winning season. To Linnie — love and Chas. To Cammie — Jeff. I would like to leave unbelievable gratitude to Messrs. Ameer, Magusin, Michaud, Roberts, and Winetrobe (who is truly the biggest man at Harvard), for everything they have done for me. Also, special thanks to Messrs. Archer, Holmes, Richardson, Ozawa, West, Luchtow, Wilson, Stewart, Kahn, Florian, Schmidt, and Keith. I leave special love and respect to Mrs. Rebek, Miss Churton, Ms. Dietz and Mrs. Moore, who are four remarkable women. I also leave love and appreciation to Francie and Joel, who made this all possible. Finally, I hope everybody remembers that this was written on Oct. 28, so anybody forgotten, not mentioned, or misrepresented here, please forgive this poor fool, because I love everybody I know.

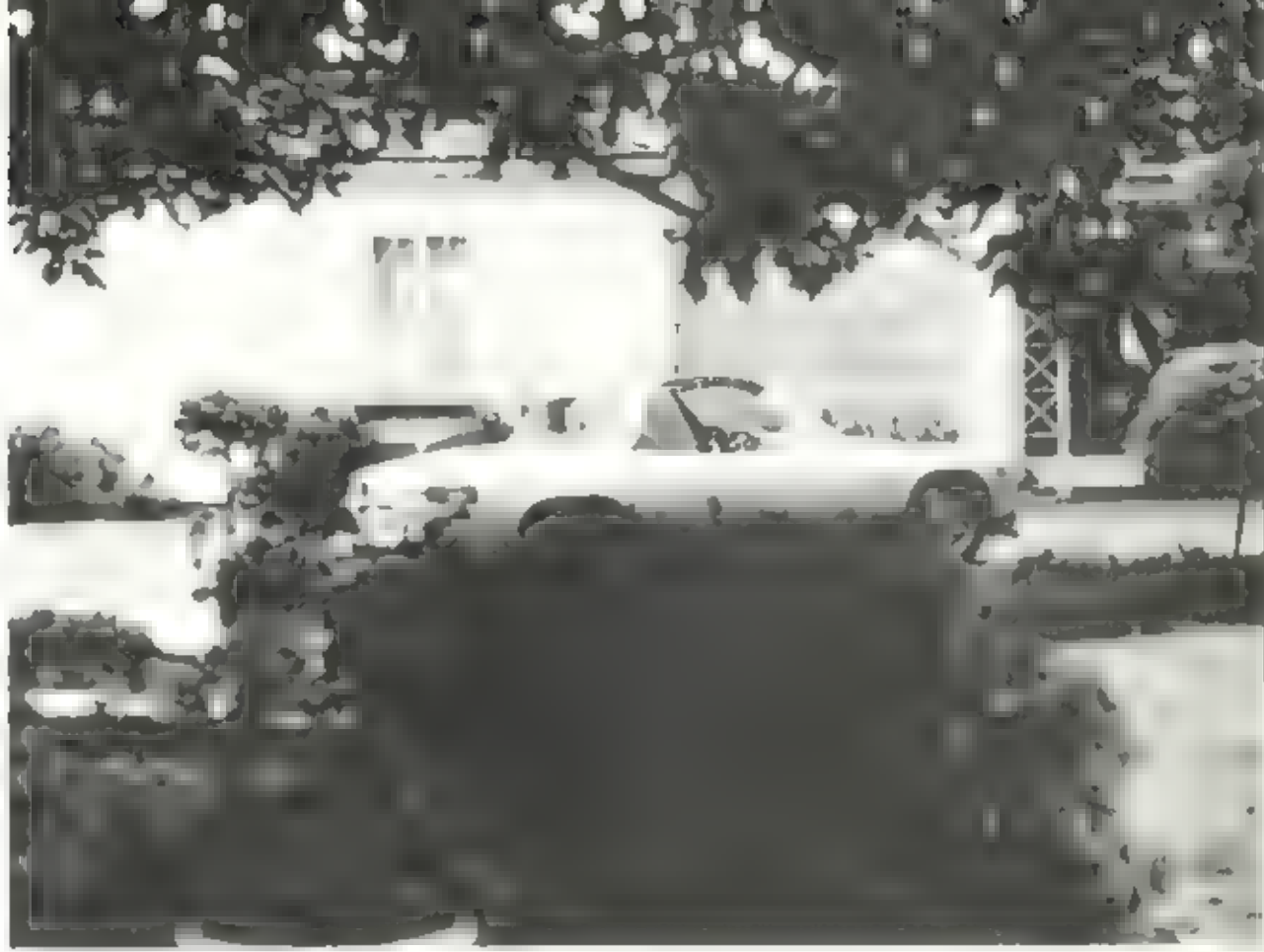
B 6 6
SEC. ROW SEAT
ARENA FLOOR
LOS ANGELES SPORTS ARENA
APR 26 — \$8.50
1975 — 8:00 P.M.
BLDG. T. 427 2 428 4 250

AA 2 11
SEC. ROW SEAT
ARENA LEVEL
LONG BEACH ARENA
JANUARY 26 — \$6.50
1975 — 7:30 P.M.
BLDG. T. 427 2 428 4 250



Soeth
for it.

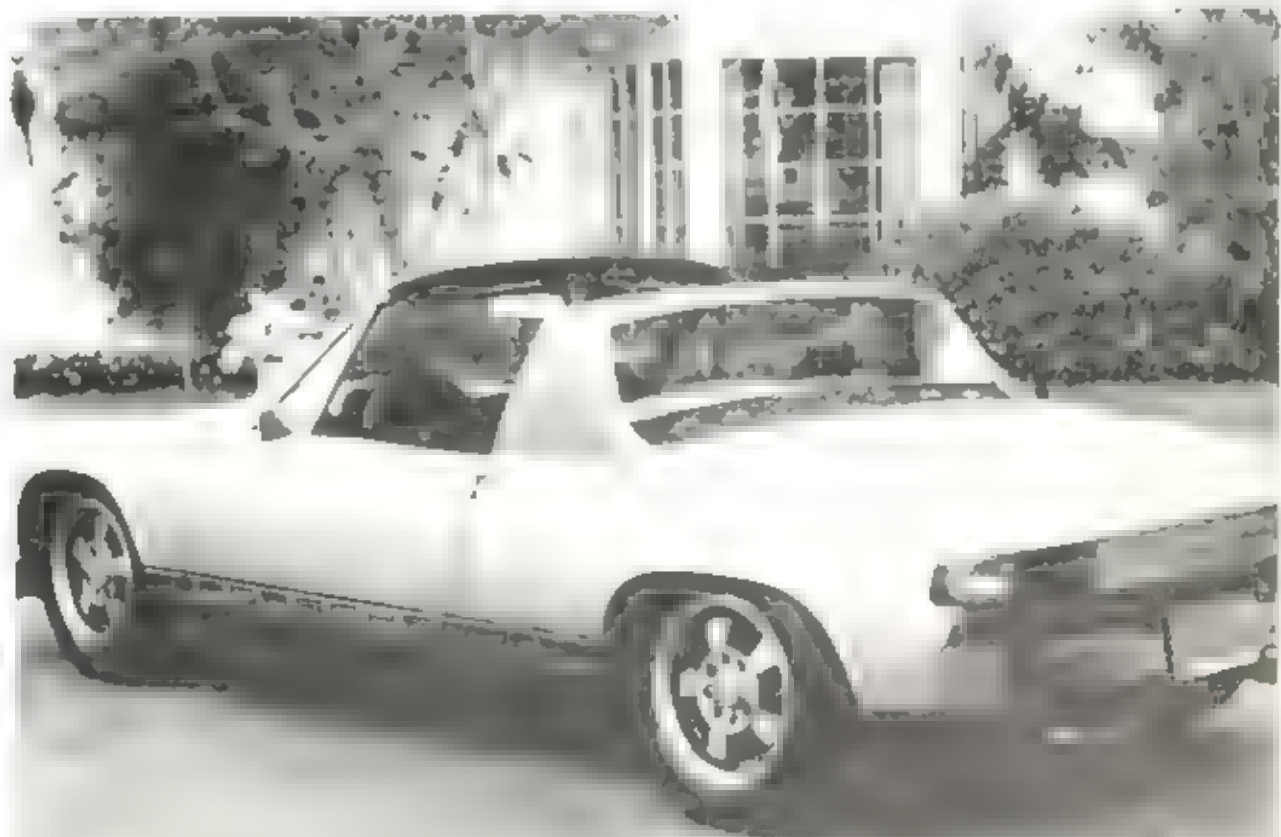
MIKE SAMUELIAN



I thank mom and dad for the
push and inspiration when I needed
it; and for always encouraging me to
do my best

Here comes the Black Queen, poking in the pile

Trust in the Lord
with all your heart,
And do not lean on
your own understand-
ing. In all your ways
acknowledge Him, And
He will make your
paths straight
Proverbs 3:5



JOACHIM J. SCHARFE



Looking back, I find most of my learning has come not from Harvard School, without it my education would be incomplete, but from traveling and living with others, in different places and different ways. By confronting these new experiences I have started to learn about the world and more importantly, about myself. To my Parents, Thanks for all.



ERIC RUDOLPH SCHUUR



I, Eric Schuur, otherwise known as Chure, Reindeer, and Aggie, do relinquish the following to their rightful keepers.

To Kyle, a 1,000,000 h.p. ski boat and a mouth full of chew; to Clay, Catalina, and East L.A.; to Doug 400 hypochondriacs; to Coach Gingell, my no cut star contract, and many thanks; to Coach Thran, my sling, a 6'8" and 280 lb. guard, and my thanks; to brother of John, surfing and Nancy; to Hugh, crooks and "Oh — !, see who's there."; to Nina, "out of the wake, left" and the Osmonds; to Steve, a double pink bubble-gum and his theories; to the Faunteroys, "Goodnight, Dick" to the operator, ILY and my phone bill; to Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, an all expenses paid trip to Paso Robles; and to myself, a sigh of relief.

Thanks to Mr. Winetrobe, Mr. Magusin, Fr. Gill and all my other teachers.

Finally, my deepest thanks to my family who's love and understanding made this all possible.

Entered '70
Green
Frosh Football
Frosh Track
Varsity Football '73, '74, '75
J.V. Baseball '74, '75
Varsity Baseball '76



Two psychiatrists were
walking down a hall,
and one psychiatrist
said to the other —
"Hello!" And the other
psychiatrist said
"mmm! I wonder what
he meant by that!"



MY WILL: For What it's Worth

To Gaff, I leave Troy
(Alias Heat Wave and Sun)
To Anthony, I leave Berkeley,
not UCLA
To Wesley, I leave Mr. Berk
To Eddie I leave my Harm-
onica (the one in the key of F)
To Mark, of course, I leave
good ol' Swensens.
To the Seventh grade-and
all seventh grades to come,
I leave a box of Fig Newtons
for Mr. Clark's classes.
And to Mr. Clark, I leave a trip
to the Trail-M-The-Cock;
and much thanks!

Later,
Zach

Notarized by
Elmer Fudd.

To all of
I leave
to the
and not
G S

GOO

WILLIAM SIMS



To Matt, Jeff, Ian,
and Ken: My Thanks.



Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear; O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!
Blake





ॐ



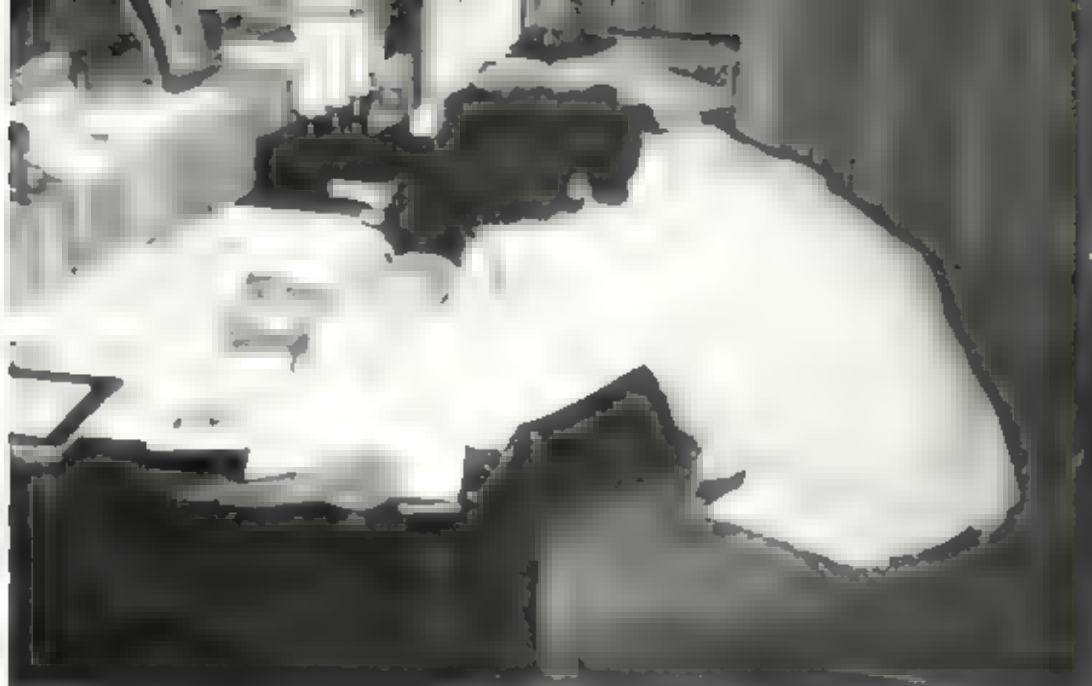
TASTE
the glistening
SUNDROPS - they
are ALL
our world -

BEYOND
that tunnel of concern the
SWEET MELODY
flows BLISSFUL
COLOR
where we
ARE
our brothers + sisters
and BREATH
PEACE
with the
UNIVERSE

Charley

Charley





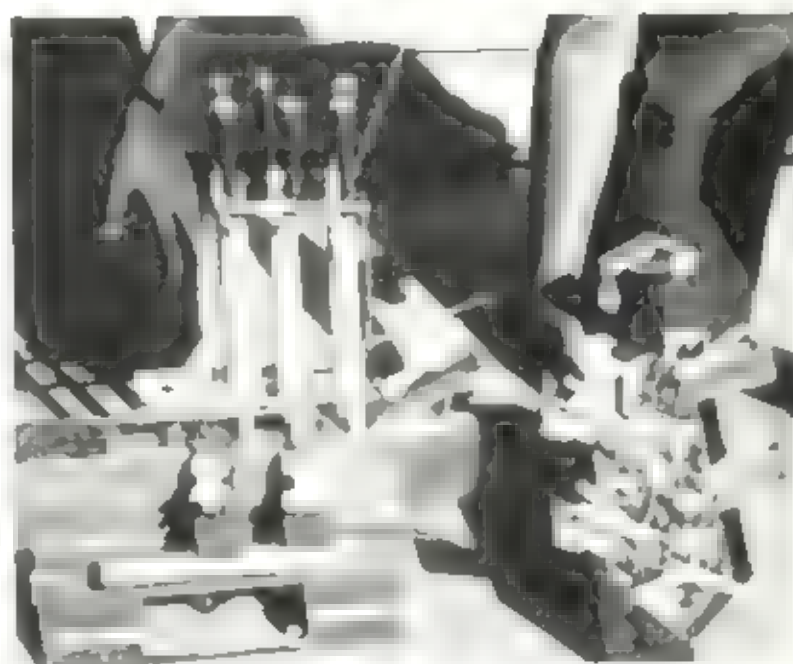
My three years at Harvard have enabled me to establish many valuable relationships with many different people. I would especially like to thank Mr. Woods, Mr. Koslow, Mr. Ozawa, Señor Pavon, Mr. Murrow, Ms. Dietz, Mr. Archer, Mr. Ameer and Mr. Berrisford for their friendship and help. But above all I want to thank my parents and Greg



JEFF SYMONDS



Thanks to: Bill, Matt, Ken, Ian, Glenn, Kyle, Adam B., Eric M., George Carlin, Doc Erwin, Bill Cosby, Tom T., Steve P., Susan, Anna, and Danny. Special thanks to Coaches Thran, Hinman, McGarvey, and Marks, Mr. Winetrobe, Anthony Miller, and last but not first of all, my parents and Grandmother who have been there whenever I have needed them. I thank you all for your help and friendship throughout my stay at Harvard.



1970 Enter, Blue

1972 - Frosh Football — Most Improved Player

1973 Varsity Football
JV Soccer — League Champs

1974 Varsity Football
Varsity Soccer

1975 Varsity Football
Varsity Soccer



RICHARD EDWARD TASHMA

1971 — Enter
Grew in many ways
1976 — Left

Writing this will bring to mind a myriad of incidents, some good, some bad, which I have both enjoyed and endured over the past five years at Harvard. I must conclude that if an education is supposed to be one of the greatest experiences of a student's life, this administration and faculty have proved eminently successful. For that, you have my sincere appreciation.

To the following people who have made my life at Harvard both endurable, and at times, quite enjoyable, I leave the following memories and experiences. To Michael: a 7493, a "bounceless" (ha-ha) micro-switch, and some really home-brew projects. To Ted T.: one of the most fabulous summers of my life. What ever happened?

To Bill U.: the hope that you have gained as much from PPI (the experience, not the job) and Mr. Taylor, as I have. To Eddy: that crazy job and everything that goes with it, as well as a sense of affection and appreciation for making me laugh and helping me when I needed it. To the rest of my class, thanks for making the last five years of my life such a personal learning experience. Last but not least: to Chris, Steve, Alexis and Matt, the "Green Bomb."

To the faculty: Mr. Archer, I hope that I will be able to find at least a few teachers throughout the rest of my education who are as considerate as you are. To Mr. Murrow: a Weller 140 watt soldering gun, three 8080's, and no sockets. And: "Are you busy?"

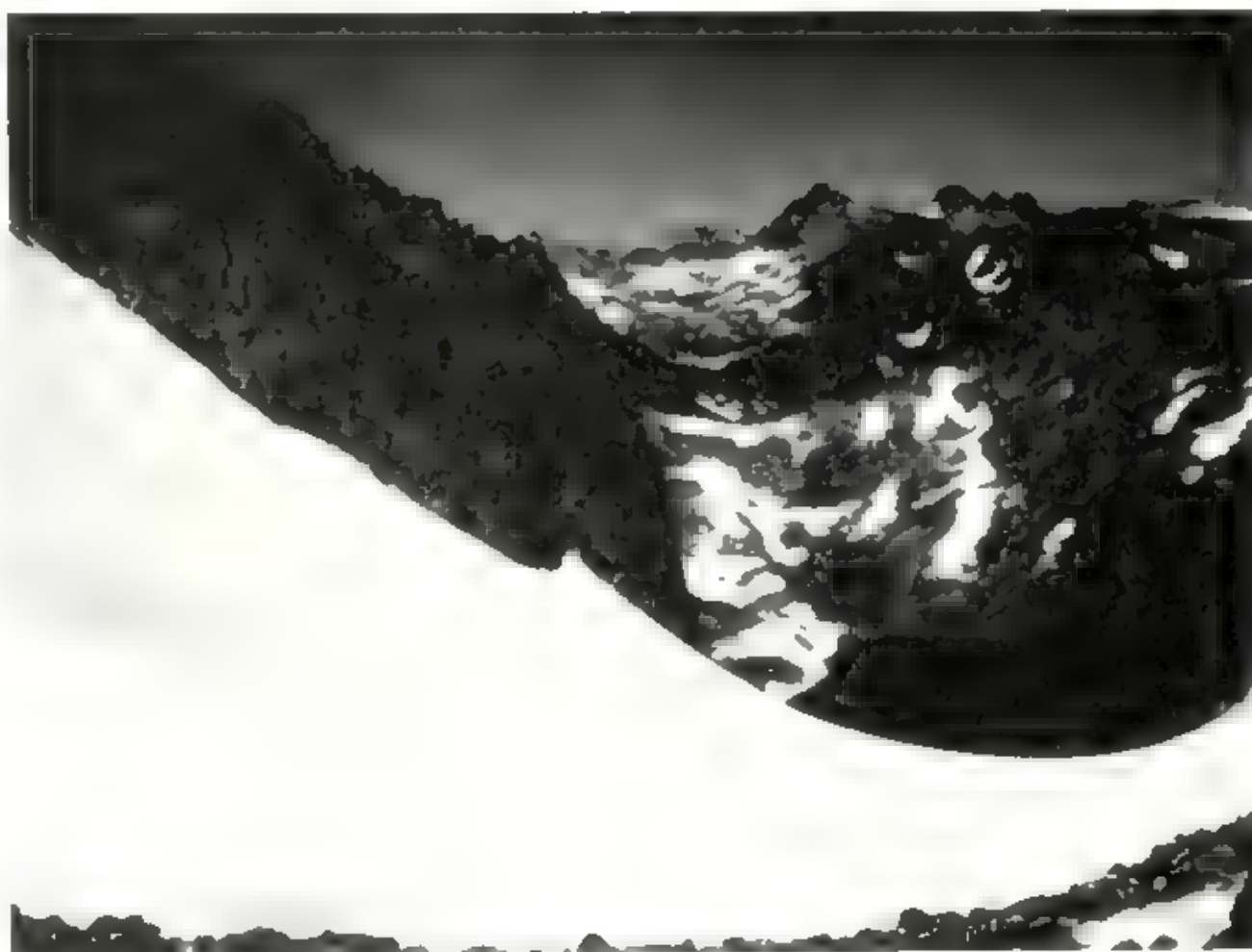
"No I'm not" "Here it comes . . . did you get it?" . . . This is computer language? To Mr. Clark: A bunch of little rowdies to jam the Monroe Epic when I'm not around to get blamed for it. Also, two and a half years peppered with "differences of opinion," and various successes. Thank you. To Mr. Humphrey: my thanks for one of the very best courses which I have ever taken. I thank you for your personal interest in me — you are a real human being. To Johnny Bokowski: my appreciation for being so receptive.

To Al and Irene, I leave my respect. To Alizia: not only beauty, but erudition. To Carmella, my gratitude — God Bless You. And to Lupe: thanks for the years of love and devotion. Finally, I leave my greatest affection to my relatives, but especially my parents, who are an inspiration.



TED THOMPSON

Special thanks to Mr. Ameer,
Grandma, MOM and DAD. Without
them success at Harvard would not
have been possible.



The real significance of wilderness is
a cultural matter. It is far more than
hunting, fishing, hiking, camping, or
canoeing; it has to do with the human
spirit. — Sigurd F. Olson

BRAD THORSON



But if you are willing to get wet and stay wet — to get cold and stay cold — to be bruised, and scuffed, and bitten — to be hungry and thirsty and to have your muscles strained and sore from unusual taxation; if you will welcome all these things, not once, but many times, for the sake of moments of pure triumph and that larger luxury which comes with the comfort of camp and the conquest of the wilderness, then go! The wilderness will welcome you, and teach you, and take you its heart. And you will find your own soul there; and the discovery will be worthwhile!

A. B. Paine



Most of all I would like to thank Sid and George for all the love and encouragement that they have given to me

BYE HARVARD

To the tolerant, enthusiastic faculty . . . many thanks, and with special appreciation for the help and encouragement of Mr. Roberts, Mr. Ozawa, Mr. Dickey, Mr. Humphrey and all the others who made my stay at Harvard well worth it . . .

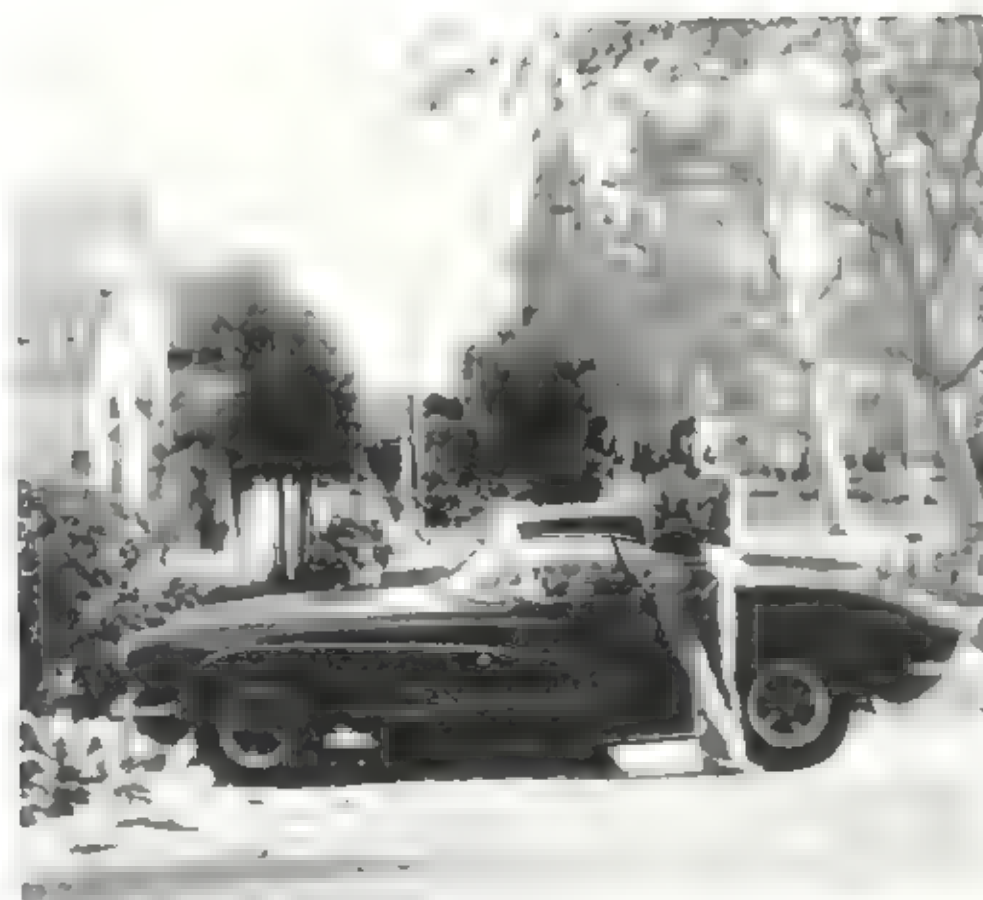


JERROLD WRIGHT TOGNAZZINI



My work is but
a reflection, one
of the innumerable
reflections of what
I accomplish, write,
and think

Dali





TOM TRAINER ESQ

To Pork — that week in LaJolla in September, skiing the Alps, the ultimate green box, Twin Poles, and a black cadillac. To Jim, referred to by many as "nap" or "Jaws" — an adequate amount of wool, Dina-Moe-Ham the Starburst of Life and Good Concert. To Steve P. — Hay-O a "shattered" party, Dan Hicks, and "c'mon now let's get it down!" To Mars — Tower records, reaphs, and the ability to play the drums like Cobham. To Steve H. — Judy Trunck, the ability to stay up all night and Linda Ronstadt. To Elduurr — Jamming with Mars, and Jocko's beer drinking capacity. To Chuck Misa-Lube — an open mind but a closed head! To Bennet — a life long supply of Spalding oohooooohoooo-hoo. To Bob F. — yourself and a mirror. To Lieutenant Reicher — unforgettable nights with the tunes, and Jack in the box after the Doobie Brothers. To Doug — Quantas, Roasty Toasty, drumming the roof down in Big Bear, and a new windshield. To Do — Friends.



My Time At Harvard

I entered Harvard in '71
Hoping to learn and have some fun
Now here I am in '76
Wondering what I will do next.
I'm a college boy now with things to do
Again going to school; its nothing new.
I look back at Harvard; what comes to mind
Are papers and tests that put me in a bind
But seriously folks I must confess
That without Harvard I would have no finesse.





How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!
Every little cloud
Always sings aloud.
— Pooh

Still round the corner there may wait
A new road or a secret gate;
And though I oft have passed them by,
A day will come at last when I
Shall take the hidden paths that run
West of the Moon, East of the Sun.
— old Middle Earth walking song



i'm free
Of course you're free. We're all free
in America,
no i'm free you don't understand
my freedom scares you



You're
free
within
limits.
We can't
survive
too much
freedom
you know.
I
want
to
love
Don't be
silly.

There are times and places
for love. We all love one another
through God.
you don't see we don't control our lives
Hey, I'd love to talk about freedom,
but I've gotta run.



Thanks

Mr. Berrisford, the opportunities
Mr. Ameer, the advice
Susie, the effort
Coach McFoo, philosophies to be
questioned
Mr. Berk, some questions
David Florian, an unwavering
smile
Messrs. Archer and Schmidt,
enlightenment and a hint of sanity
Mr. West, sunshine dancing
on a prison wall
Mr. Michaud, you got me into this
mess . . .
For the care of the lovely, loving
ladies in the offices.
Mom, I never would've
made it without you.

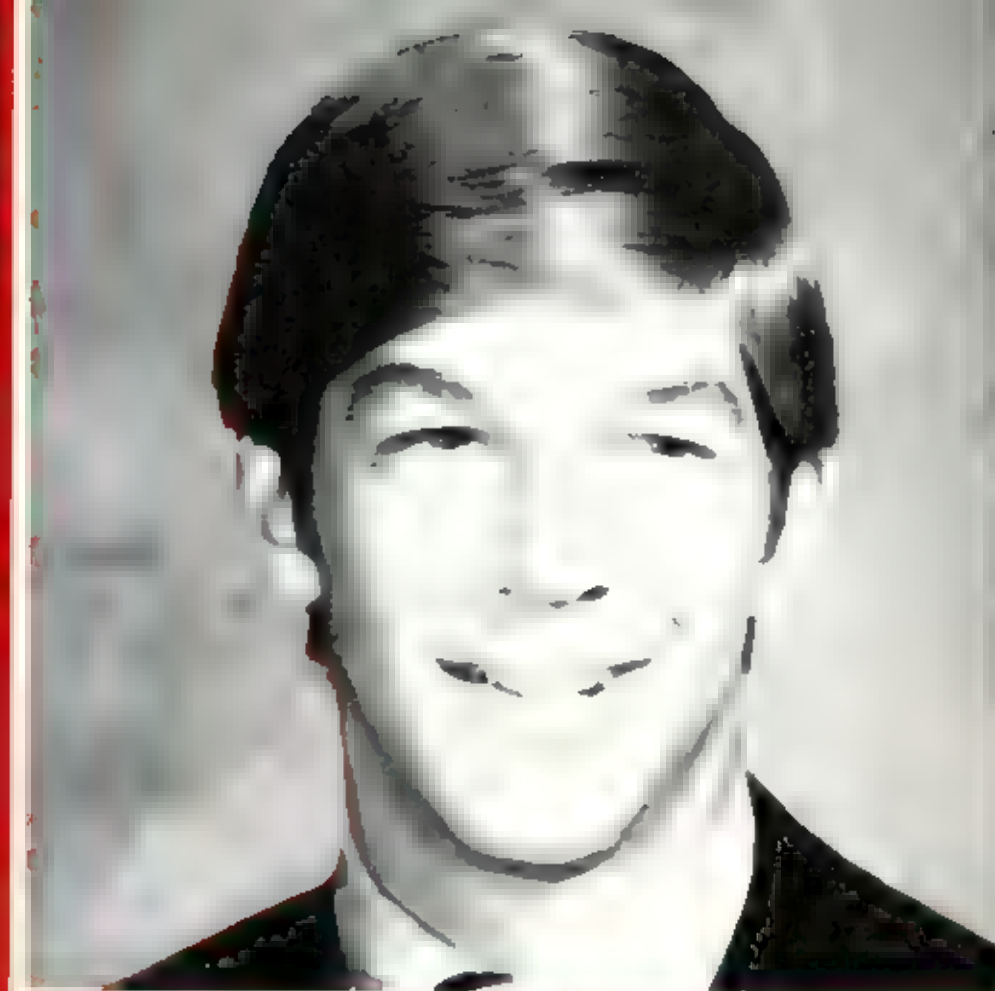
To,

Neil, a real smile and an argument
about something that matters
Zubin, joyful cynicism and
eventual escape
Charlini, appreciation of space
and time
RR, ceiling ball in a dimly lit
parking structure
Yawn M., deep, serene rest
Ted, eternal mellowness
Fermé, joyful irrelevance
Isaacs and Lionel, long hair and
its implications
To's counterpart, a little peace
Tricks for Mr. Magusin and
the Seventh Grade
To all the Space Team, wild life
revolution
the sky.

DYLAN UNGERLEIDER

BILL URICK

1971 ENTERED
 1972 WHITES
 1973 FROSH FOOTBALL
 FROSH-SOPH SOCCER
 FROSH-SOPH TRACK
 1974 JV SOCCER
 JV VOLLEYBALL
 1975 VARSITY SOCCER
 VARSITY VOLLEYBALL
 1976 VARSITY SOCCER
 VARSITY VOLLEYBALL
 SENTINEL ANNUAL SPORTS
 EDITOR
 EXITED



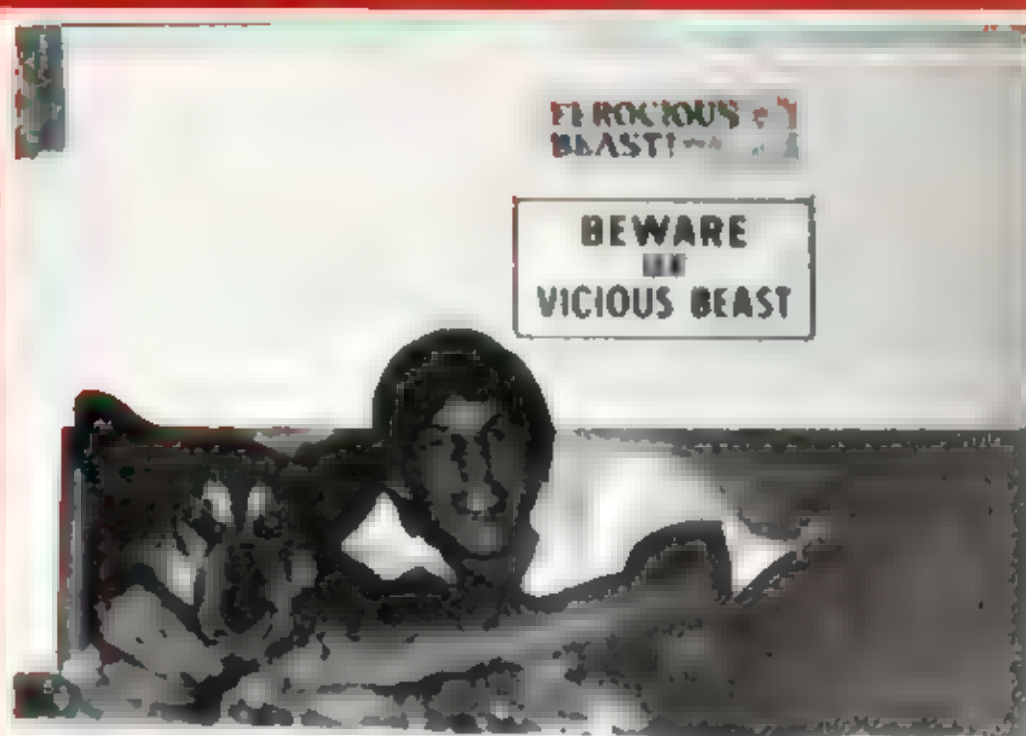
I, Bill Urick, otherwise known as Tan Man, Hawaii Bill, Willie White Shoes, Grease, Elmo, and various others, do hereby bequeath the following items and memories to the following personages:

To D. Bennett: good times and good grades. To Herby: "That's funny," and cruisin down Van Nuys Blvd. on Wednesday night in a '69 Camaro. To Caffey: a left foot. To Mer'yash: my volleyball skills. To Needle: muscle and "Straight down!" To Elder: praise from Coach McFadden. To Reagan: practice, lots of practice (especially when you lack the natural ability). To Mocha: Hawaii and Argyll. To Kirkeby: "Hiyah!" and Joannie. To Rhino: pretty teeth without braces and Dr. Boyd's nurse. To Tashma: work. To Wood: "Sobah." To Chick: a tan. To Dr. Q.: his favorite classes — Bio.-Chem. and A. P. Bio. To Jorgenson: French pronunciation. To Shafran: French I with Monsieur Florian. To Hockey Puck: "Shot on goal!" and "In other words, you mean that ~~to~~." To Glantz: "Mahoo." To Levinson: page 251, May Co. Catalogue — Fall Sportswear. To B. Bennett: delicacy and a "fine" car. To Wing Shoes: a good pair of cleats. To Oscar Yale and our perfect debate record. To Greaser: a year's supply of "The Dry Look" and the knowledge that I will always have better hands. To Millman: courage and that summer of Varsity Football. To Flintoft: the R.T.D.; to little Flintoft: a Mexican Woman. To Hook: smiles to brighten up your day. To Chum: "The Bill" and "Chummm." To MYSELF: a '73 Vette with a blonde cruisin' along the shores of Maui (of course). To my teachers: Thanks for trying to educate me. To my FAMILY: LOVE AND GRATITUDE

ALOHA

ALOHA

Bill



IAN L. WAYNE



Wake your reasons' hollow vote
Wear your blizzard season coat
Burn a bridge and burn a boat
Stake a Lizard by the throat.
(from "Prince Rupert Awakes"
by R. Fripp and P. Sinfield)



I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the friends and faculty whom I've known at Harvard for making my years here so rewarding and enjoyable. I wish to express my special gratitude to the following:

Messrs. Hughes, Archer,
Margolis and Schmidt-for
their aid and guidance;
Robert Fripp and Francis V.
Zappa for their inspiration;
and most of all, my parents
for their love and generos-
ity.





PARADISE LOST

I don't know half of you half as well as I should like and I like less
than half of you half as well as you deserve. As for the rest of you,
who cares? I was just here for the fun of it. Thank you.

LIONEL WHITMAN

RANDY WILLIAMS

73 — Fr Basketball

73 — JV Baseball

74 — JV Basketball

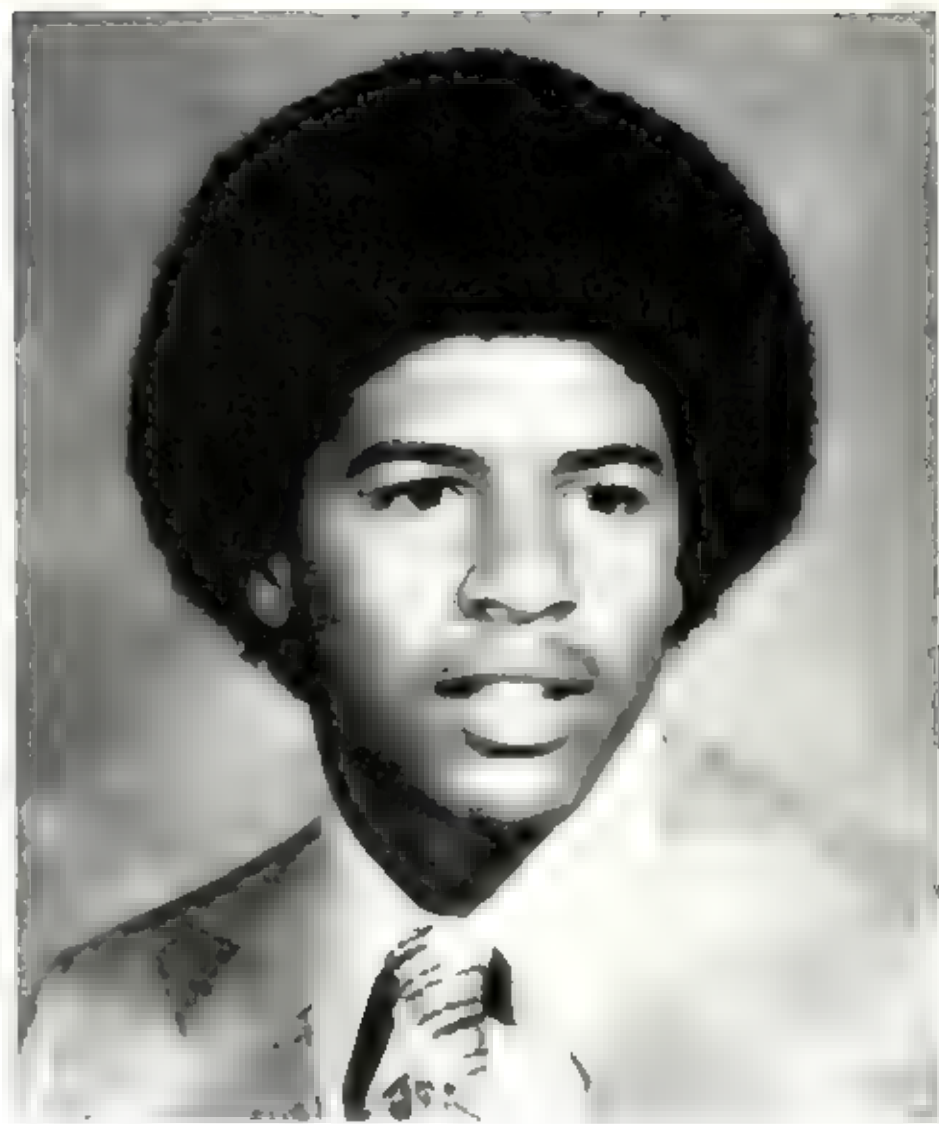
75 — V Basketball

75 — V Baseball

76 — V Football

76 — V Basketball

76 — Baseball



Thanks and Goodbye

HARVARD

CHRIS WOOD



I, Chris Wood, otherwise known as Toaf, Felix, Illiterate, and the usual Topher, leave these few memories and sacred objects to the deserving people.

Little Oly: Two roast pig sucklings, poker marathons with orange bitters, and a key to Ambrose for a weeklong game of Indian.

Nelrock: midnight pool matches (not to mention morning or afternoon), twenty pounds of Tilamook, and "— lips!"



Chuck Nelson: better luck at backgammon, and thanks for your sound advice."

Maytor: a place at your house for my keys, and NYAH!

Sambo: the four hundred dollar wooh', and the fact that Armenians are tops

APAT: "Hello gentleman and Toaf." The strawberry hill in your yard, and thanks for your excellent parties.

James: the orange gun, radar guns on Sunset, rowdy times, out to lunch club, "trac" friendship, and see you around! Hopefully at Santa Cruz.

Rayman: Rene, presidency of the Glasser Masher Club, and thanks for your generosity and help when I needed them.

Rick: Thanks for everything! You're the Best Bloody Aussie I know.

Dillman: You did a good job

George P.: "Hey, George!", and races through Bel Air

Special thanks to the Hea-lys, Nelsons, Carrolls, and Mullins for open doors and good food

Thanks to all my teachers who made my stay at the school possible and enjoyable for me, especially Garfio, McGarvey, Mr Hughes, Mr. Ameer, Mrs Mathews, and the soon to be Doc Ozawa



Russell: the Greatful Dead, Jackson Browne, Lynyrd Skynyrd, the Alman Brothers Band, and the Marshall Tucker Band in concert, at your home, as usual. Mexicali followed by Palm Springs, and Kathy Benton

My Parents: Thanks for putting up with me and trying to help me with my many troubles

I DO LOVE YOU!



Thanx to all
goodbye



NOTHING IN THE WORLD CAN
TAKE THE PLACE OF PERSIS-
TENCE. TALENT WILL NOT;
NOTHING IS MORE COMMON
THAN UNSUCCESSFUL MEN
WITH TALENT, GENIUS WILL
NOT; UNREWARDED GENIUS
IS ALMOST A PROVERB.
EDUCATION ALONE WILL NOT:
THE WORLD IS FULL OF ED-
UCATED DERELICTS. PER-
SISTENCE AND DETERMINATION
ALONE ARE OMNIPOTENT.

DARRYL ZIMMERMAN

WILLIAM ROSS

. . . Fie, fo To The Black Queen Marching Single File.

ZIMMERMAN



It's so easy, but I can't do it.
So risky, but I've got to chance it.
Believe me, life goes on and on and on
Forgive me, when I ask you where do I belong
I can see what you want me to be
But I'm no fool!

Mercury



thanx: mike (photos), steve, karen, war, hook,
skipper, zappa, sambo, faculty, parents
brothers, everyone

willy

1900-1901



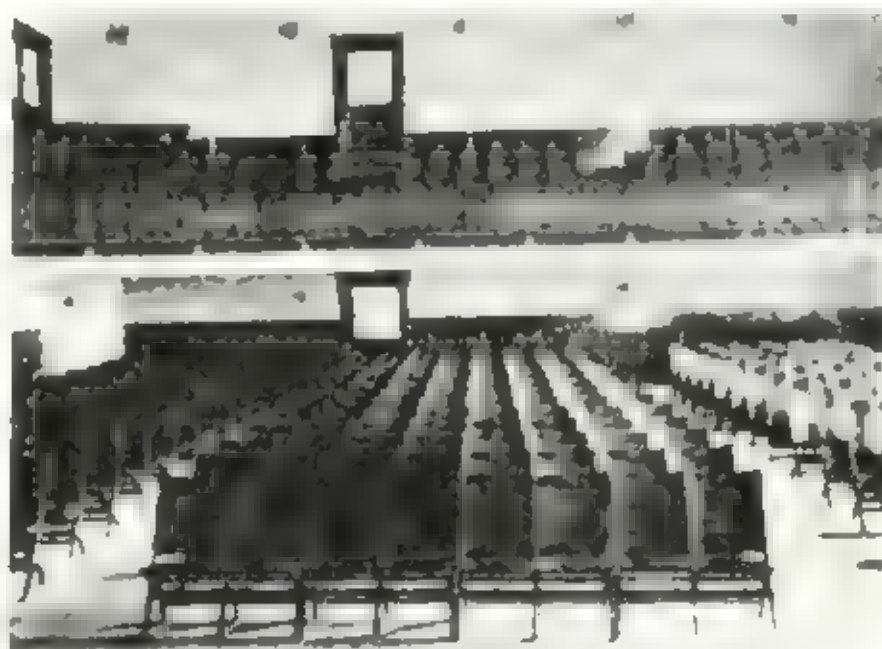
REMEMBER THE LUSITANIA

THE JURY'S VERDICT SAYS:
"We find that the said deceased died from their prolonged immersion and exhaustion in the sea eight miles south south-west of the Old Head of Kinsale on Friday, May 7th, 1915, owing to the sinking of the R.M.S. Lusitania by a torpedo fired without warning from a German submarine."

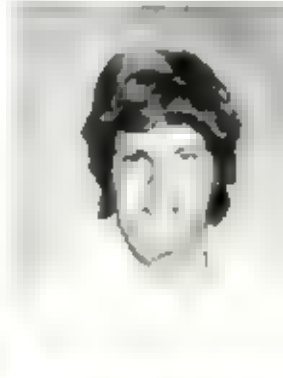
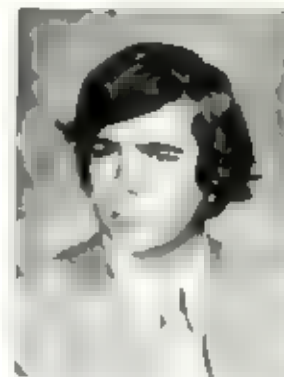


"I DO NOT HESITATE TO SAY
THAT LIFE HERE IS DEMAND-
ING AND HARD. EVERY BOY
HERE WANTS TO MEET THIS
CHALLENGE AND IS PROUD TO
BE HERE."

—Father Chalmers,
Sentinel Review 1950



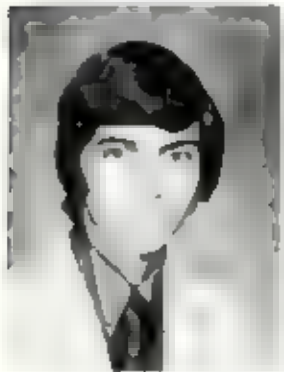
- 1922 — Harvard's Alma Mater song written.
- 1926 — Property for new campus on Beverly and Sepulveda is purchased.
- 1928 — Amount of pocket money a senior could carry on him each week is set at \$2.50.



T. ...
...
...
...
...



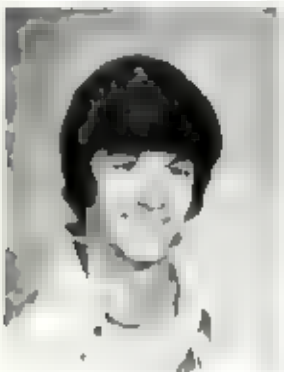
Bryan D. Oman
Johi Dreyfus



Michael Druckman
Pedro Erazendo
Glenn Farr



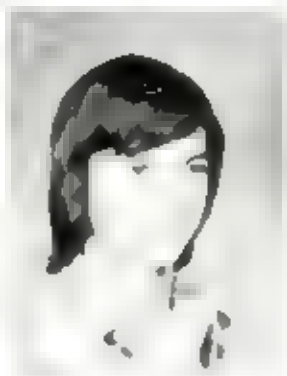
John Farrer
Thomas Feingold
George Fenimore



Gary Freestone
P. Kevin Foster
Gerald Ford, Jr.
John Ford



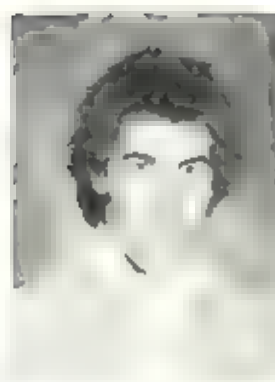
Joseph Grunke
Jonathan Gratto
Fred Grasser
David Greenberg



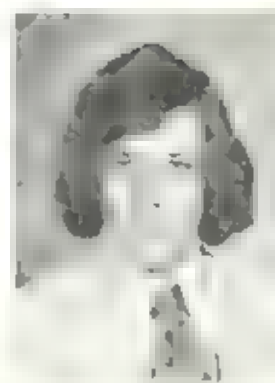
David Gelfand
James Gerson
Kenneth H. H. H.
Jeffrey H. H.
Gail H. H.



Jeffrey Heyman
Thomas Hoffman



Jamie Hogan
Matthew Holland
Marc Horwitz



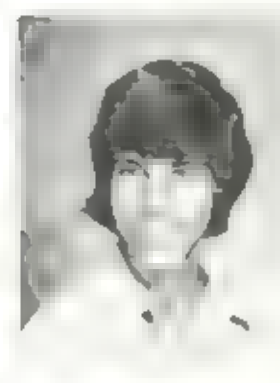
William Jones
Christopher Jones
Burt Jorgensen



Jay Josephs
Jonathan Justman
Michael Kaplan
Dean Karny

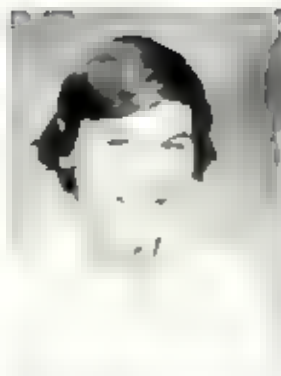


Mark Kelsey
Peter Kleiner
Richard Lee
Douglas Lindholm



Stuart Lucas
Thomas Lyon
Randal Markes
David May
Tom May

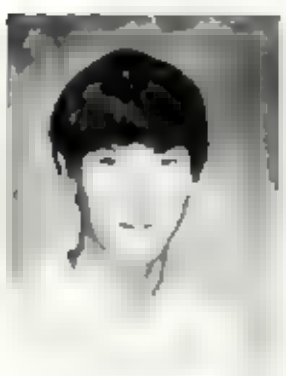




Michael Mellenthin
Kenneth Morgan



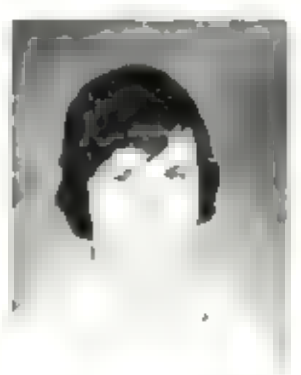
Robert Moriarty
Brian Moss
John Mottl



Jeff Mow
Andrew Ogilvie
Samuel Palmer



George Pappas
William Pasmann
Steven Pomeroy
Edward Poplawski



Kevin Read
Bradley Reifler
Thomas Record
Jon Reardon



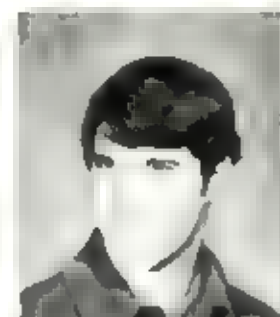
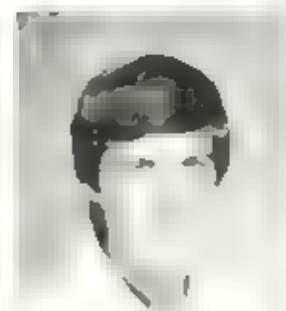
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Timothy Sarnoff
Steven Shafman
Paulo Skouras



Kevin Small



William Stephens
Hugh Sutherland



Christopher Swanson
Steve Tagliarini
George Thabit



Jonathan Toor
David Ulich
Tegan West
Herbert Wiggins





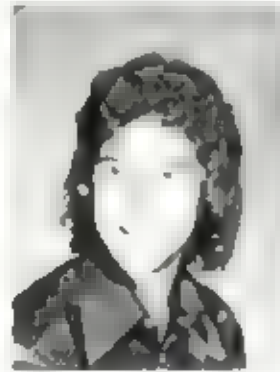
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Paul Williams
Marc Winters



Christopher Wright
Peter Wright
Robert Wyman



Keith Yam
Dennis Yokoyama
David Zaro
Todd Zorn

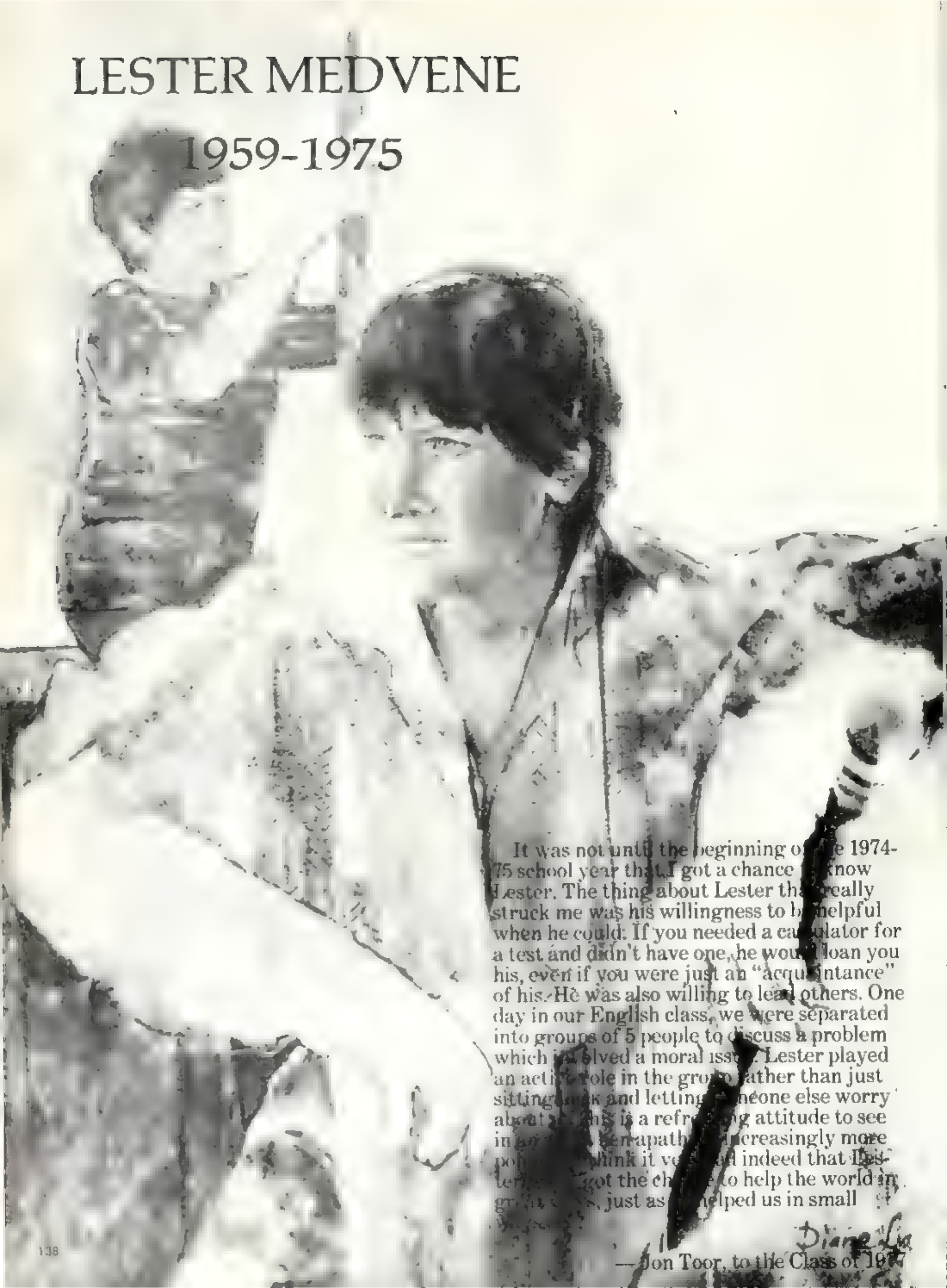


MISSING
Miran Bouchakian
Lewis Douglas
Chris Frei
Harry Goodman
Bong J. Kim
Chulvan Kim
Doug Miller
Marc Presser
Jerrell Tognazzini



LESTER MEDVENE

1959-1975



It was not until the beginning of the 1974-75 school year that I got a chance to know Lester. The thing about Lester that really struck me was his willingness to be helpful when he could. If you needed a calculator for a test and didn't have one, he would loan you his, even if you were just an "acquaintance" of his. He was also willing to lead others. One day in our English class, we were separated into groups of 5 people to discuss a problem which involved a moral issue. Lester played an active role in the group rather than just sitting back and letting someone else worry about it. This is a refreshing attitude to see in a person. Ben-apath is increasingly more popular. I think it was indeed that Lester got the chance to help the world in great ways, just as he helped us in small ways.

Diane La

—Don Toor, to the Class of 1977



Lester Medvene was a friend of mine and, if you were fortunate enough, a friend of yours too. Lester, who was stricken by leukemia, knew he had not long to live. But rather than give in to the cancer, he fought back, and he fought hard. He lived his life more intensely now, and when his time came, he accepted it courageously and died peacefully. Rather than remember Lester by his illness, we should remember him for his intense love of life, and his courage

Fred Glasser, to the Class of 1977



The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever





Benjamin Adams
Robert Ahmanson
Michael Andrews
Steven Aronson
Elliott Barnes



Mark Bautzer
C. Derek Bell
David Bercovici
Joey Bergin



David Bernat
Philip Blackman
York Bradshaw
Douglas Brady



Richard Braun
John Brunson
John Bunzel



K. Craig Cantwell
Matthew Cazier
Eduardo Chung

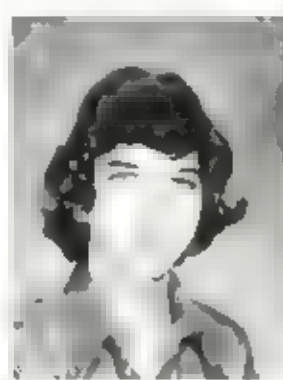
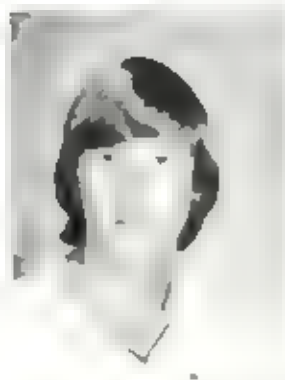


Eric Cohen
Kevin Corley

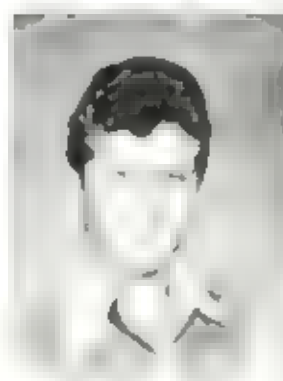
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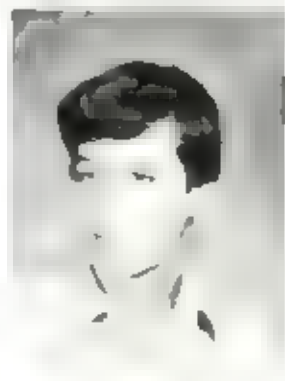
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Brabston Crouch
Stephen Cutler
John Eichler
Albert Eyraud



Michael Frascilla
Jon Frojen
Seth Front
Jeffrey Fruin



Mark Gerard
Russell Gilman
Perry Goldman
Jonathan Goldson



Andrew Goodman
Robert Gordon
William Grasska

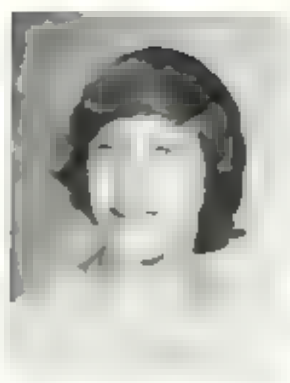
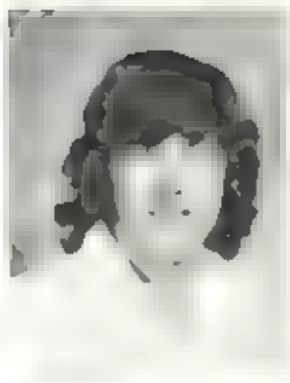


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Joshua Grubbs
Peter Hottelberg



Thomas H. H. H.
Thomas H. H. H.

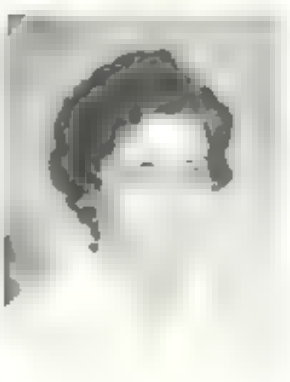




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 Peter Jungscha
 Roger Kanaar
 Frederick Kauf
 Sean Kelly



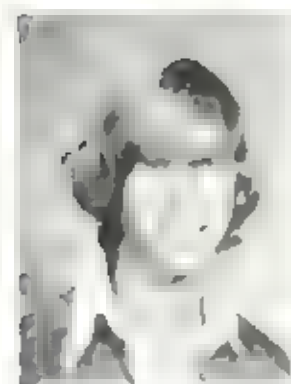
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 J. Matthew K...
 Charles J...
 Bruce J...



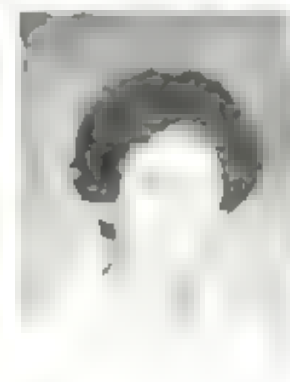
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 Blair Leach
 Lawrence Levine
 Brian Lind



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 Matthew L...



Peter M...
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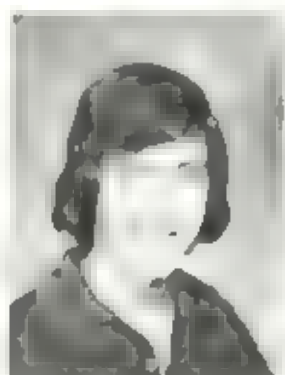
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 Charles M...



Joe Maskot
William McGovern
Carl McKenna
Bart Mias
James Moran



Mark Mosch
William Moses
Peter Neve
David Peterzel



Pete Petersen
Mark Richardson
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J. Mark Schell



Bart Smith
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Timothy Stepien

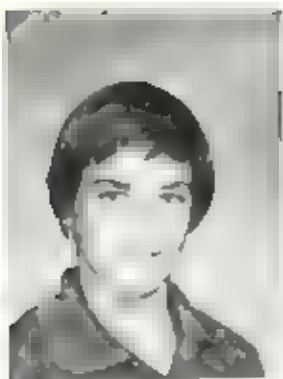


John Stachura
John Stachura
Lawrence Stachura



Mark Tamm
Timothy Tamm





R Barron Steffen
Wesley Stermen
Gregory Stern
James Stuart



Matthew Sullivan
Andrew Swick
Randall Taylor



Dean Walker
Richard Wander



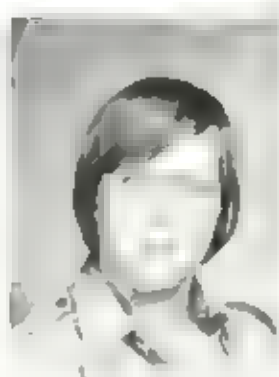
Daniel Weintraub
Ian Weiss



Lance Weissman
Richard Wentz
Michael Werner
Andrew Westhem



Jorgen Weterrings
John Young
Michael Youngdahl



MISSING Matt Bell
Andrew Feshbach
Jeffery Foreman
Thomas Howard
Charles Lindly
Michael Margot
William Steinberg
John Strauss
Joseph Tasy

Phillip Bryan
Wilbert Chew



Donald Hill



FRESHMEN



Fred Anawalt
Robert Andrews



Spencer Beglarian
Jordan Bender
Kris Bergen



Craig Bevan
Samuel Biggers
Mark Block



Rahr Borchardt
Christopher Bridgeman
David Brittain
Christopher Burr



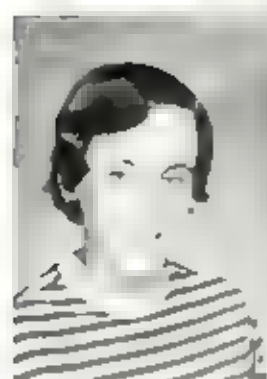
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Stephen Cloobek



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Jeffrey
Cunningham
David Daniels



W. Scott Davidson
Carter DeHaven



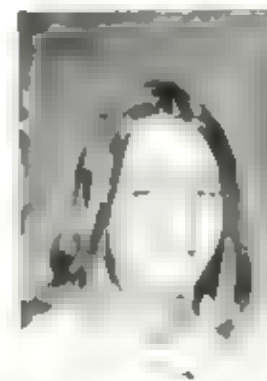
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Timothy Diethenhofer



John Dietsh
Tim Dodge
Charles Donnelly



Thomas Doskow
Arben Dosti
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Brian Eisenrich



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Barron Eyraud
Thomas Flintoft
Cody Forbes



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Forman
David Fredricks
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Craig Glick

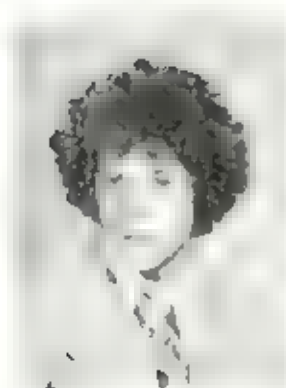




Peter Goldstein
Daniel Goodman



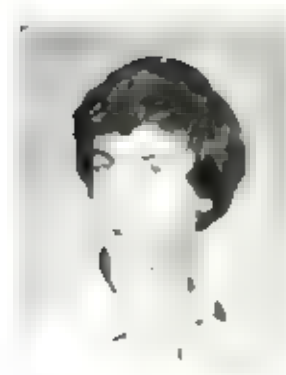
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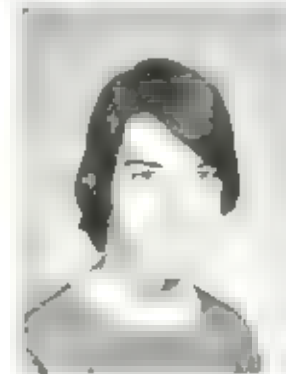
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Leslie Josephson
Michael Kahn



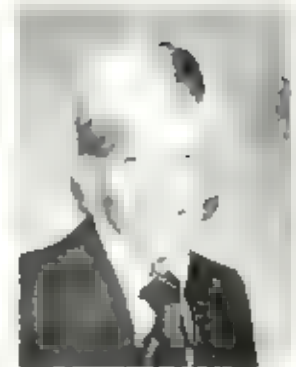
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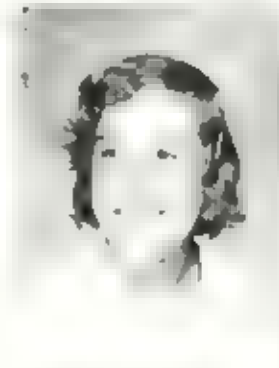
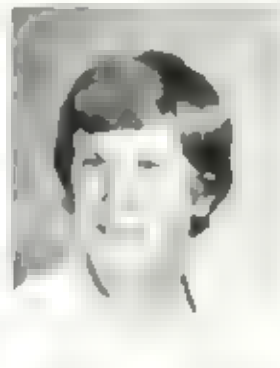
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Mark Liebman



W. Boughton Lucas
Mark Lundell



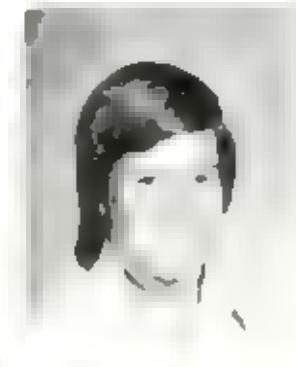
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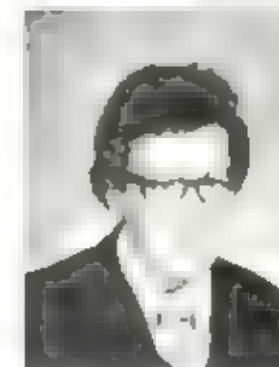
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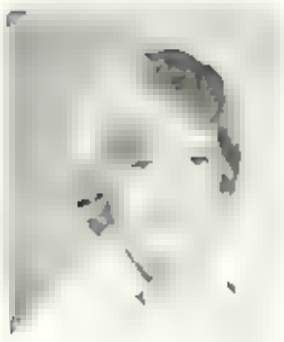
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David Neff



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Michael O'Connell
John Park
John Pearce



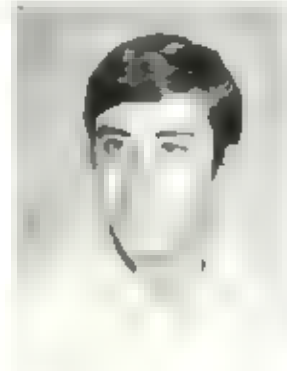
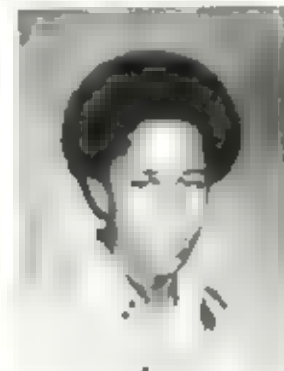
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Yale Perz
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David Reed
Mark Proulx



Richard Pops
R. Carter Potter



Christopher Reich
Lawrence Renick
Steven Riach



Craig Roecker
David Ross
Geoffrey Saldivar



Shaun Samuels
James Sargeant
Christopher Scharff
David Schnitt



John B. Scott
Michael Shapiro
Randall Shuken
Eric Sibley



Spyros Skouras
Michael Smidt
Arthur Spring
Roger Stone



Barry Stulberg
Jon Sundt



MISSING
B. Hoyer
T. Inch
D. Kershner
M. Meyers
K. Nelly
G. Standing

Harry Tarnoff
Mark Tedesco
Michael Turner



James Terzian
Frank Vodhanel
Eric Walter



Christopher Warden
Marc Wax
Brett Whitman
Latham Williams



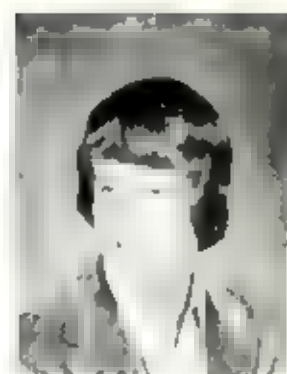
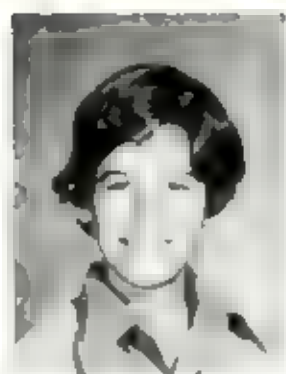
H. Barnum
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Brian Wright
Andrew Yamamoto



Brady Zare
Brian Zare
Dorothy Zare
Greg Zimmerman
K. K.



Douglas Ackerman
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Stephen Blum
Scott Brittingham



Cameron Carothers
Christopher Carothers
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Blake Champion

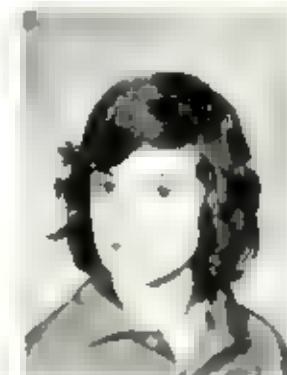
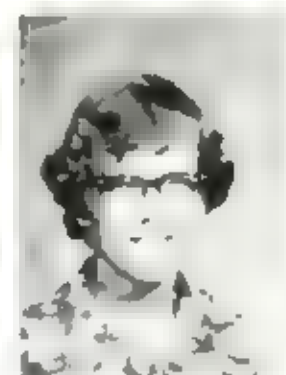


Matthew Chitica
Duane Clark
W. Rogg Collins
Christopher Combs



8th GRADE

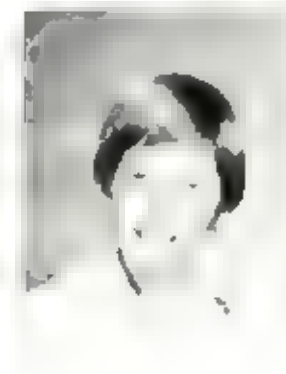
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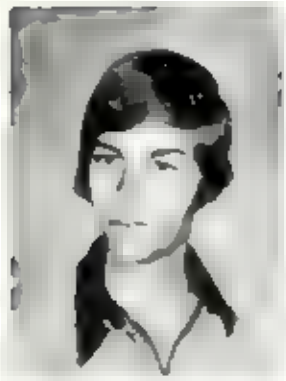


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Gregory Enns
Michael Eveloff



David Fields
Robert Flanagan





Roy Forbes
Jonathan Fredricks
Mark Freeman
Michael Gulef
Robert Greenberg



Chester Griffiths
Peter Grossman
Bryan Hance
Daniel Hepler



Michael Hilton
Roy Hong
Steven Horowitz
Jeffrey Horwitz



Eric Hosmer
John Iino
Michael Inman



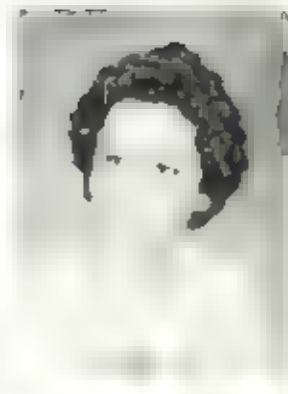
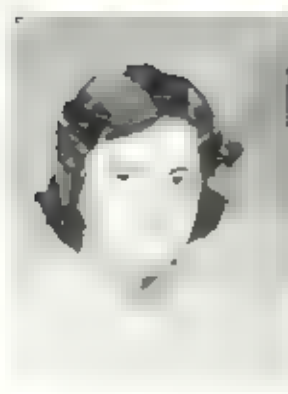
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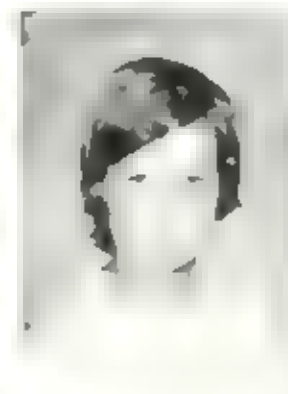
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Brett Kaufmann



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Todd Melnik



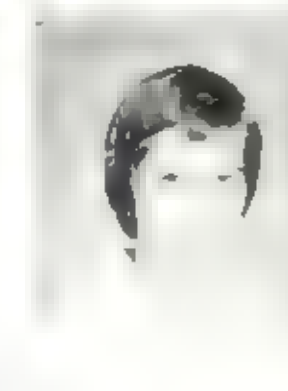
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Morgan Morgan



W. M. Duke Morton
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Barry Munger



Eugene Murdock
Hugh O'Connor





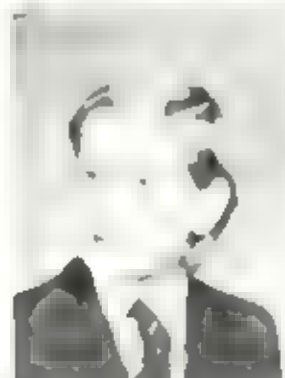
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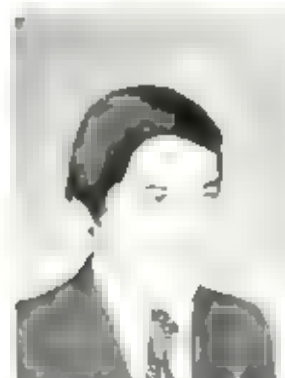
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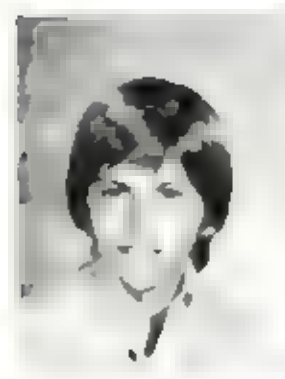
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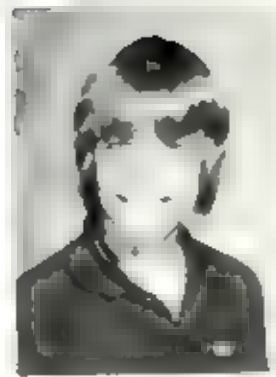
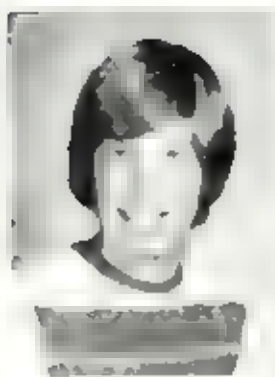


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Hank Stern





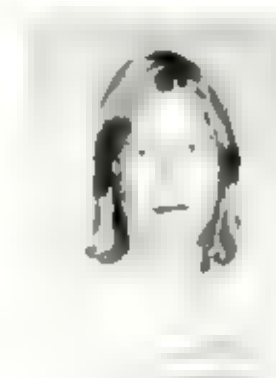
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W Arthur Streiber



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Kirby Tanimura



Chalmer Taylor
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Warren Tourtellotte
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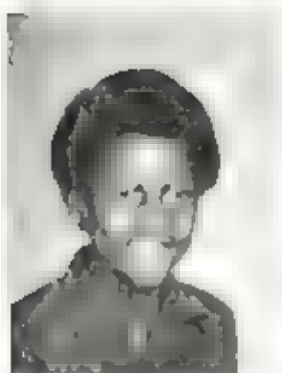




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Robert Ward



Henry Weinstein
Henry Weissmann
Alexander Werner



Bart Williams
Walter Witt



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Frederick Warren



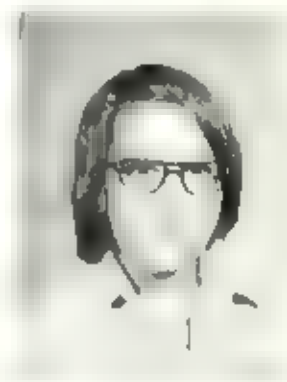
7th Grade



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Mitchell Adler



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A James Akimoto
Louis Anderman



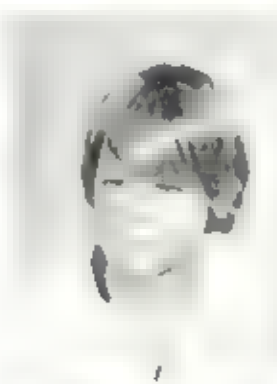
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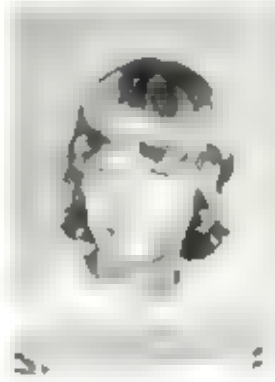
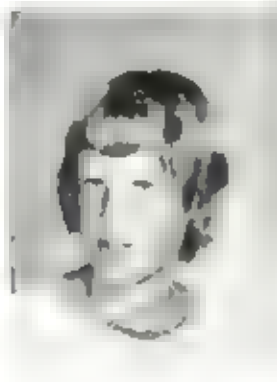
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Lawrence Chaffin



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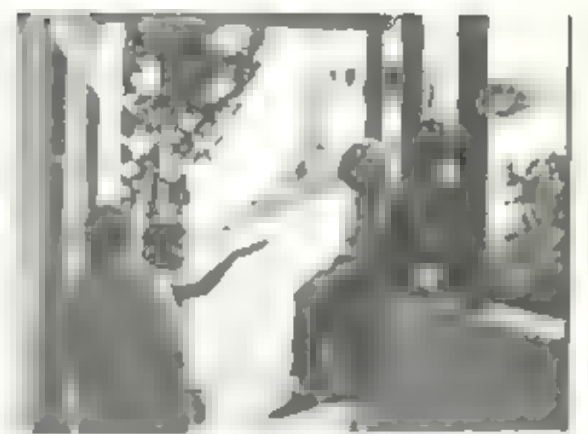
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Donald Crowell
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Matthew Dodge



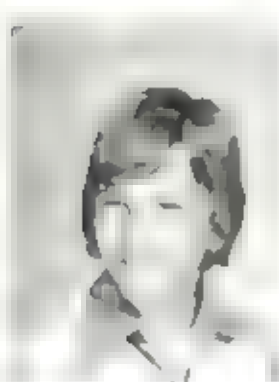
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Stuart Farber
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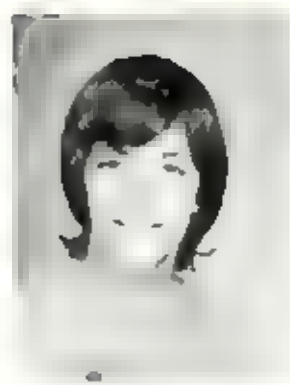
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Ken G...
L. D...



Robert Helperin
Val Herman
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Richard Hupp
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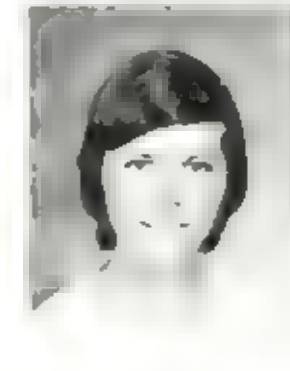
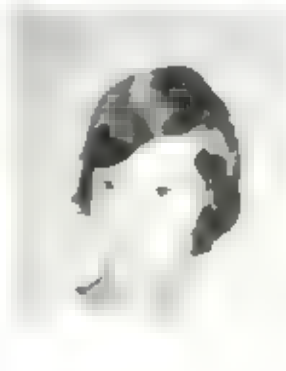
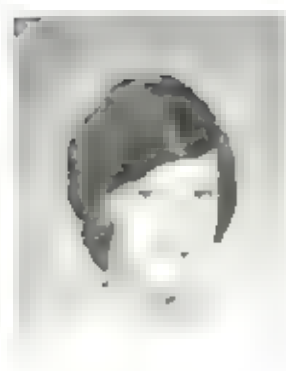
William Kinder
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Steve Linick



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Gregory Maass
William Maass
Kevin Maass
Christian Mastor





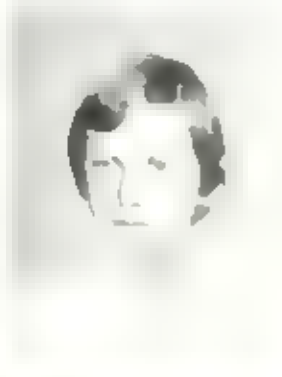
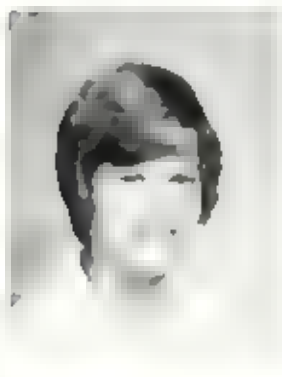
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William Maxwell



F. Rowe Michels
Ronald Miller
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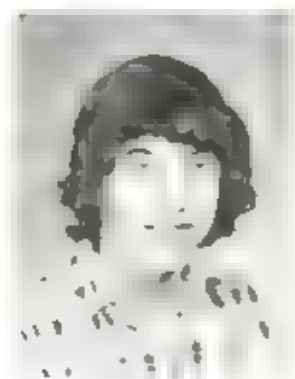
Hughes Morton
Christopher Neelley
Andrew Neuschatz



Richard Newman
Wendell Nides
Geoffrey Nudell
Jens Oetiker



Cecil Onodera
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George Phillip



Harry Piken
Brad Potosin
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Eric Potosin
Eric Potosin



B Axel Schine
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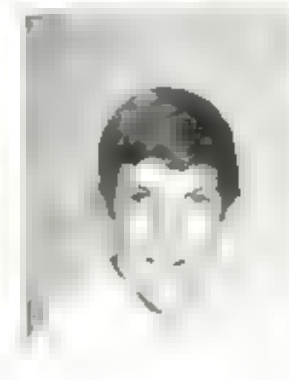
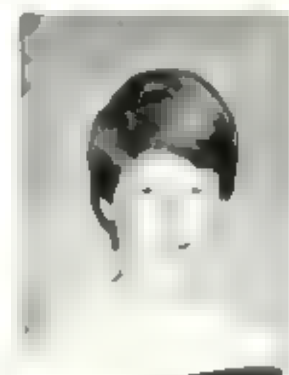
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Bradley Silberling

Edward Rayden

David Revere
Adam Reynolds

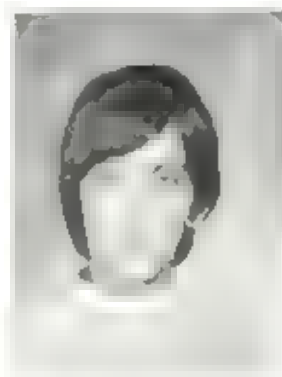
Andrew Robinson
Kent Russell

John Sangmeister
Gregory Sapinsky





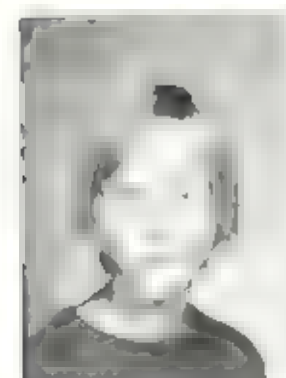
Jonathan Simons



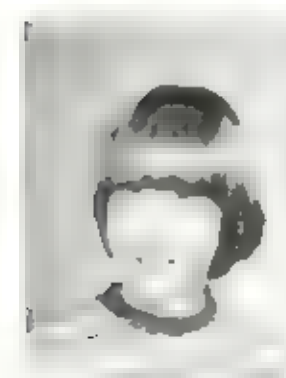
Steven Smith
Howard Sunkin



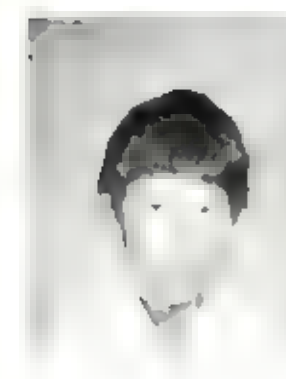
Michael Supowitz
John Thompson



Eric Toll
Kevin Warner



Gregory Weismar
Whitney Werner



James Wong
Brad Wyman
Kent Yalowitz



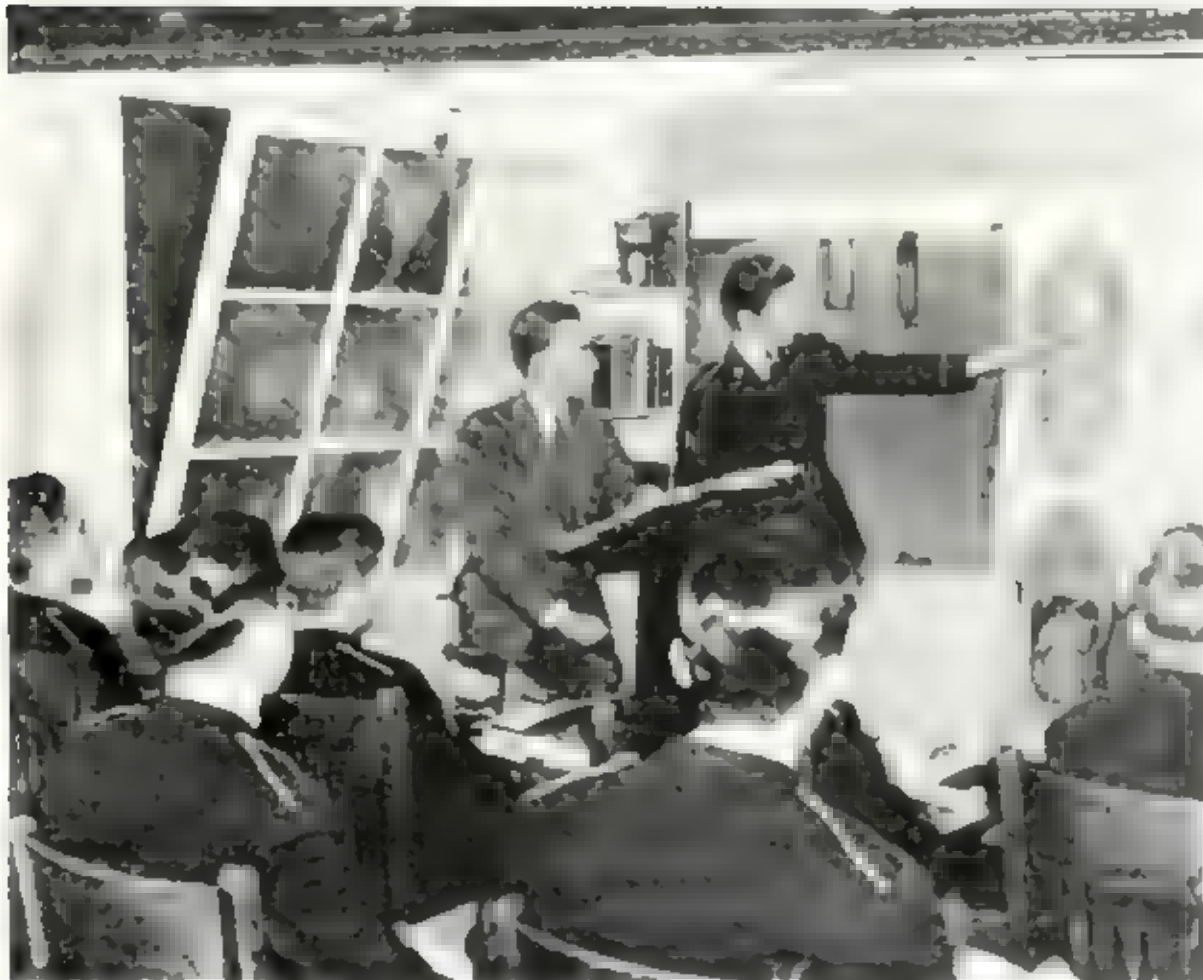
MISSING: Howard Bliss
Andrea Faver
Peter Tong







"THE SECRET OF EDUCATION LIES
IN RESPECTING THE PUPIL" — Emerson



- 1933 Property on Beverly and Sepulveda is repossessed due to lack of funds.
- 1936 School goes into bankruptcy.
- 1937 Hollywood Country Club is purchased. Douglas Aircraft supplies \$25,000 and Security Pacific Bank loans Harvard the remaining amount needed.
- 1938 Baseball Score: Harvard 7, S.C. Business College 7. The game ends early because the ball is lost.



JAMES WADE McCLEERY

1903 — 1975

Remarks by Father Chalmers at the memorial service for James Wade McCleery, St. Savior's Chapel, Harvard School, August 27, 1975

Some years ago I took part in a discussion among a number of Headmasters on the subject of great teachers. A remark by Dr. Van Santvoord, head of Hotchkiss School in Connecticut, struck me as being very revealing. He said that above all a great teacher is a "character," a person of independence of spirit and judgment. We all knew the example he had in mind, — a teacher of English on his faculty who made it a practice to gather a group of ten or twelve boys who, equipped with axes, would march with him across the football field before a home game and disappear into the nearby woods to do their chopping. This was his protest against a "sport spectacular."

I do not need to labor the point. The beloved man in whose memory we are gathered here today was above all a "character." Jim McCleery was known to each of his students as a "character" who would not brook excuses or shoddy work in the classroom. He challenged each boy to find the courage and stamina to undergo the rigor of classical learning. He came up with more tricks and clever examinations to enliven learning than they could find excuses. And many a frustrated parent, solicitous of a child's feelings, berated Jim's high standards but finally succumbed to him and became a valued friend.

And Jim was loyal, loyal for forty-eight years, loyal to his boys, loyal to Harvard School, loyal to his friends. No one can be a "character" who does not hold fast to those whom he loves and serves.

And Jim was a rascal, he could be, oh, so frustrating. Of course all he was trying to do was get his own way and he was marvelously adroit at it, and never gave up. How I admired him and disagreed with him. What a character!

In his own strange way he formed character in boys and helped them to become responsible men, men who to this day revere him — and this is why so many of you are here this morning, and many more wish they could be.

And now I cannot conclude these remarks in honor of a great teacher and marvelous character without indulging my imagination. What I imagine is Jim facing his Lord and saying to Him quietly, with a hint of a smile at one corner of his mouth, and a twinkle in his eye — "Sir, would you like to hear how fast I can say the Pater Noster?"

Dear friends, I had your prayers, and the strong movement of the love in your hearts for James McCleery. May he rest in peace.



ADMINISTRATION

CHRISTOPHER BERRISFORD
Headmaster
B.A., M.A. Oxford
M.Ed. Harvard
Seven Years



JOHN P. AMEER
Head of Upper School
B.A. Yale
Seven Years



REV. JOHN S. GILL
Social Studies
School Chaplain
B.A. San Diego State
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Thirty-five Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
all of your clothes are covered with
chalk and parents who are older than
you are, address you as "Sir."

NATHANIEL G. HUGHES
Assistant to Headmaster
B.E. U.C.L.A.
Thirty-two Years



FRANK MAGUSIN
Head of Lower School
B.A. Pomona
Ed.M. Harvard
Four Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you ask your wife to explain in a
short, well organized paragraph
why she dented the fender on the
family car."



DANILE T. McFADDEN, JR.
Director of Business and Finance
B.A. Yale
M.B.A. Pennsylvania
Nine Years

ELLIOT B. MCGREW
 Director of Admissions
 and College Placement
 B.A. Washington and Jefferson
 M.A. Connecticut
 Ph.D. Minnesota
 Two Years



JOSEPH P. OZAWA
 Dean of Students
 A.B., M.A.T. Harvard
 Three Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
 you're willing to become a student."



WALTER V. V. STEWART
 Director of Athletics
 B.S.E. Michigan
 M.A. Michigan
 Twenty-five Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
 you admit that some of your
 students can find a quicker and
 better way to do a problem than
 the way you have solved it."

SOCIAL STUDIES

PHILLIP BERK
Department Chairman
B.A., C.S. Los Angeles
M.A. Indiana
Six Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you have to buy clip-on ties
at Fedco."



RAYMOND R. MICHAUD
B.A. University of San Francisco
Five Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you lead 112 seventh graders into
McDonalds at 12:00 in Fresno and
don't feel embarrassed."



JAMES E. ACKERMAN
B.A., M.A. U.S.C.
B.A., M.A. Cambridge
Three Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you walk into a final examination
and don't feel nervous."

WILLIAM M. DICKEY
B.A. Princeton
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Three Years

"You know you're a teacher when
you celebrate New Year's Day in
September."





RALPH N. SCHMIDT
 A.B. Colorado College
 M.A. U.C. Berkley
 Ph.D. U.C. Berkley
 Three Years

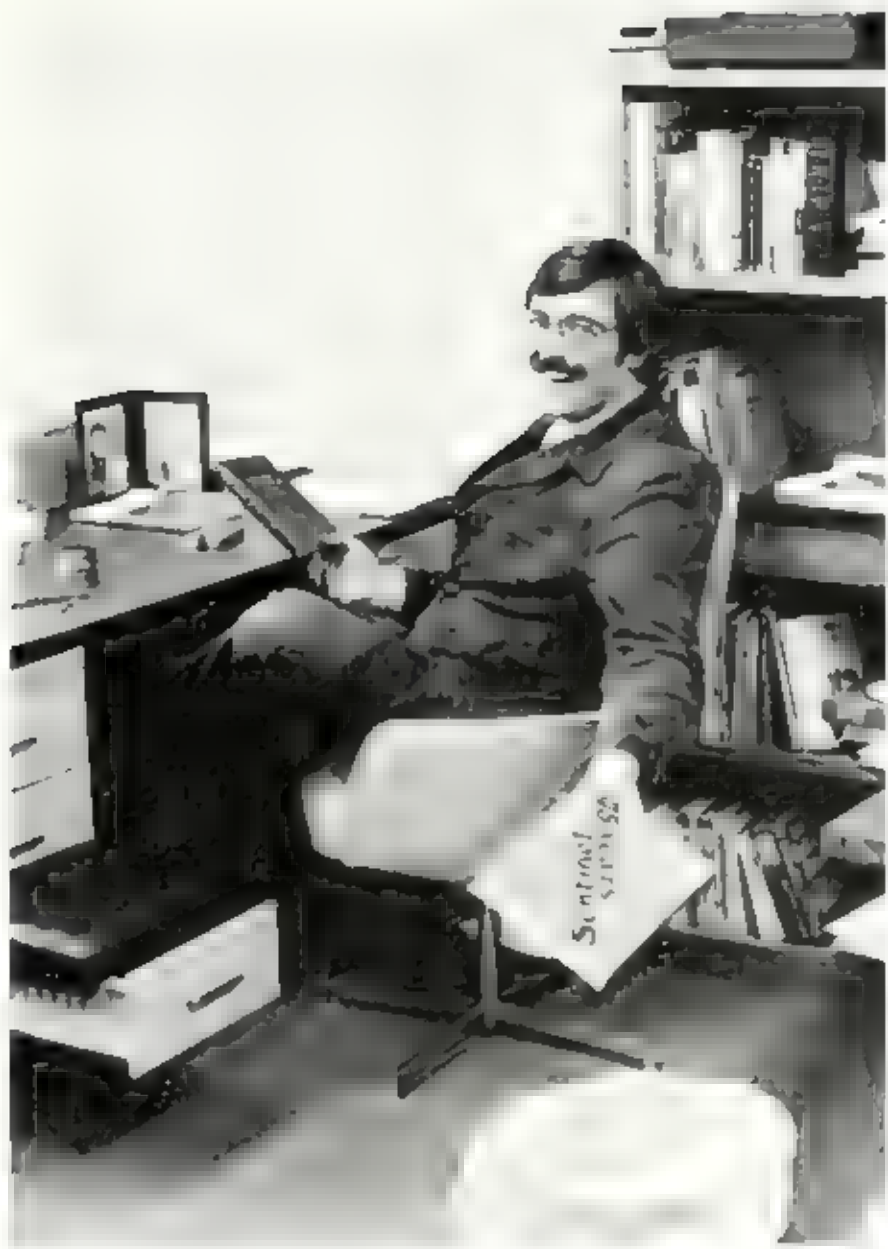
"You know you're a teacher when . . .
 you realize that 'Yes, sir' is
 meant as a put down."

EDWIN H. MARKS
 B.A. Virginia
 Two Years



ANDREA B. REBEK
 A.B. U.C.L.A.
 M.A. Vermont
 Two Years

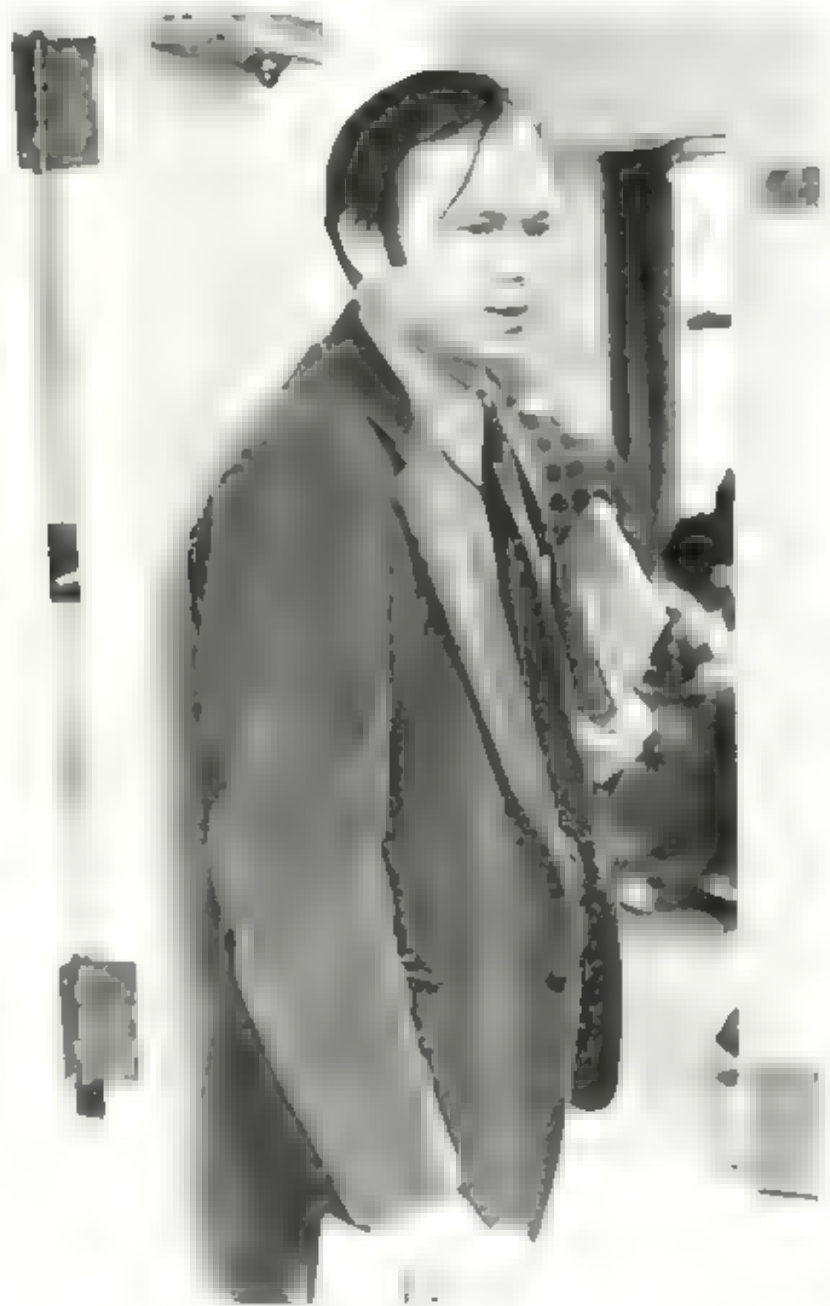
ENGLISH



PHILIP D. HOLMES
B.A. U.S.C.
M.A. Duke
Nine Years

ROBERT E. ARCHER
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. U.S.C.
Eight Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
your students become docile."



FRANCES S. MILLER
B.S. Penn State
Six Years



JOY O. DISKIN
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. C.S. Los Angeles
Three Years



"You know you're a teacher when . . .
a light flashes on behind a pair
of eyes and illuminates a bit of
the world."

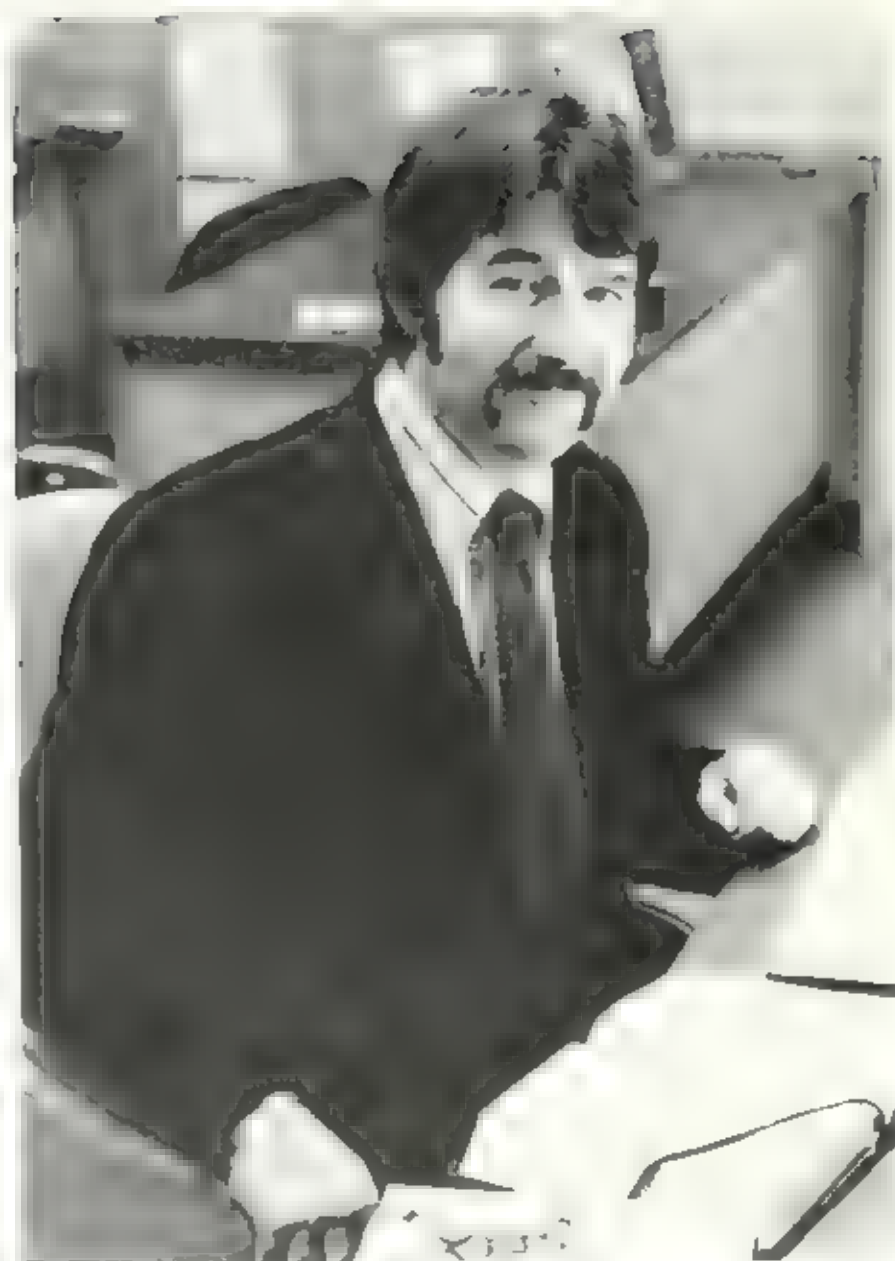


SUSAN H. DIETZ
B.A. Cornell
M.A. Pennsylvania
Ph D. Pennsylvania
Two Years

JANET H. GARDNER
A.B. U.C. Davis
M.A. Stanford
Two Years



T. PATRICK HILL
 B.D. Pontifical Lateran
 B.A. Cambridge
 M.A. Cambridge
 Dip.Ed. Cambridge
 Two Years



HAROLD L. RICHARDSON
 B.A. Stanford
 Two Years



BRUCE FREEMAN
A.B. Harvard
One Year

BEVERLY B. WARDLAW
B.A. Whittier
M.A. U.C. Riverside
One Year

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you have developed 360 degree
peripheral vision."



JOHN T. WEST
B.A. Macalester
M.Ed. Loyola
One Year

MATHEMATICS

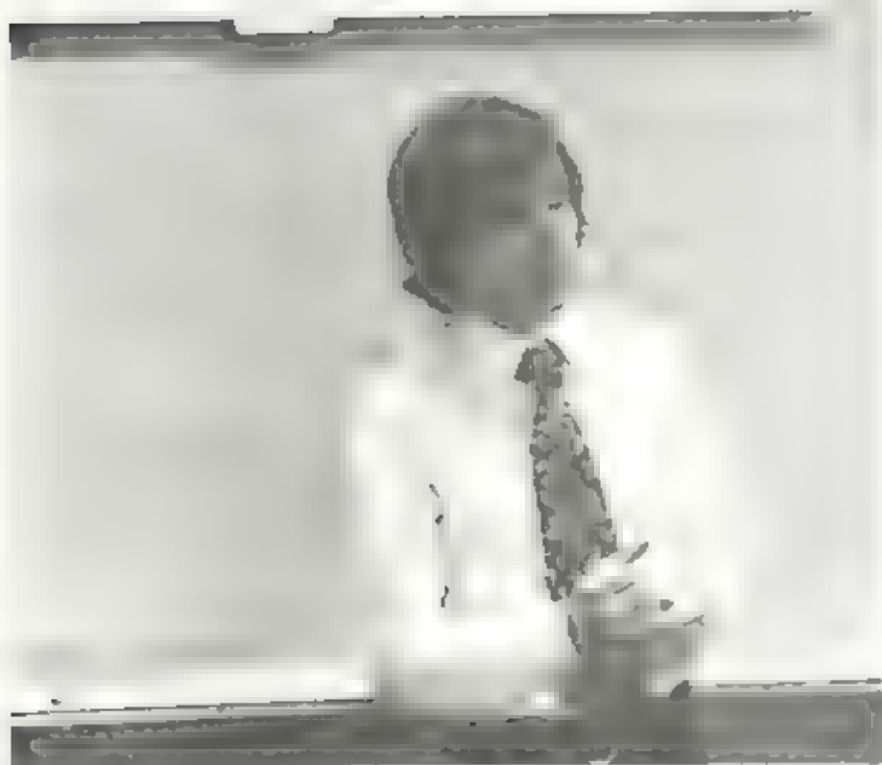
STURE RADSTROM
Diploma, Folkskollarare
Thirteen Years



GEORGE B. ROBERTS
B.Sc. Leeds
Eleven Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
after some time, the alumni return
to joke and reminisce over events
which you can no longer remember."





GENE MURROW
Department Chairman
B.A. Columbia
M.A. Harvard
Six Years

"You know you're a teacher when .
the telephone man is still on his way out
the door after installing your new phone
in your new house, and the telephone
rings . . . and a voice says, "Hi, Mr. Murrow
you know that problem we discussed in
class? . . ."



ARTHUR V. GIBSON
B.A. Yale
M.B.A. Columbia
Four Years



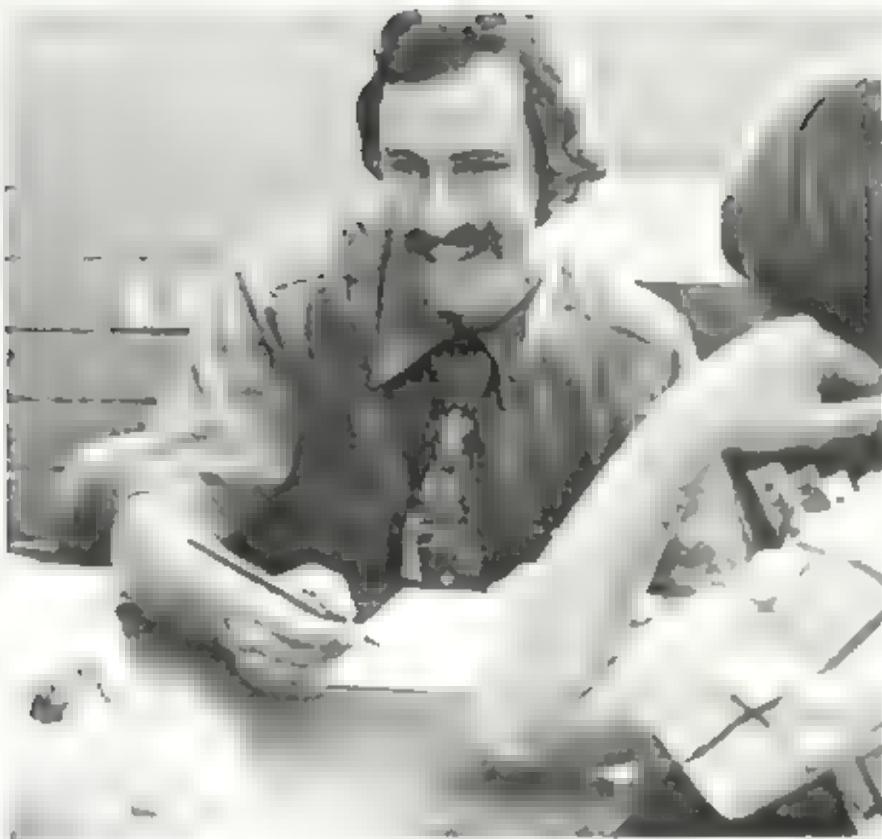
JAMES S. WINTROBE
B.A. U.S.C
M.A. U.S.C
Four Years

"You know you're a teacher when .
the phone rings at 2:00 in the morning,
and upon answering it, the voice says,
"How do you do number twelve?"

PAGE J. HOEPER
B.S.E. Princeton
M.A.T. Harvard
Three Years



JEFFREY E. COHEN
B.A. U.C. Berkley
M.A.T. U.C.L.A.
Two Years



"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you get paid for coming to school,
and when you get there, people
"sir" you when you're looking,
and "slur" you when you're not."

DEBRA E. PERKINS
B.A. U.C.L.A.
One Year



SCIENCE



MERVIN H. MILLER
B.S. Pennsylvania State
Thirty-three Years

JOHN P. CLARK
Department Chairman
B.A. U.C. Riverside
Thirteen Years

"You know you're a teacher when
you find yourself being
continually badgered to write
something idiotic every year
for the school annual."



RICHARD L. HUMPHREY
B.S. U.C.L.A.
M.DIV. Fuller Seminary
Eight Years

In the Semitic cultures of which Jesus was a part the teacher occupied a unique and respected position in the community because of his responsibility to instruct the youth in the ways and attitudes that produce a healthy, successful and fulfilling life. Teaching today, at its very core, seems to me to involve this same challenge. So I am particularly glad I am a teacher when students and former students indicate my influence in their lives towards maturity.



JAMES B. KOSLOW
B.A. Hiram College
Six Years



MICHAEL LEIGH
B.A. U.C.L.A.
Three Years



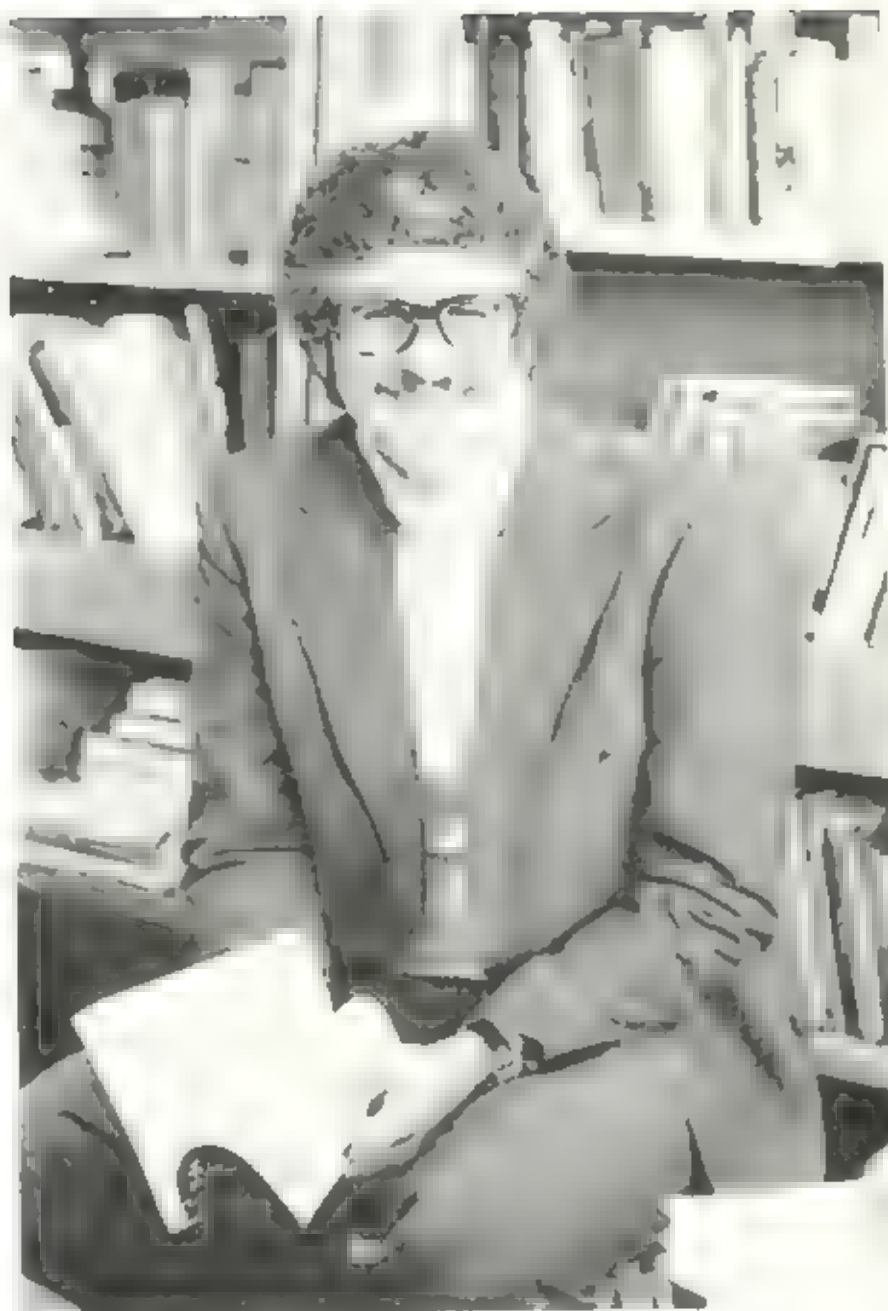
ROBIN L. ZAWACKI
B.S. Chicago
M.S. U.C.L.A.
Two Years

JEFFREY S. RITTER
B.S. Yale
One Year



FOREIGN LANGUAGE

ROGELIO MARTINEZ
B.A., H.H. Maristas
I.P.F. Sorbonne
Brevet d Aptitude Alliance Francaise
Eight Years



TIMOTHY J. CORCORAN
B.A. Arizona
Six Years



DAVID J. FLORIAN
B.A. Case Western Reserve
M.A. Stanford
Department Chairman
Five Years

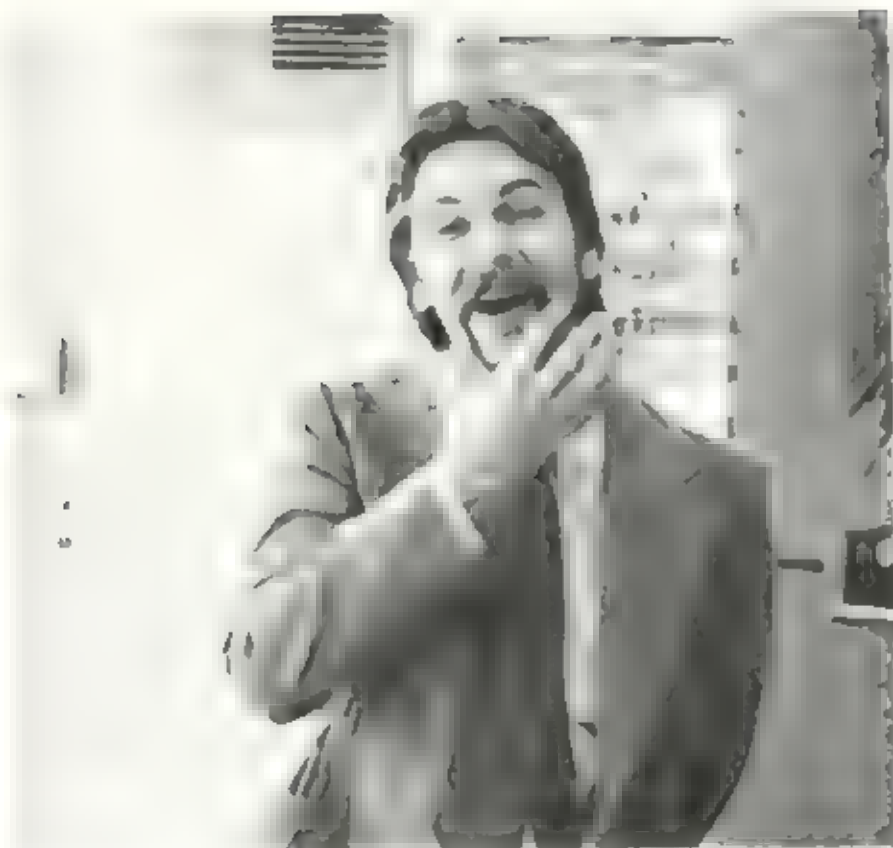
"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you go home with a band of white
chalk across the derriere of your
black pants."



JOHN P. GRAZIANO
B.A., M.A. U.S.C.
Four Years

JON M. SMITH
B.A. Albion
M.A. Universite de Paris
2e Degre, Sorbonne
Five Years





ROMAN C. BRYSHA
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. U.S.C.
Two Years

MAXIMO T. PAVON
B.A. Almaden
M.A. Puget Sound
Two Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you get three months vacation."



ANNE N. FOSTER
A.B. Stanford
One Year

FINE ARTS

TEDD D. WOODS
A.B. C.S. San Diego
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Eight Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
your students out speak you, all
drive more expensive cars, wear
flashier clothes and after college
earn a salary three times more in
their first year than you."



CARL M. WILSON
Department Chairman
B.A. Redlands
M.R.E. Union Theological
Seminary
Six Years



JEROME N. MARGOLIS
B.M. Philadelphia Conservatory of Music
B.M.Ed., M.A. Philadelphia Musical Academy
Six Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
you can tell George Bernard Shaw to
stuff it because you can do it and
teach it."





JOHN G. LUEBTOW
B.A. California Lutheran
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Five Years

C. ANN DESHLER
B.A. U.C.L.A.
Three Years

"You know you're a teacher when . . .
at the end of a day you feel your
students have learned something
in spite of everything else."



ANTHONY J. MILLER
B.F.A., M.F.A. Arizona
Two Years

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

GUY E. GINGELL
B.A. C.S. Northridge
Three Years



GARY D. THUAN
B.A. Azusa Pacific
Three Years

ROGER PACHECO
B.A. C.S. Northridge
One Year



ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF



LOUISE ASAY



DIANE MATHEWS



EVELYN DAVISON



JUDY MOONEY



KATY O'BЛИGH



JOAN RYAN



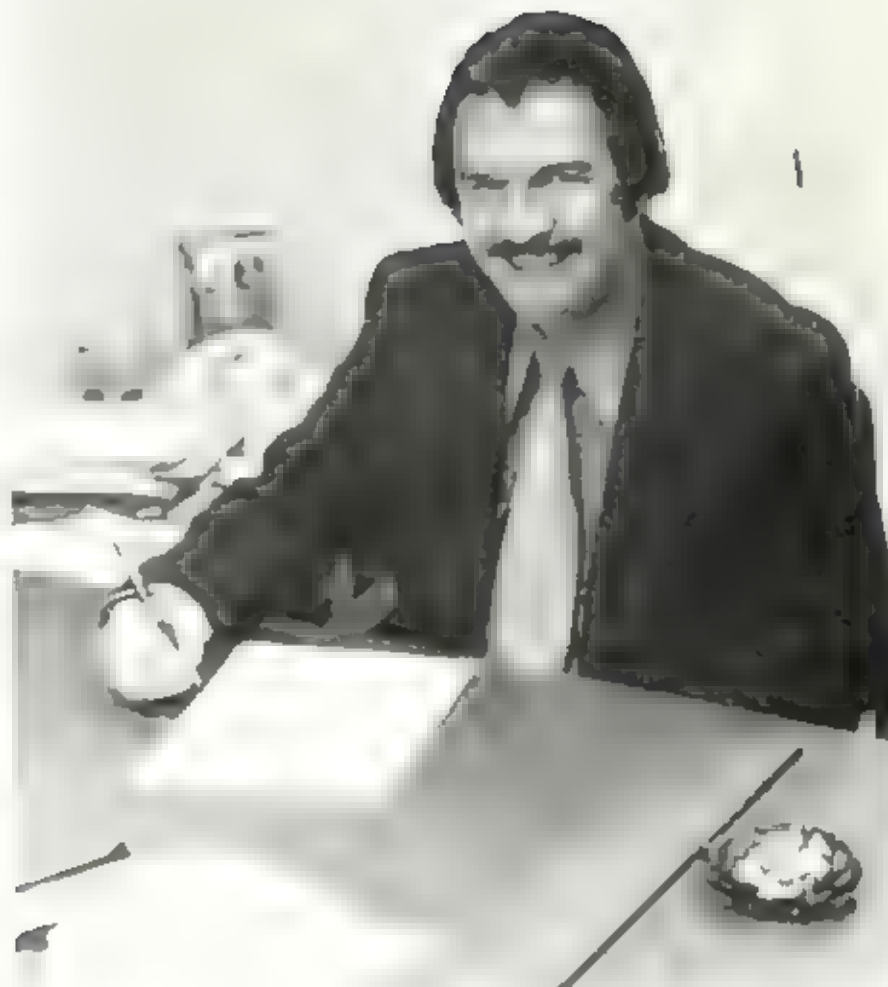
VIRGINIA PICKERELL



LORRAINE STELLHORN

BUSINESS OFFICE

FRANK ALVAREZ
Accountant



IRIS CUNIBERTI
Business Office Secretary



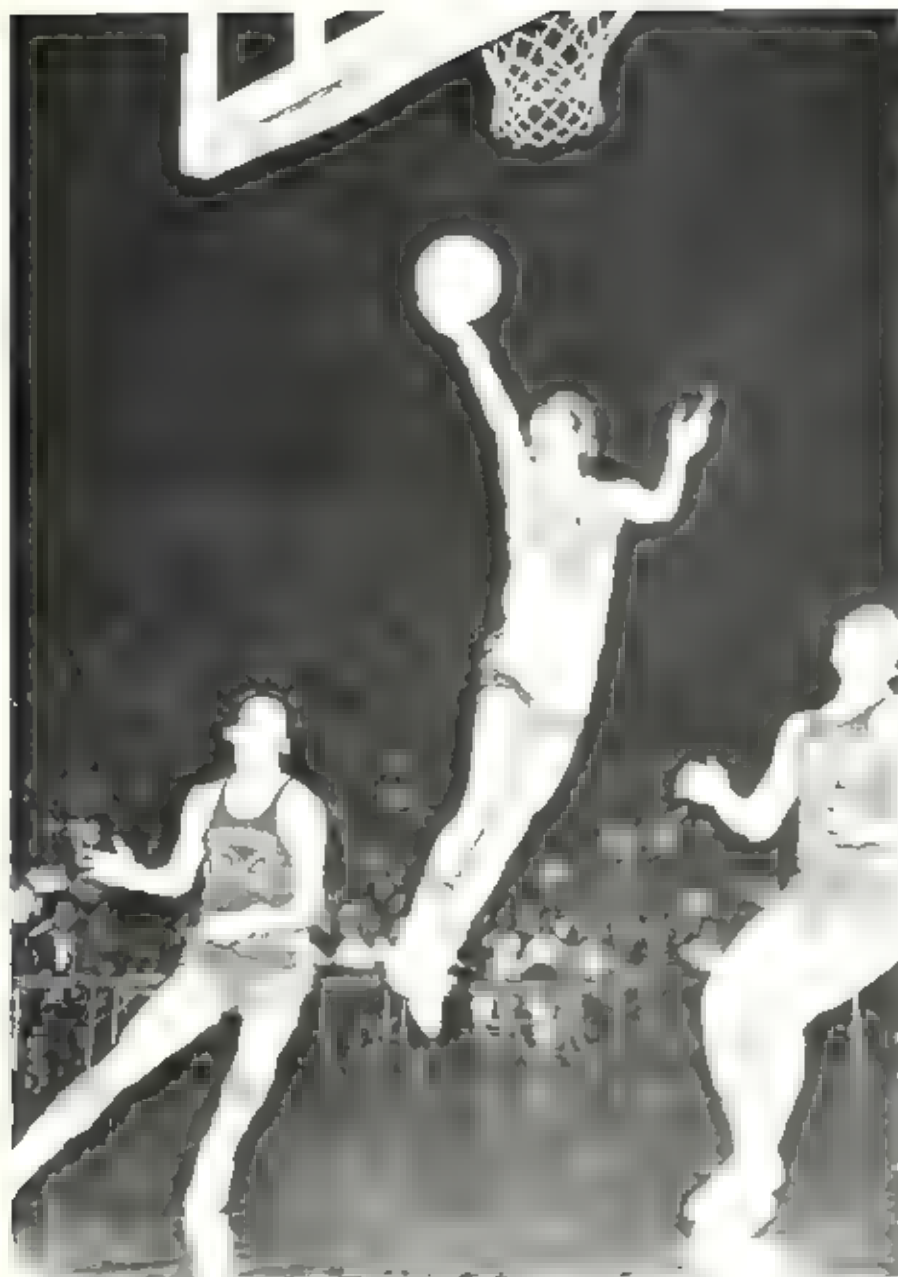
JOHN KANAAR
Director of Grounds and Maintenance



FAYE SITCH
Director of Student Store

1940-1950





"AS I EMPHATICALLY DISBELIEVE
IN SEEING HARVARD TURN OUT
MOLLYCODDLES INSTEAD OF VIG-
OROUS MEN, I MAY ADD THAT I DO
NOT IN THE LEAST OBJECT TO A
SPORT BECAUSE IT IS ROUGH."

T. Roosevelt 1907



1942 Government recalls
Harvard's M1903 rifles
for use in the war.

1942 — The "H" club which is
for letterman only is
acknowledged as the most
popular and prestigious
club.

1944 Harvard wins first place
cup in War Bond parade.

1949 Bishop Gooden retires
and Father Chalmers
becomes the Headmaster.

VARSITY FOOTBALL



Foster takes off early to Trader

Fern cuts back, and looks up field

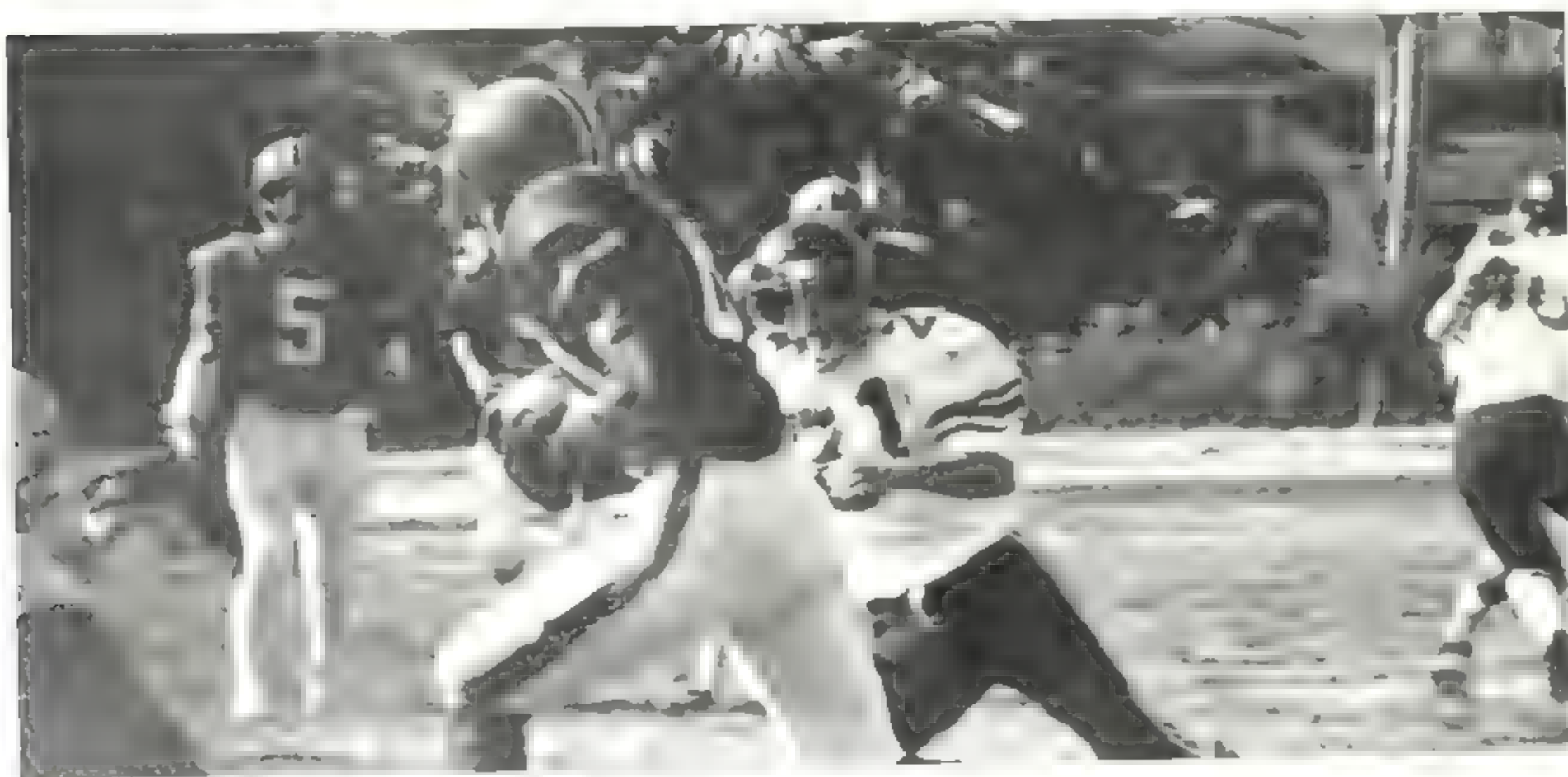


With Burnap leading, Trainer turns upfield for a long gain



Left to Right: First Row — Manager To, Mitchel; Ferm, Fischer; Read; Zaro; Manager Barrett. Second Row — Bagnard; Trainer; Thahit; Ho, and Burnap, Symonds. Standing — Coach Thran; Loughran, Williams; Bercovier; Ford, Kim; Cohen; Fauntleroy. Coach Pacheco

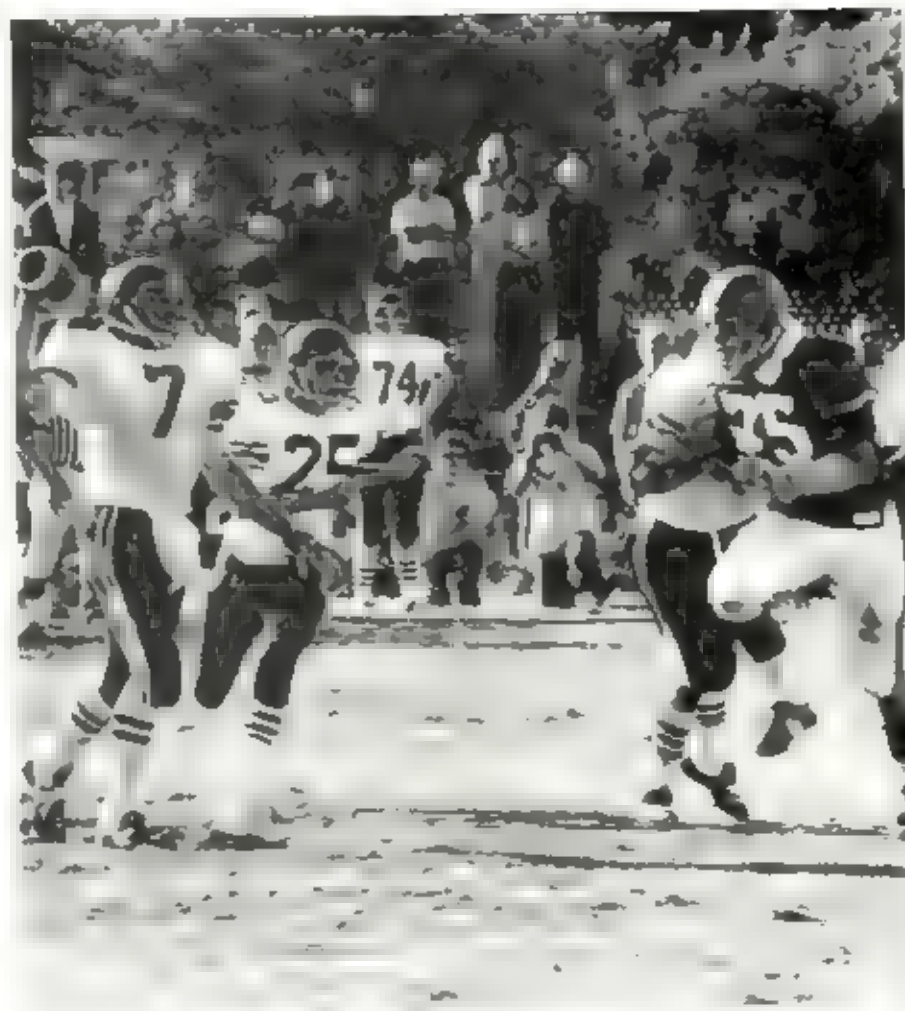
This year's varsity was determined to prove it could be a contender in a league that most believed was too strong for Harvard. And it did. The combined effort of coaches and players made Harvard a solid football team, capable of going to the playoffs. Those who followed and supported the team knew it, the teams in the league knew it, and, most importantly, the players and the coaches knew it.



As Fletcher watches, Williams scampers for more yardage



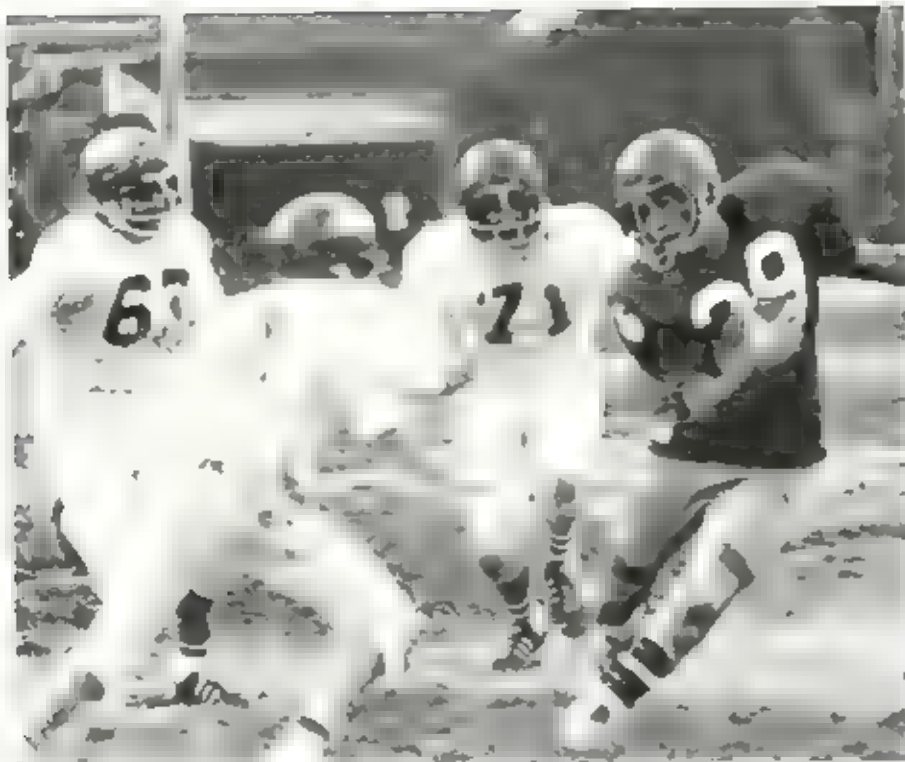
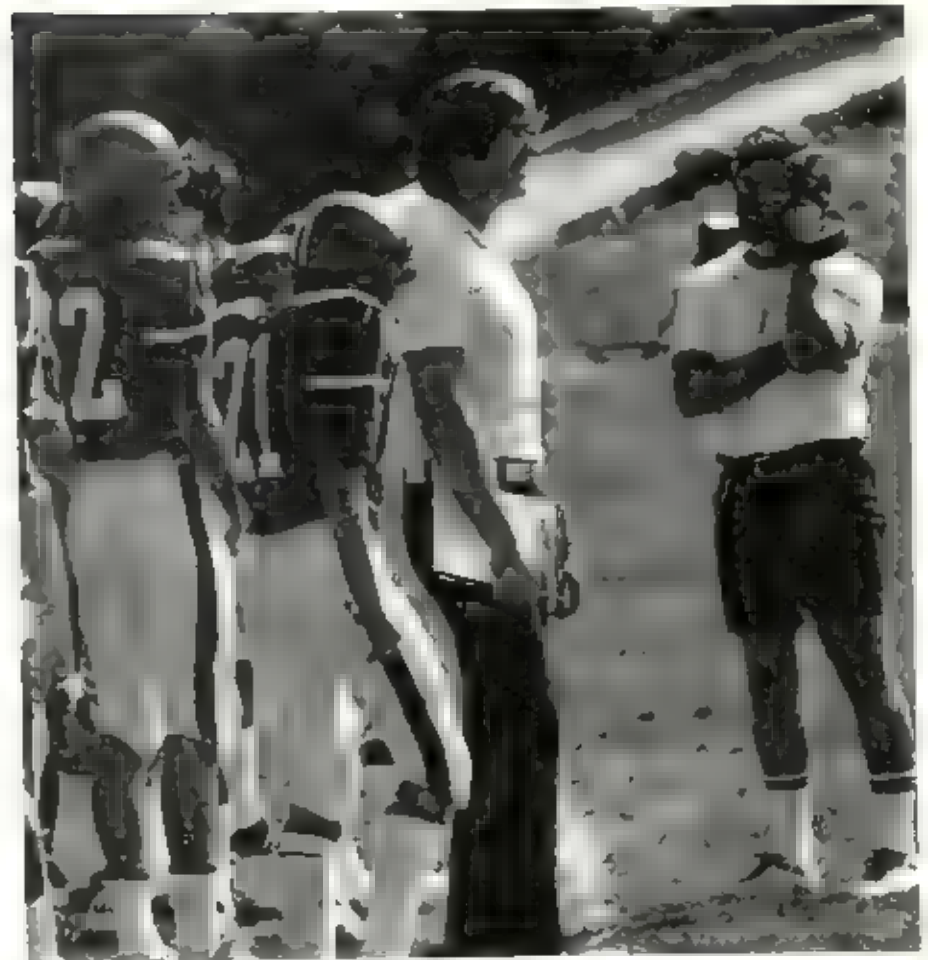
The "Berco" closes an



"Berco" at the end of the game

Back to the field after a break

SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL



First Row — Smith, Kelly, McArthur, Scott, Freen, Strrman, Cantwell, Moss Second Row — Neville, Brunson, Mauney, Strrman, Morano, Western, Khumant, Cazier, Bercoval Standing — Landon, Swick, Crouch, Sones, Andrew, Brown, Sargent, East, Pratt, N. Poyard — Coach Gingell

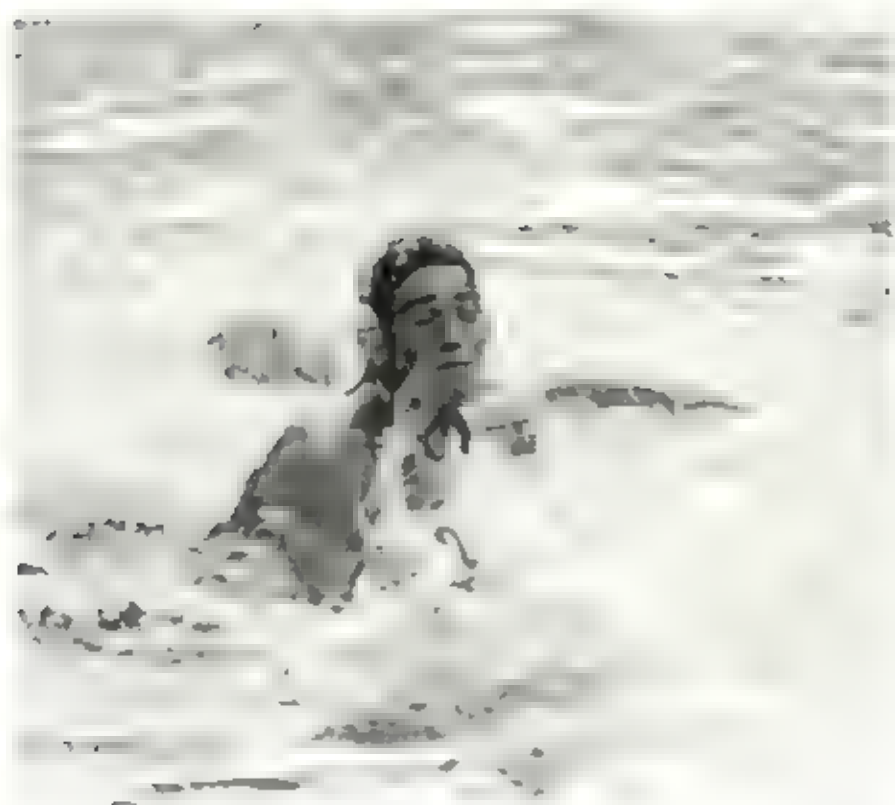


FRESHMAN FOOTBALL



First Row: Wes Nye, Greg Lee, Aaron Edwards, Todd Kears, Ed Roy, Bill Child, Wayne Smith, Ben Farris, Scott Thomas, Steve Miller, Andy Lipp, Coaches: Coach M. Roy, Coach D. Roy

VARSITY WATER POLO



Shot on goal, denied by May tun



Capt. Stewart lectures the 'troop'



Left to Right Bottom Row: Andy Frank, Miller, Martin, Heath, Papawse, Middle Row: McErthum, Wright, Lutz, Palmer, Howard, Coach Stewart Top Row: Wolf, Horowitz, Kibben, Smith, Costa, McInney

Coming into the season with big aspirations, the Harvard Varsity water polo team could see the C.I.F. trophy sitting on the gymnasium shelf. Such a vision seemed realistic since this year's seniors went undefeated as J.V.'s two years ago. Bursting with enthusiasm, the team won its first two games, beating a much faster Newberry Park team which would get its revenge later in the season. Pre-league play, however, provided no real indication as to the team's future success. In the first league game the Big Red played poorly in a 9-6 loss to Hawthorne. Leuzinger was a different story, however, and the 14-6 victory seemed to indicate a revived team. But alas, the dream of the crown fizzled in consecutive losses to Rolling Hills and El Segundo, and the 22-5 victory over Culver City could provide no solace. A disheartened team was trounced by C.I.F. 4th ranked Miraleste, and the team's seniors approached their final game of their careers with little sentimental feeling. Something brought them to life, however, and the Big Red made an apparent humiliation into a tough battle as they slowly closed the six goal deficit. A see-saw battle seemed finally resolved in Redondo's favor, when a last minute goal by the Seabrooks evened the score. At the end of the mandatory 2 periods, the score remained tied, but 5 players had fouled out for Harvard and only 1 for Redondo. This factor seemed to spell disaster as the Sudden Death period began. Yet, before Redondo had a chance to set up, Co-Capt. Randy Miller stole the ball and gave his fellow seniors a victory to remember.

"You look like you could use some Gatorade." — Caine —



"Nice Shot"





A Game Saver



Miller searches for open man

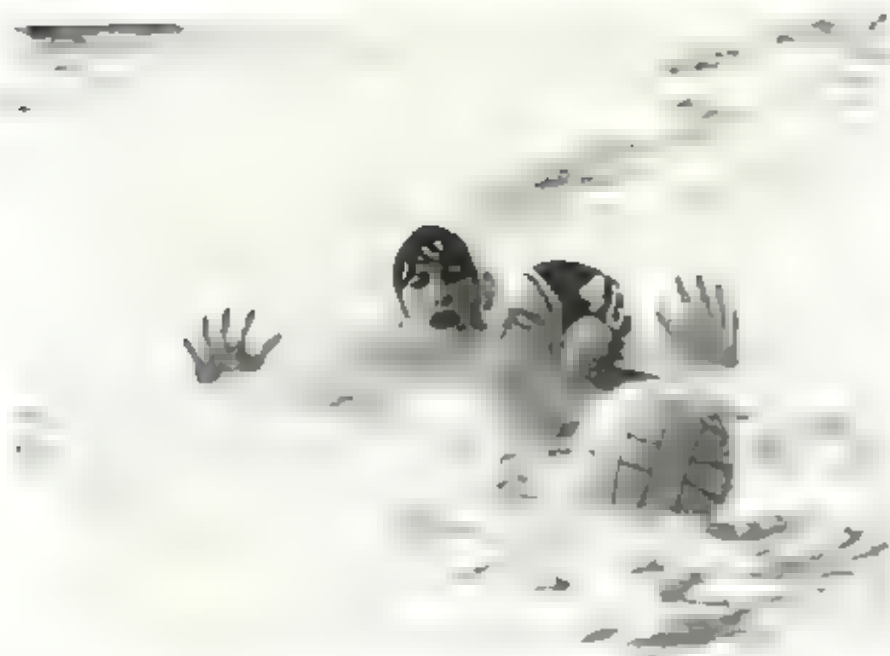


Wrighta trip to look for...



Kerr... moment

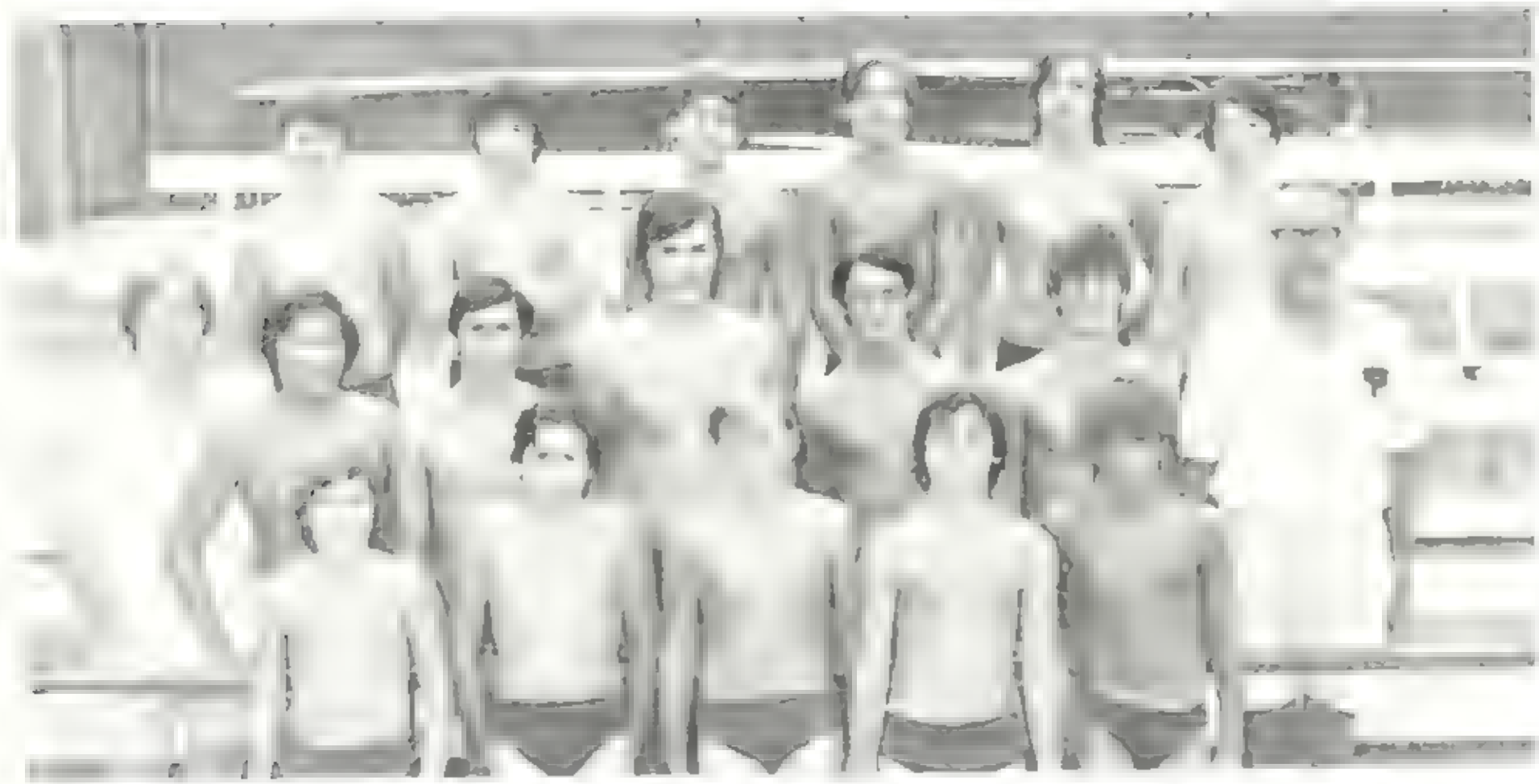
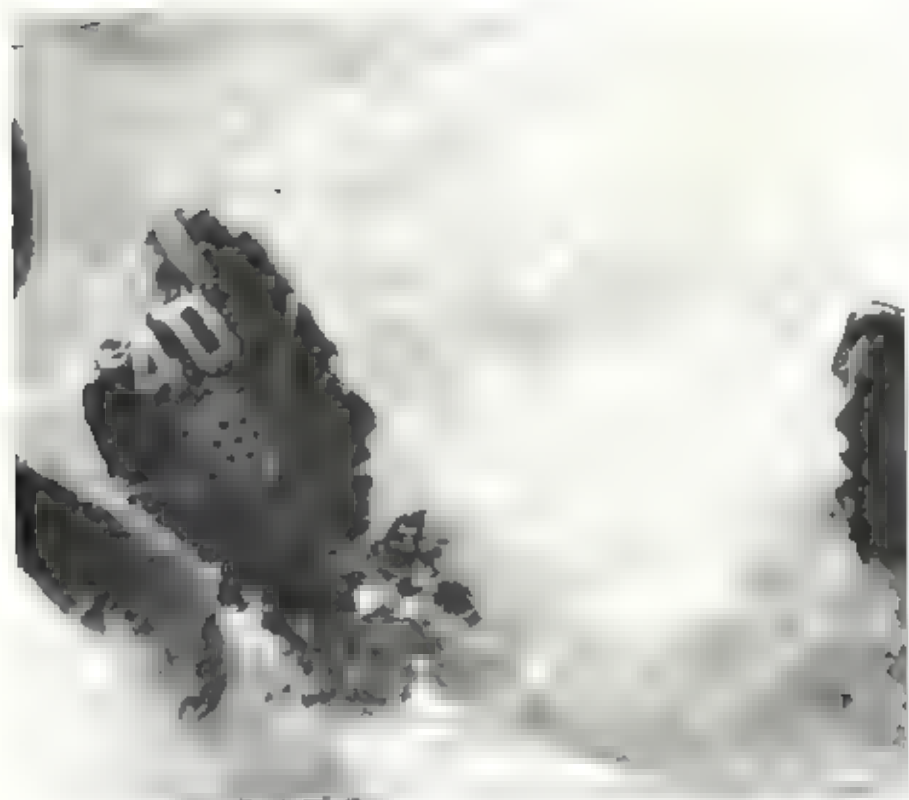
J.V. WATER POLO



Left to Right Bottom Row — Scott G. Satterlund, Warden, Salmire, Goldman Middle Row — Coach Rappaport; Huggins, Shafran, Frischilla; Ditman, Margot. Top Row — Pasnow, Markes, Stuart, Grasska, Leach; Crawford; Correy, Jones



FROSH-SOPH WATER POLO



Back Row: Bob R., Tom H., Wayne K., Mike M., Paul C.,
 Yellow: Andy L., Al T., Gus G., L. K., Nick C., V. A.,
 Sam S.

CROSS COUNTRY



Left to Right: Coach Wagenbach, Bunstock, Bell, Walter, Bennett, Caffey, Skouras, Jorgensen

" . . . I ran to a steady jog-trot rhythm, and soon it was so smooth that I forgot I was running, and I was hardly able to know that my legs were lifting and falling, and my arms going in and out, my lungs didn't seem to be working at all, and my heart stopped that wicked thumping I always get at the beginning of a run. Because, you see, I never race at all, I just run, and somehow I know that if I forget I'm racing and only jog-trot along until I don't know I'm running, I win the race. For when my eyes recognize that I'm getting nearer the end of the course, I put on a spurt, and such a big fast spurt it is because I feel that up 'till then I haven't been running, and using up no energy at all. And I've been able to do this because I've been thinking; and I wonder if I'm the only one in the running business with the system of forgetting that I'm running because I'm too busy thinking . . . "

Alan Silhtoe, *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, '59

The Harvard Cross-Country runner finds justification for his efforts when he finishes a six mile uphill run. No one has seen him do this, yet as he looks over the San Fernando Valley atop a ridge in the Santa Monica Mountains, he knows he has succeeded: individual victory over both physical and mental obstacles.



With seemingly less fatigue, Caffey begins to pass



At Harvard!



At Harvard
At the finish

VARSITY BASKETBALL



Left to Right Kneeling — Pappas; Moses; Morland. Standing — Chumlook, Nelson; Laughran, Coach Ritter; Not Pictured — Williams, Finon, Coach Miller

The varsity basketball team was called the new look Saracens. The team had two new coaches (Jeff Ritter and Andy Miller), the team played with inspiration, and they were winners. The pre-season went well and the team's record was 7-3. They won the consolation championship at the Saint Monica tournament and against Lennox set a school record for the most points scored in one game, 100-38. Then league started.

Sure the team was short two starters, but they could still do it. Everyone was talking playoffs, but the spirit waned and by mid-season the Saracens were 1-6 in league. Yet it turned out that there was still something left inside the team, some pride, some fortitude; the team was not going to die. In the second half of the season the team went 4-3, and showed that they could once again play as a team; as they had in the pre-season. They ran the offense instead of playing one, they played team help side defense, they rebounded, they moved the ball.

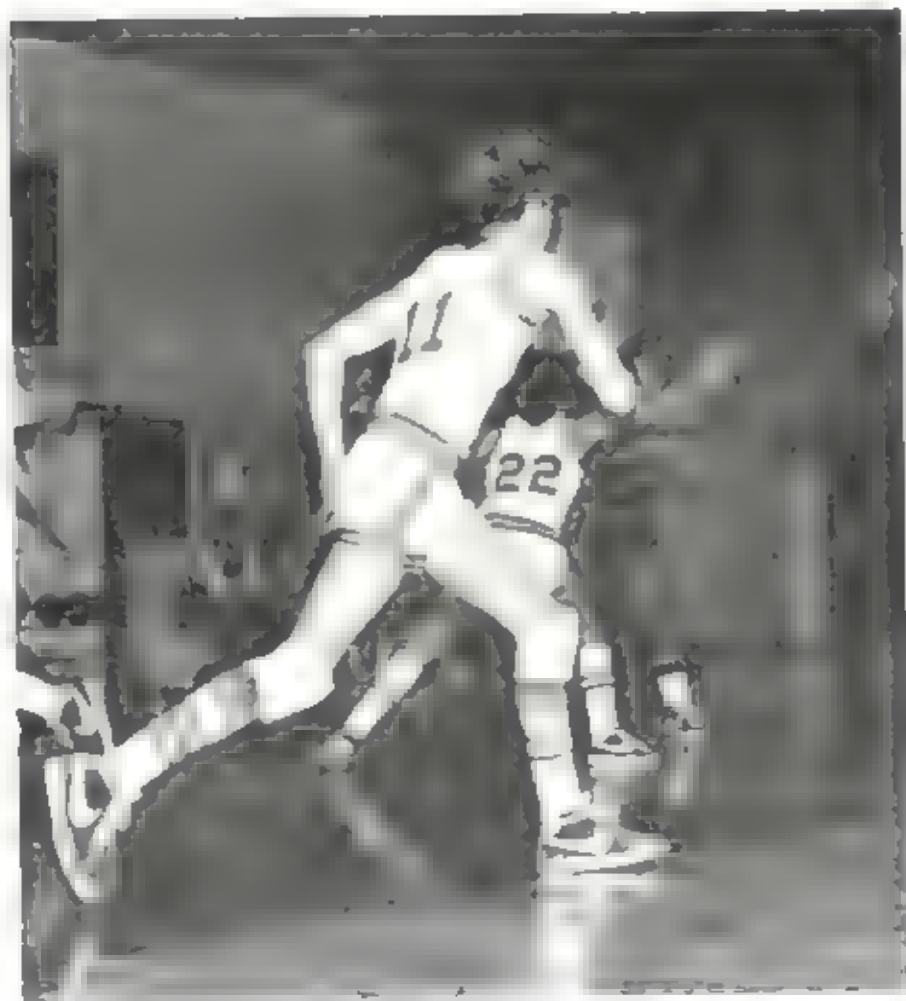
It would not be accurate to say that the season was a success nor would it be fair to say that the season was a failure. The team did have the best record in the past four years: 12-12 compared to 6-18 (74-75), 7-15 (73-74), and 5-17 (72-73). The team also posted the best record so far in the Pioneer League: 5-9 compared to 1-13 (74-75) and 1-9 (73-74), and also had one player, Randy Williams, elected to the Second team All-League.

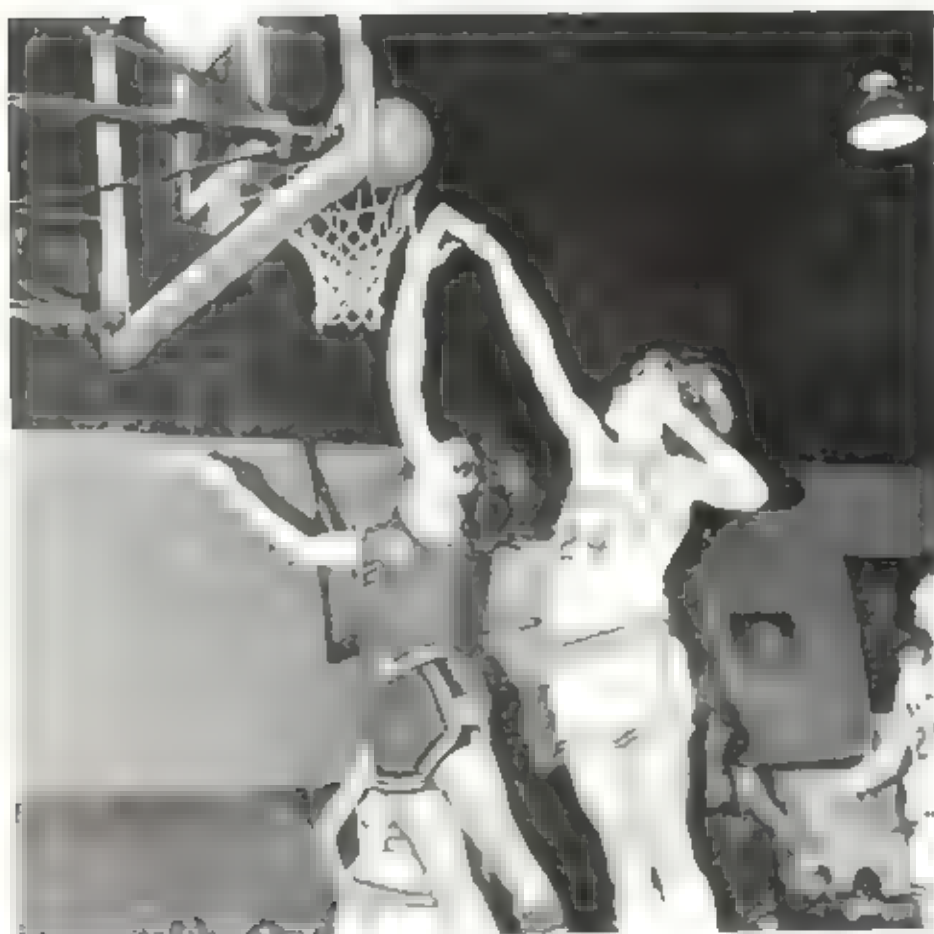
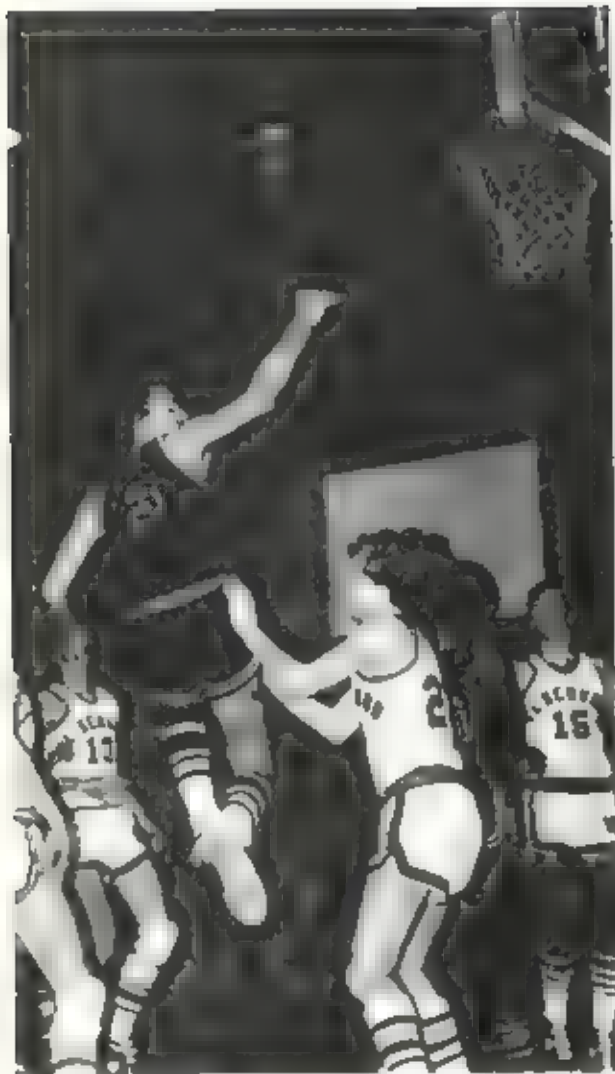


"THE" grab that pig

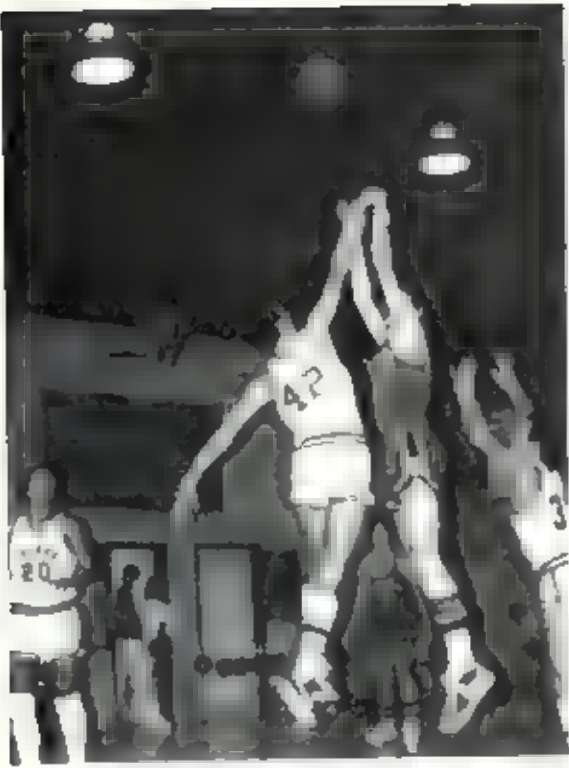


Moses, 22





JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL



Perry skys over a defender



Braun lays it up and in

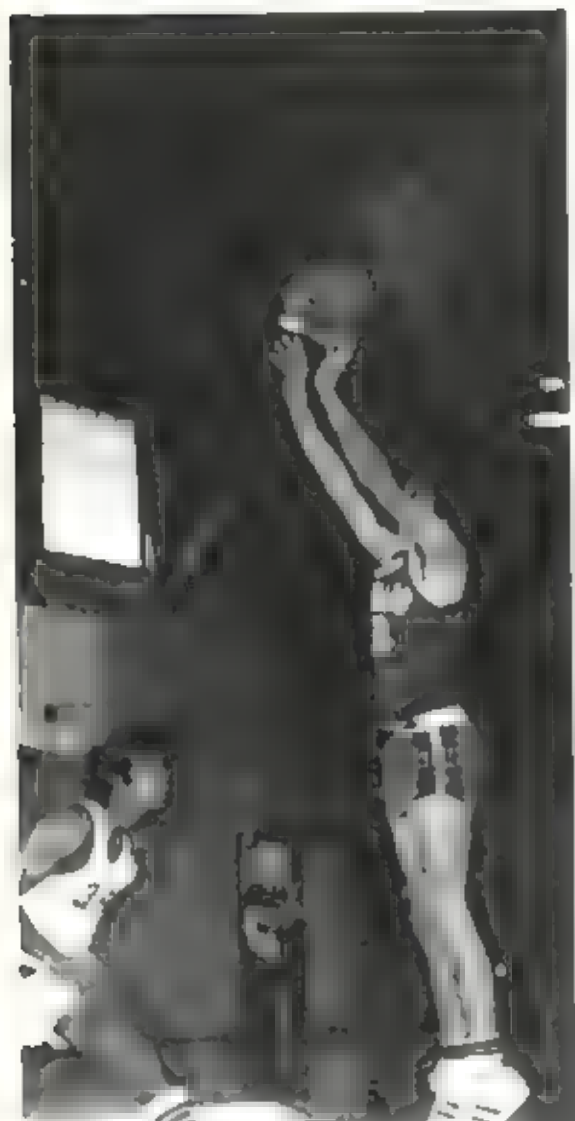


The sky nook



Kneeling: Castellan, Papawse, Braun, Youngster, Sherry, Coach: Mr. Fred Moore, Duxbury

SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL



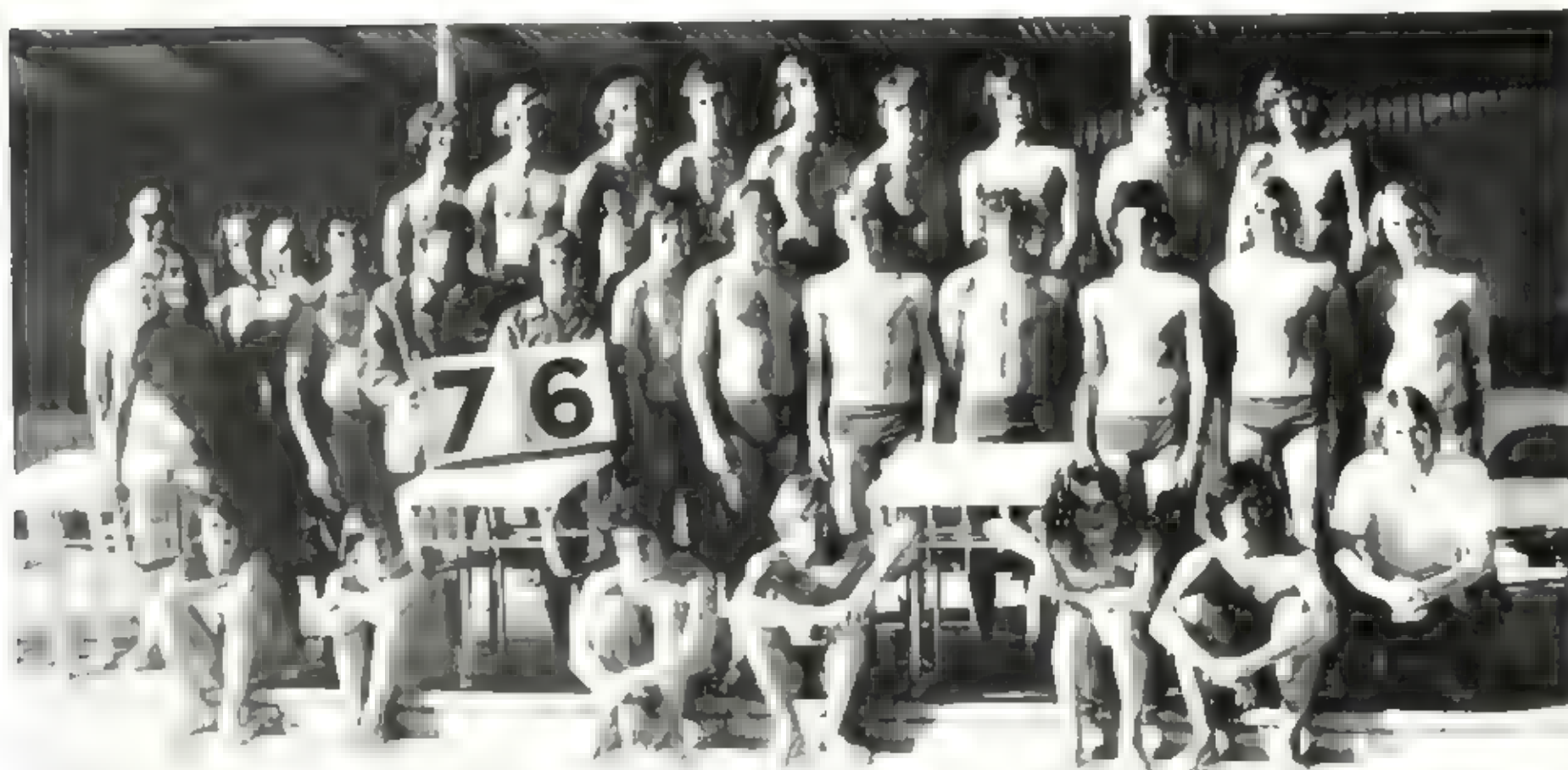
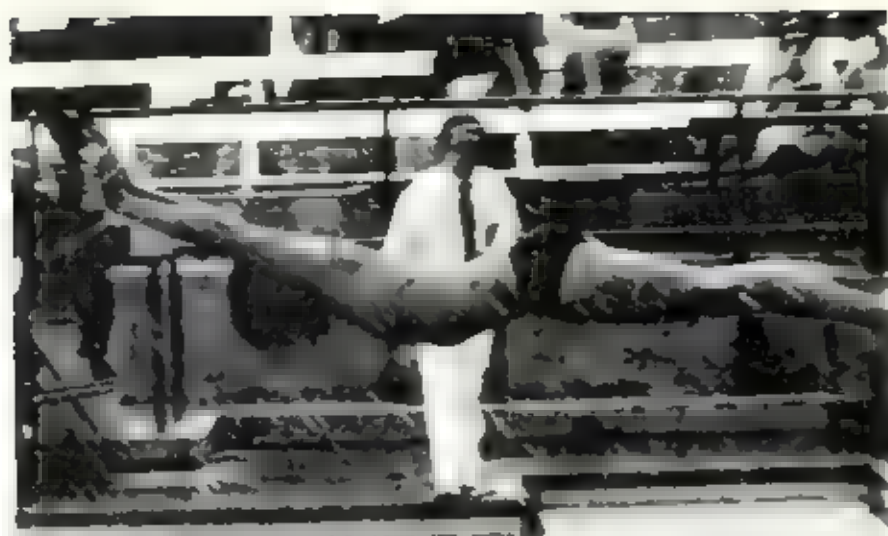
First Row — Weintraub, Hoffenberg, Sheldon, Front, Neville, Coach Freeman. Second Row — Kehy, Westhem, Eichler, Galt, & Trex.

A black and white photograph capturing a dynamic moment during a basketball game. In the center, a player in a light-colored uniform is suspended in the air, performing a jump shot or layup. A defender in a dark uniform is also jumping, attempting to block the shot. To the left, another player in a light uniform is running towards the basket. In the background, several other players are visible, some standing and others in motion. The gymnasium features a wooden floor, a large window with multiple panes on the left, and a hanging light fixture at the top. The image has a grainy, high-contrast quality typical of older newspaper prints.

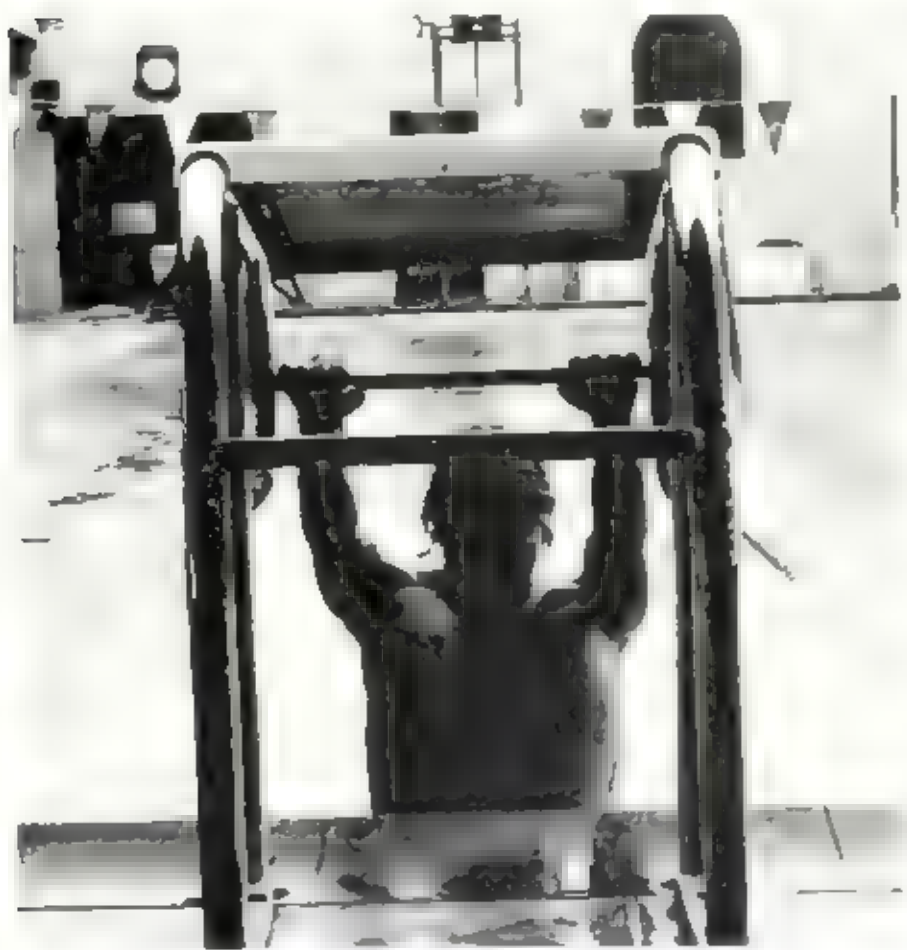
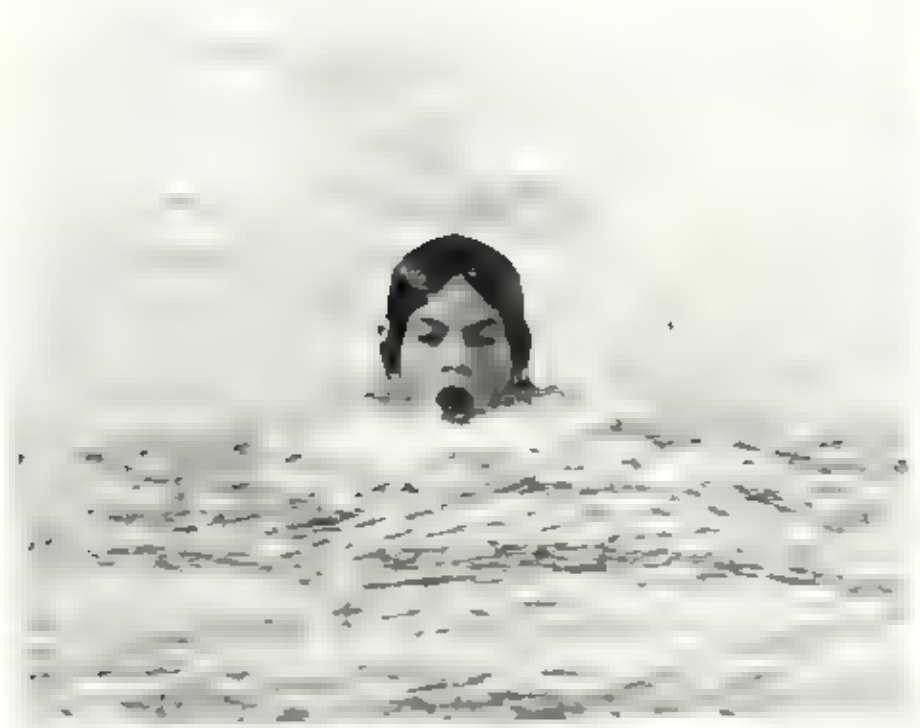
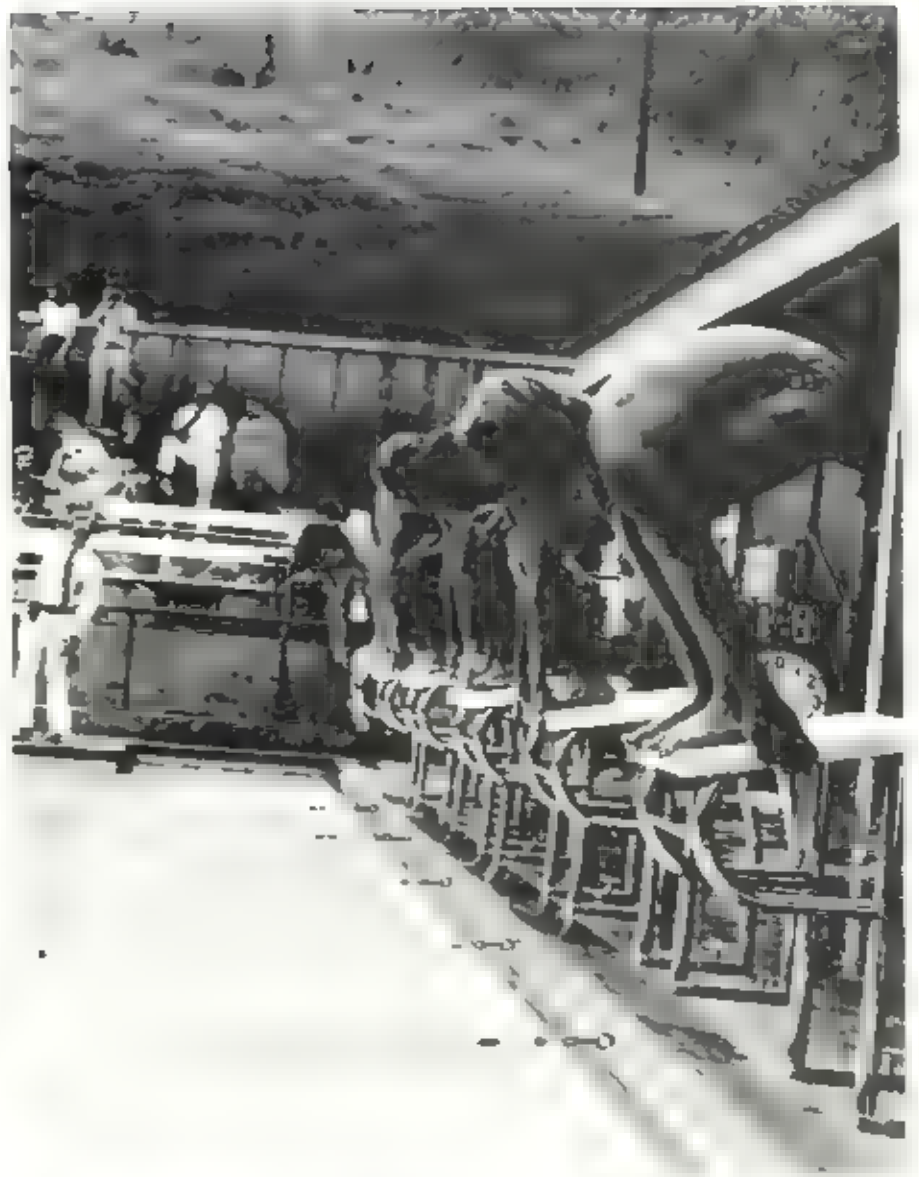
A black and white photograph of a woman in a dark, patterned dress dancing with a man in a light-colored shirt and dark pants in a room with large windows and a chandelier. The woman is in the foreground, looking towards the camera, while the man is slightly behind her, looking down. The room has large windows with multiple panes and a chandelier hanging from the ceiling. There are some decorative items on the walls and a table in the background.

212

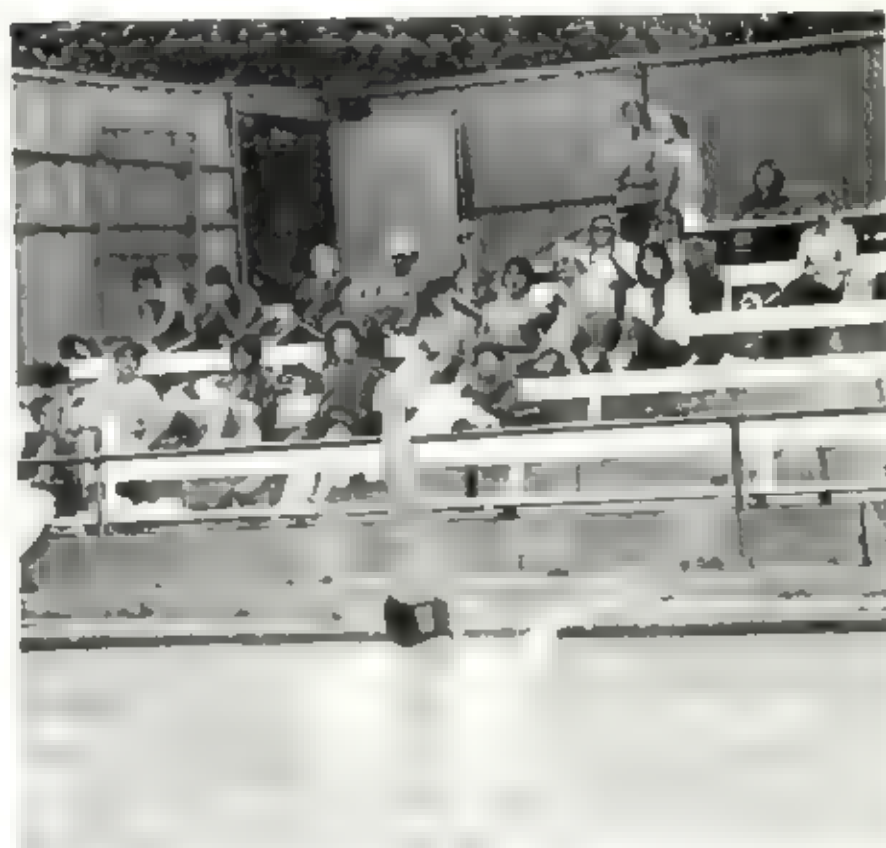
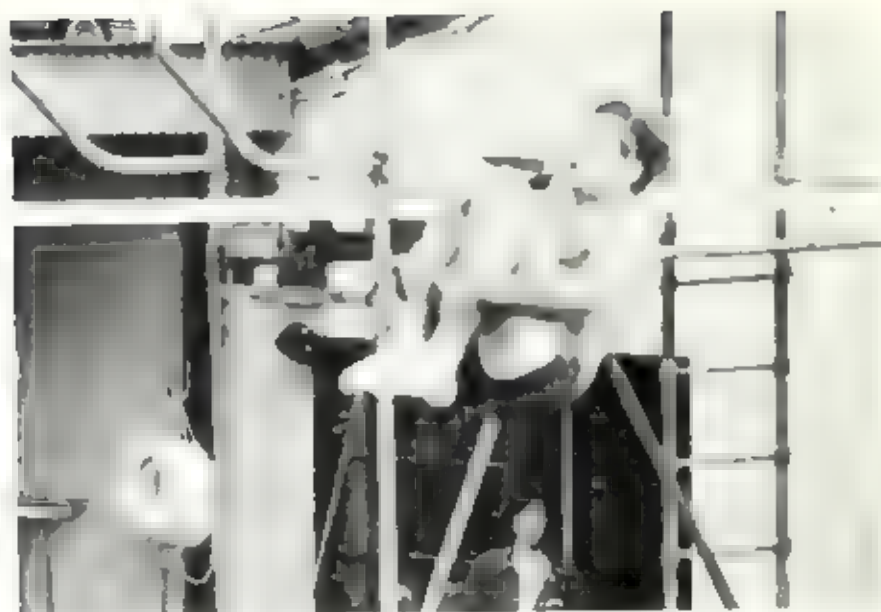
SWIMMING



Left to Right: Sitting — Samuel, Clobeck; Holland; Leach; Pasnau; Conner; Coach Rappaport; Bottom Row — Coach Stewart; Sutherland; Ditman; Christopher; Horowitz; Maytum; Miller; Lund; Howard; Maloney; Healy; Sar-noff; Winder; Margot; Top Row — Shafran; Landon; Palmer; Frachilla; Meyers; Weissmann; Wright; Corley.



DIVING





All American?



Young Lady



VARSITY SOCCER

LEAGUE CHAMPIONS



Left to Right: Kneeling — Rene; Cazier; Millman; Archer; Meryash; Brown; Zerin; Griffiths; Lee; Crawford; Fennimore; Standing — Payne; Symonds; Kaiser; Aberg; Dillman; Urick; Bennett, D.; Sanders; Bennett; B. Kim; Rutter; Coach Marks; Not Pictured — Glantz

This year's Varsity Soccer team had the most successful season of all past Varsity teams, with a league record of 9-2-3 and an overall record of 12-4-3. Lacking half of the first string, the team still finished a strong fourth place out of 16 teams in a pre-season tournament.

The team was not noted for its offense, but its defense was superb with a goal's against average of .5 per game; first in the league. The team was also frequently recognized by the referees for outstanding sportsmanship on the field. Under the leadership of Coach Marks, the Saracens fought back from deficits to win important games on numerous occasions. This was largely due to team unity and with that same team unity, the Harvard Saracens won league and went to the C.I.F. playoffs.

Although losing narrowly to the second seeded team in Southern California, the Harvard Soccer team gained respect and proved itself to be future contender.



Wary Mery



MVJ Senior is hosts during



Barrett team to



1950-51



Urick in on the tackle



Chulyun on the run



A traffic jam at left wing



Morris on the run with a defender



Bennett breaks up the pass



The header



Charge Arch



The Peppermint Twist



Volley Kick

JUNIOR VARSITY SOCCER



Maloney breaks up the play



A slight disagreement



Sitting — Wert, Weiss, Larnat, Lyon, Lee, Kuhns, MacArthur. Kneeling — Harris, Harvie, Binstock, Maass, Bunzel, Maloney, Adams, Richardson. Standing — Gilman, Stermann, Singleton, Bertram, Bautzer, Barrett, Pomeroy, Howard, Sullivan, Sack. Coach Roberts Not Pictured — Coach Richardson



FROSH SOCCER



Lee winds up

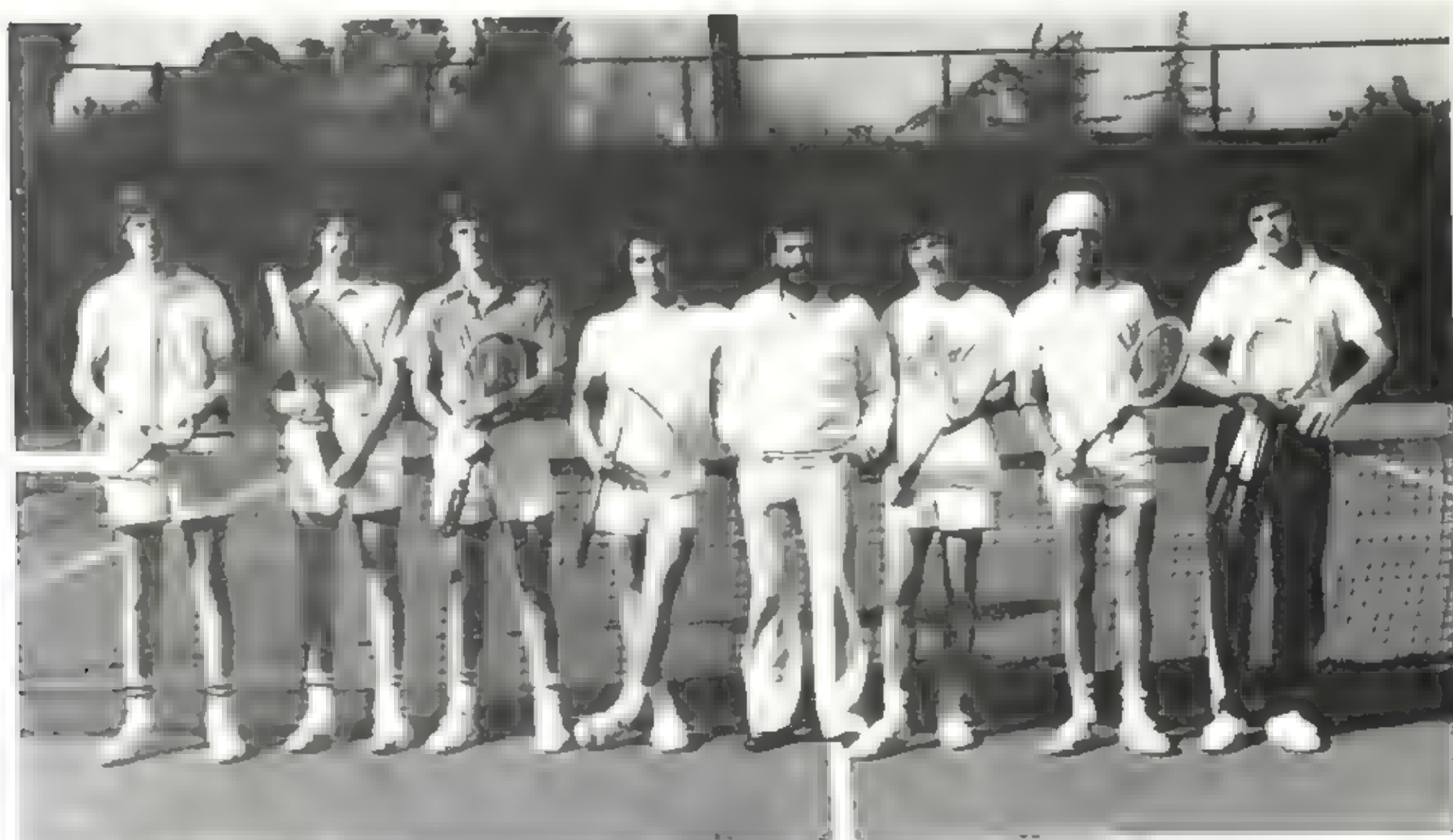
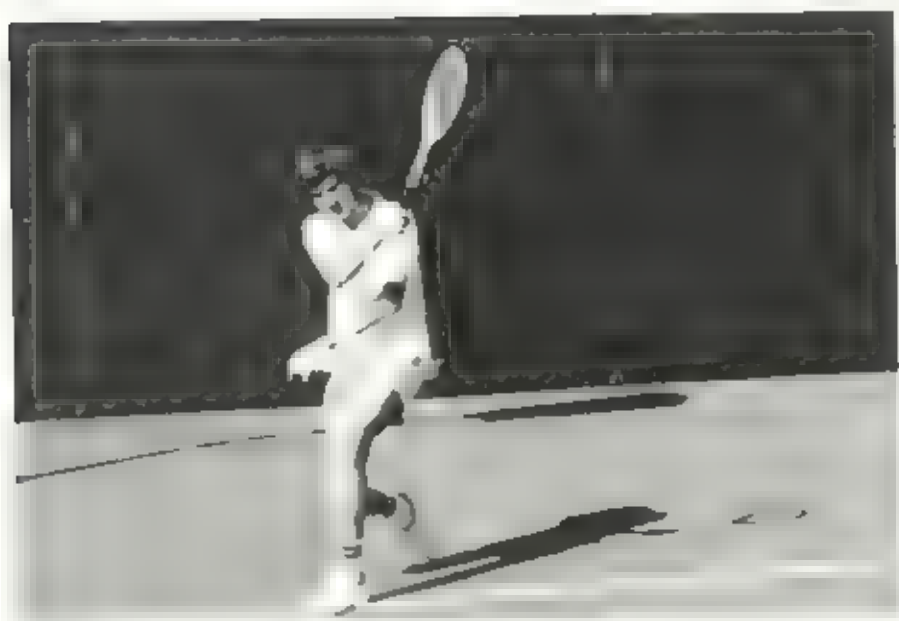


The Gatorade break

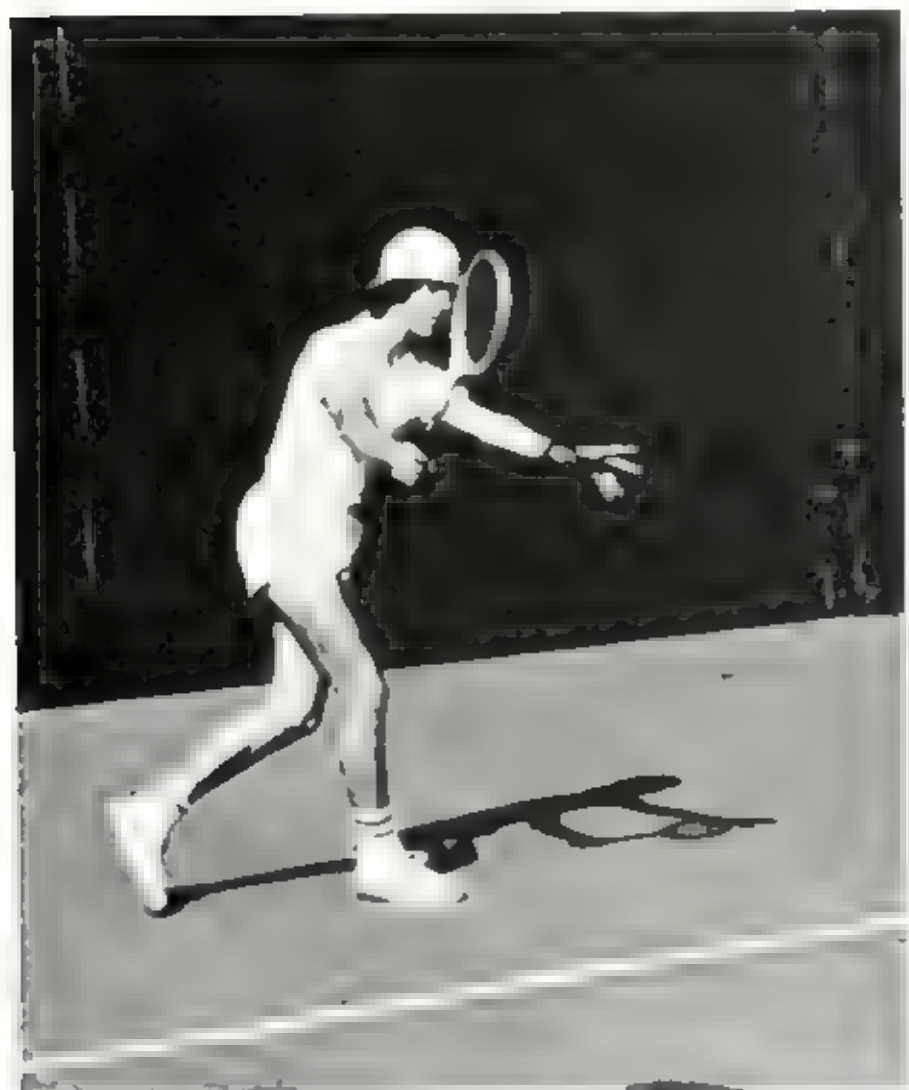


Sitting — Bevan, Doskow, Brittain, Dietrich, Pomroy, Vodhanel, Marks, Pops, Josephson, Gradstein, Lundell, Williams, Gates, Lee, Borchardt. Kneeling — Dost, Whitman, Wax, Cannon, Olch, Donnelly, Pierce, Saldivar, Nutt, Cunningham, Riech, Cross, Eyraud. Standing — De Haver, Andrews, Canby, Skouras, Mann, Burr, Pearson, Kim, Luca, Shuken, Gleason, Coach Ackerman.

VARSITY TENNIS



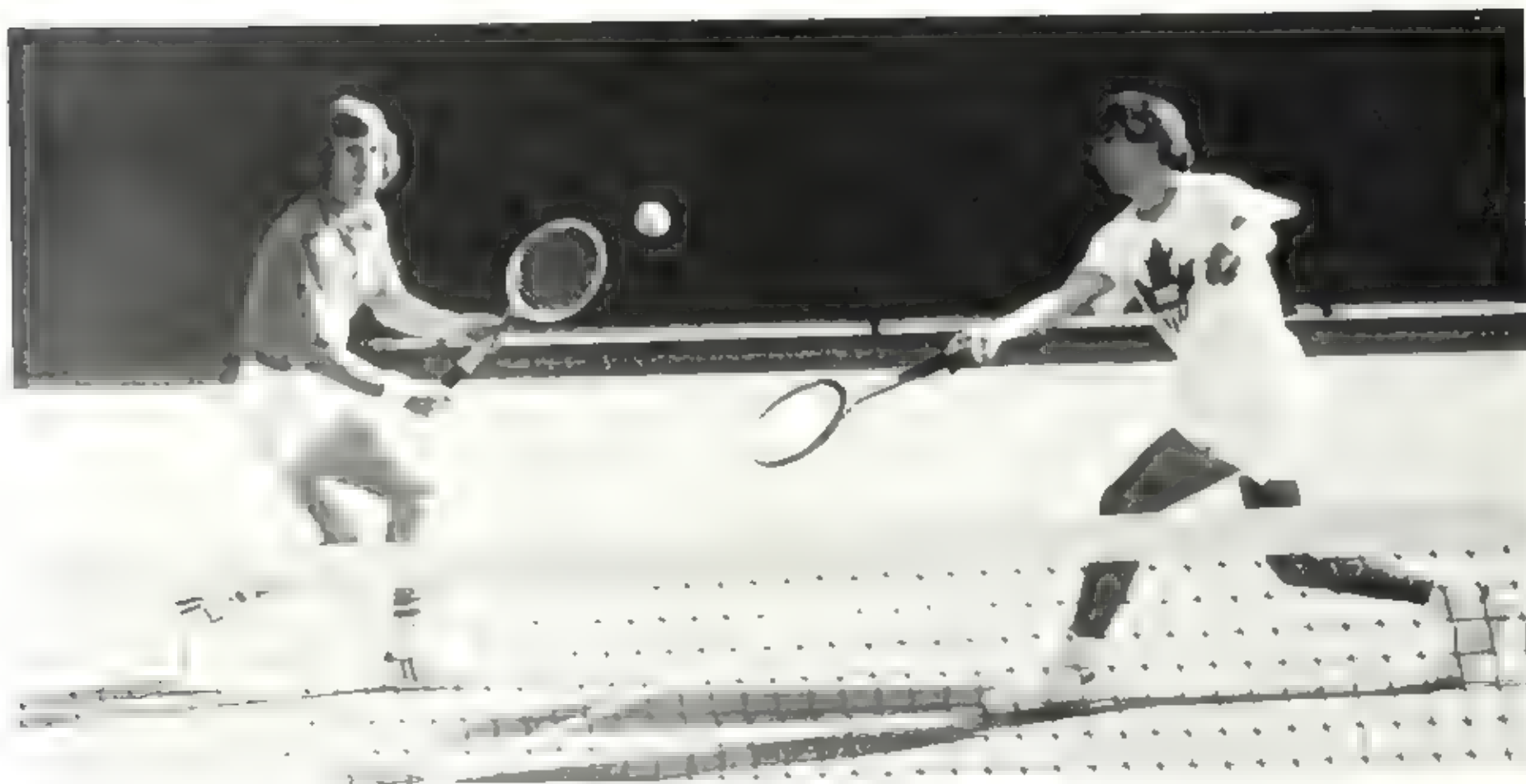
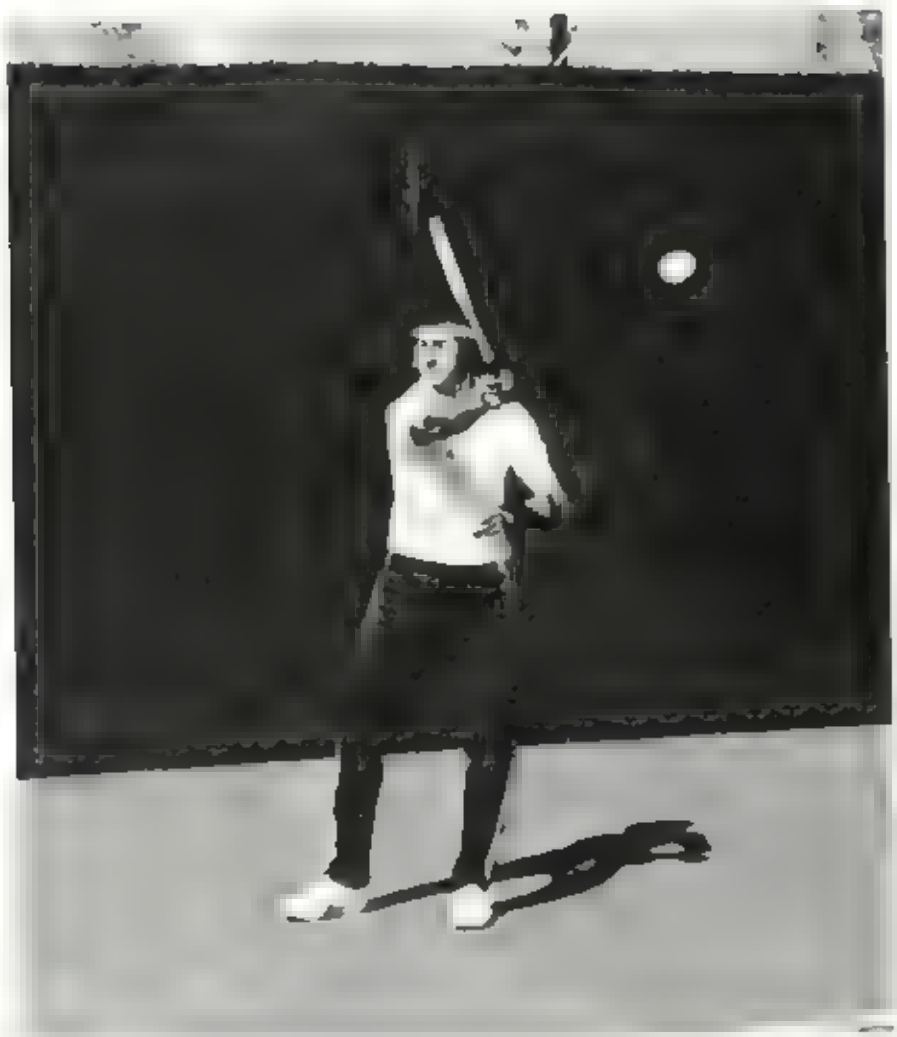
1964-65 Varsity Tennis Team. Heyman, Coach Payon. Rere, Glasser, Rayman. Not Pictured - Turner, Zimmerman, Brown.



Front View



Back View



Anybody's volley

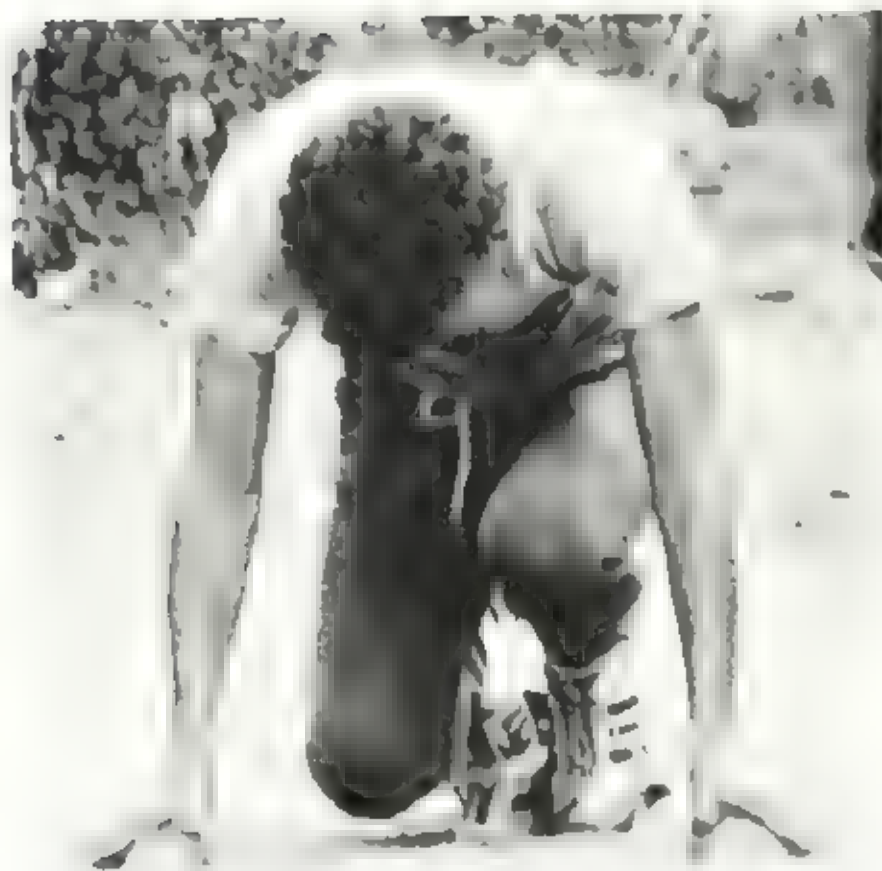


JUNIOR VARSITY TENNIS

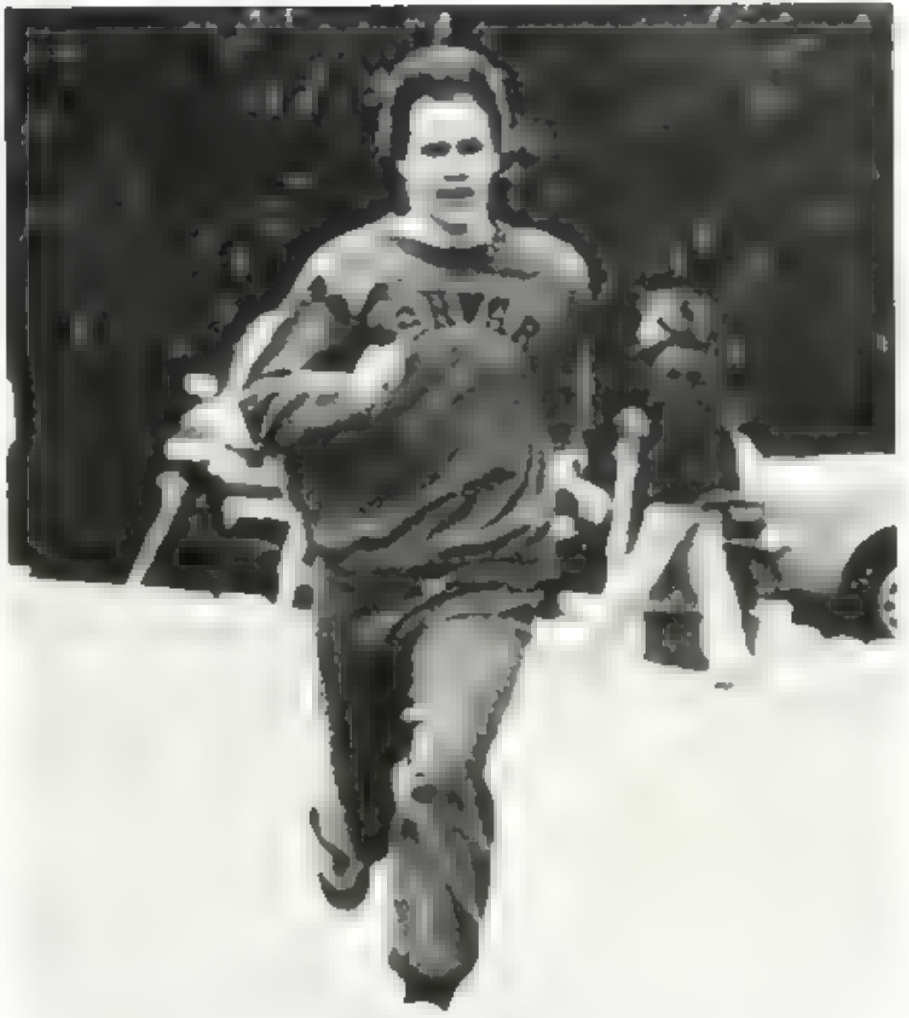


Standing - Neil, Steve, Harold, Bruce, Sam, Mark, Carter, Steve, Ted, C. and Leigh, Ken, G. Mc-
Intyre, Matt, Rob, Mel, Mike, Elliott, Greg, E. Miller

TRACK



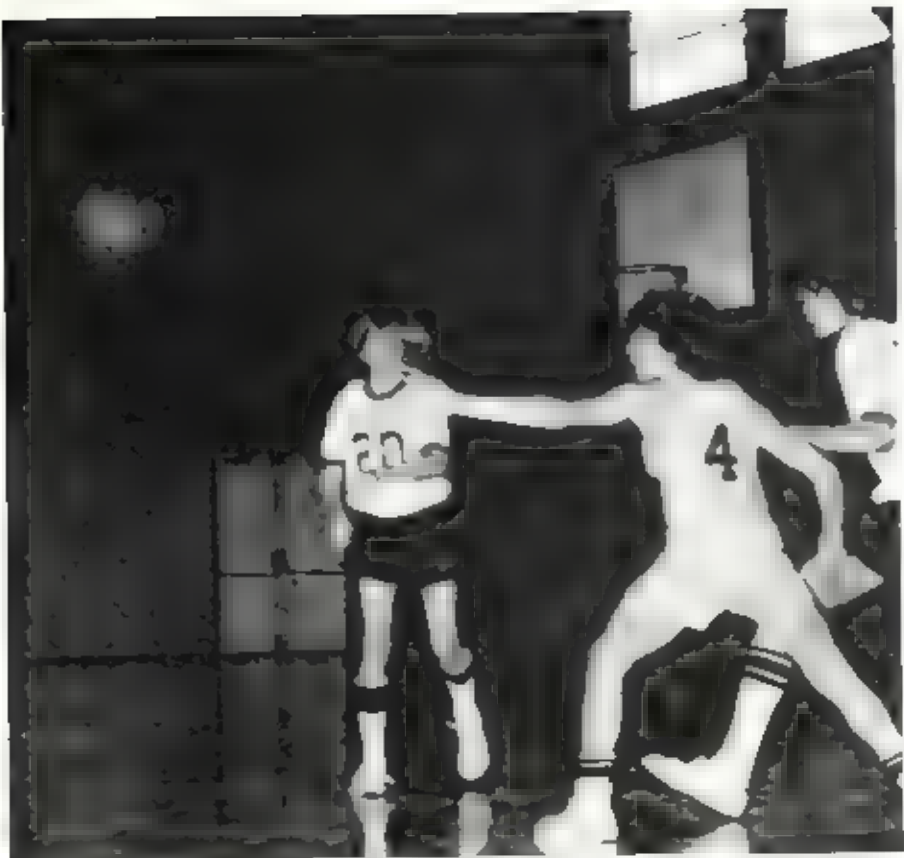
Back Row — Bronson, A. Bernier, Singleton, Mottl, Bell, Aberg, Williams, Marsall. Front Row — Coach Baberacki, Maass, Brittain, Saldivar, Caffey, D. Bercovici, McArthur, Walter, Trainer, Mampalam, Jerrens



LOWER SCHOOL SPORTS



THE LOWER SCHOOL WISHES
TO EXPRESS ITS
DEEPEST GRATITUDE
TO ALL THE LOWER
SCHOOL ATHLETIC ADVISORS



FOOTBALL RECORD

Whites	3-3	3rd Place
Reds	5-3	2nd Place

BASKETBALL RECORD

Whites	5-3	3rd Place
Reds	7-2	2nd Place
7th gr.	6-0	Champions

SOCCER

3-0-3 Tied for First

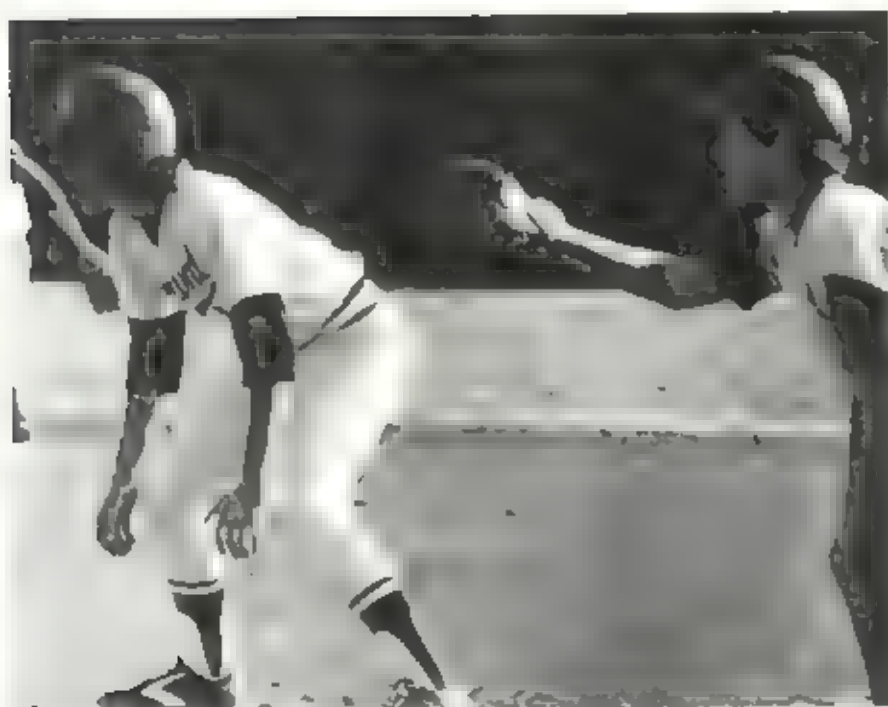


GOLF



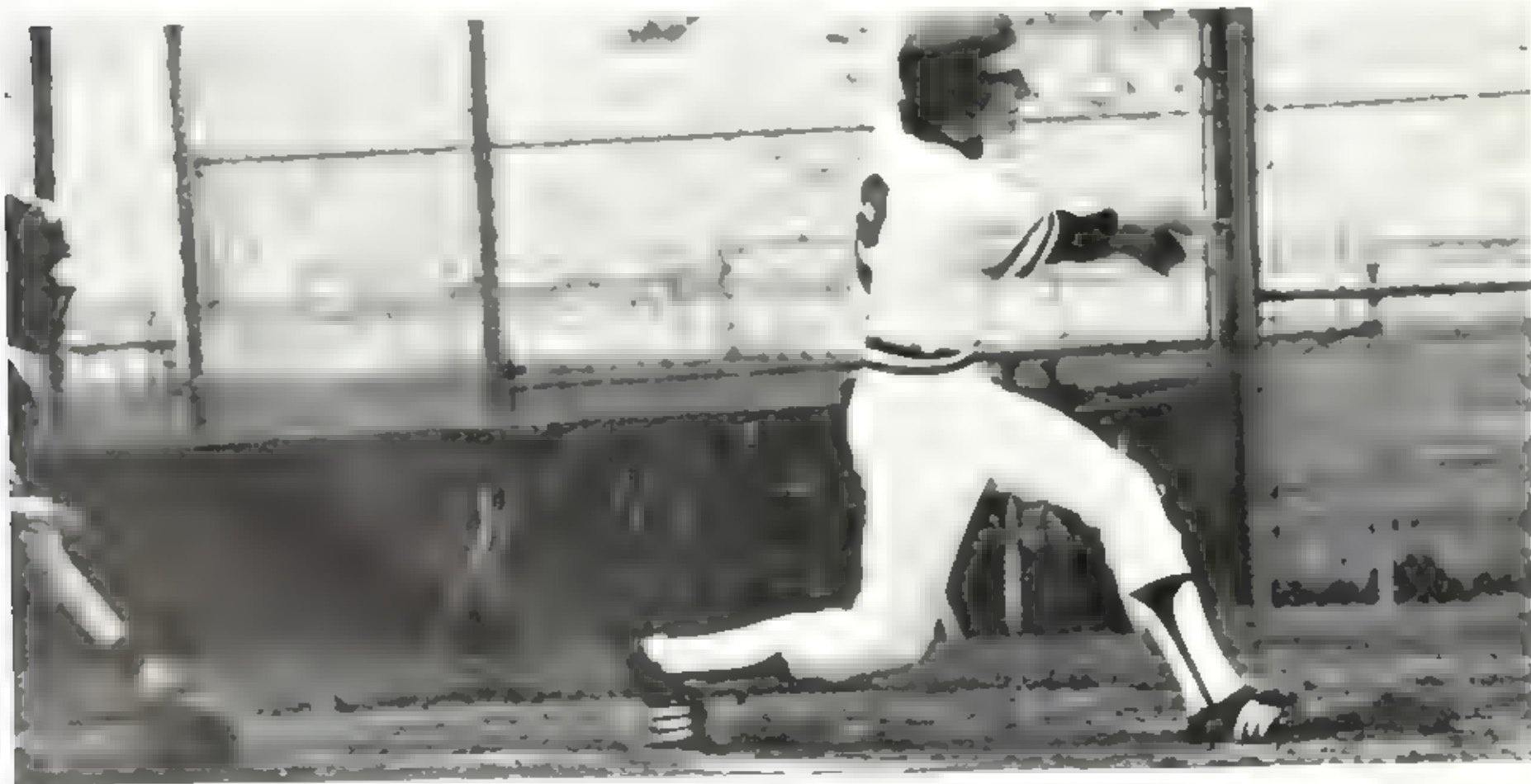
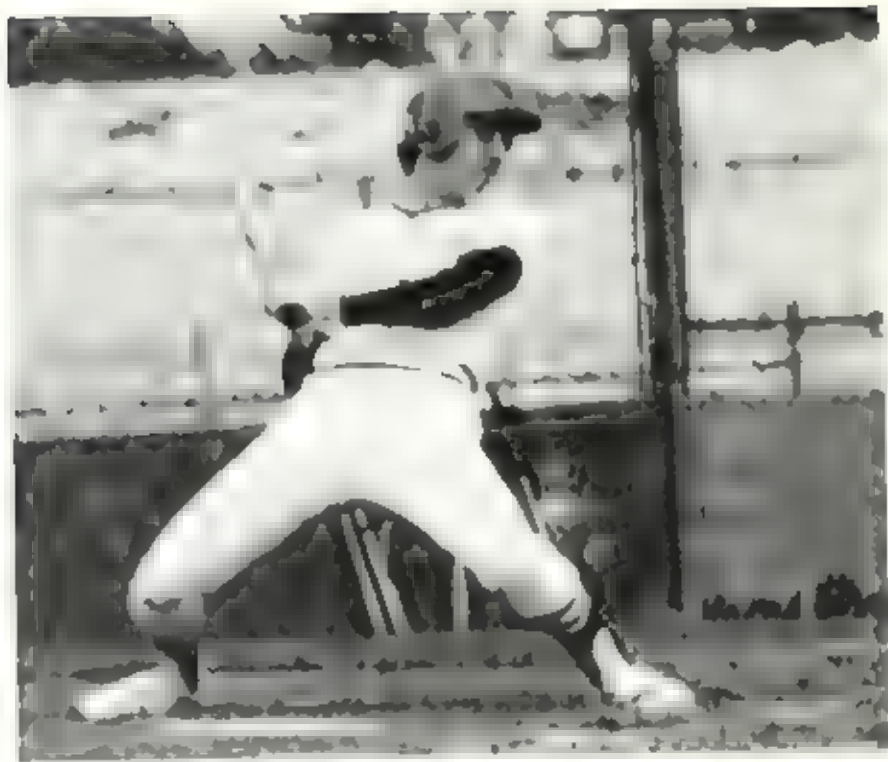
KNEELING — STUCCO, GRACE, Gillette; Standing — Hookstratten; Thabit, Reich; Coach Thran





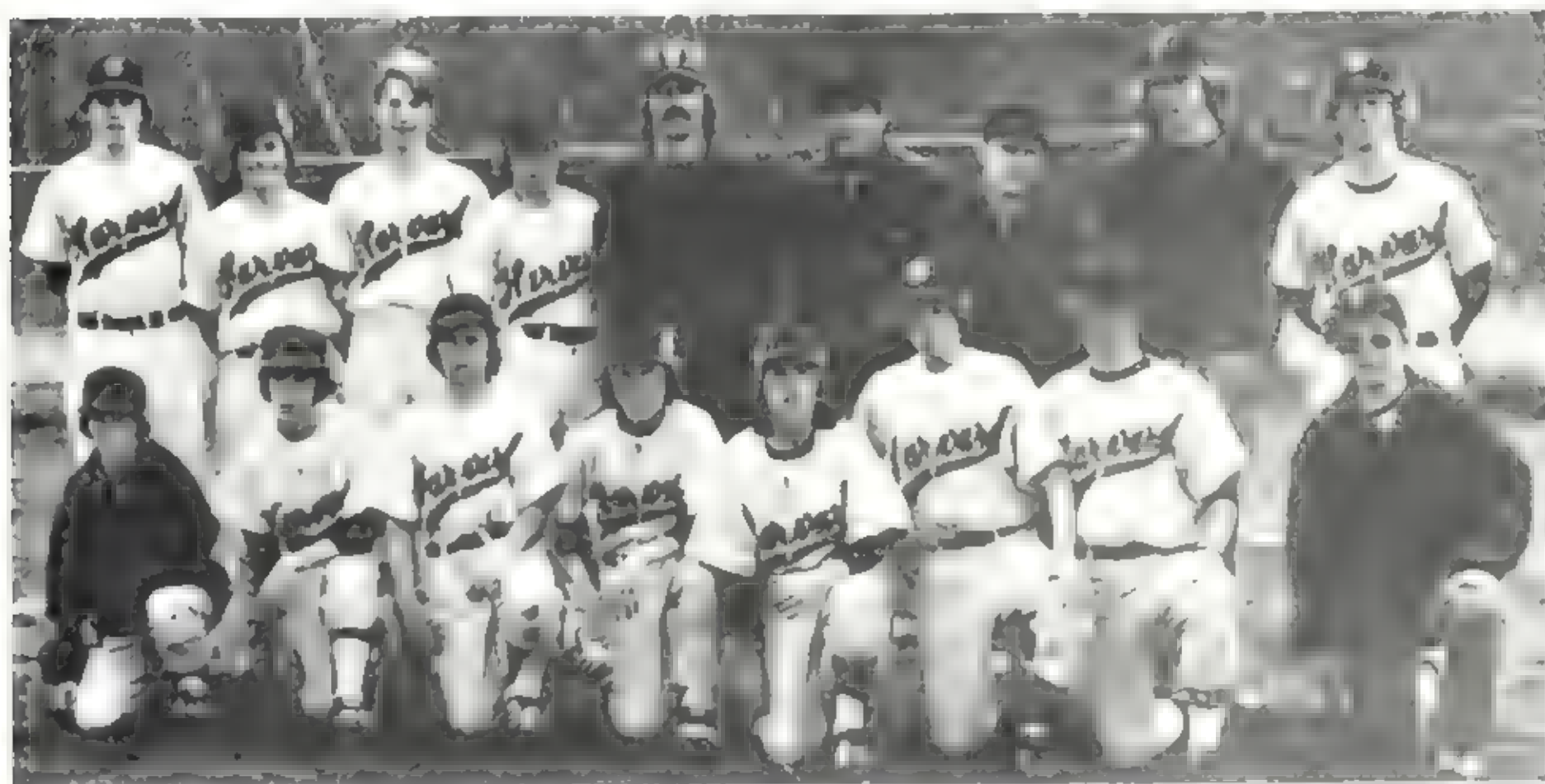
Bottom Row — Crawford, Castellano, Kaiser, Front, Davis, Spring, Horowitz, Cantwell Middle Row — M. Cazier, Glick, Fenmore, Blackman, Caine, Fauntleroy, E. Cazier, Riach Top Row — Coach Gingell, Barrett, Masket, Youngdahl, Swick, Sanders, Bennett, Crouch, Coach Glass







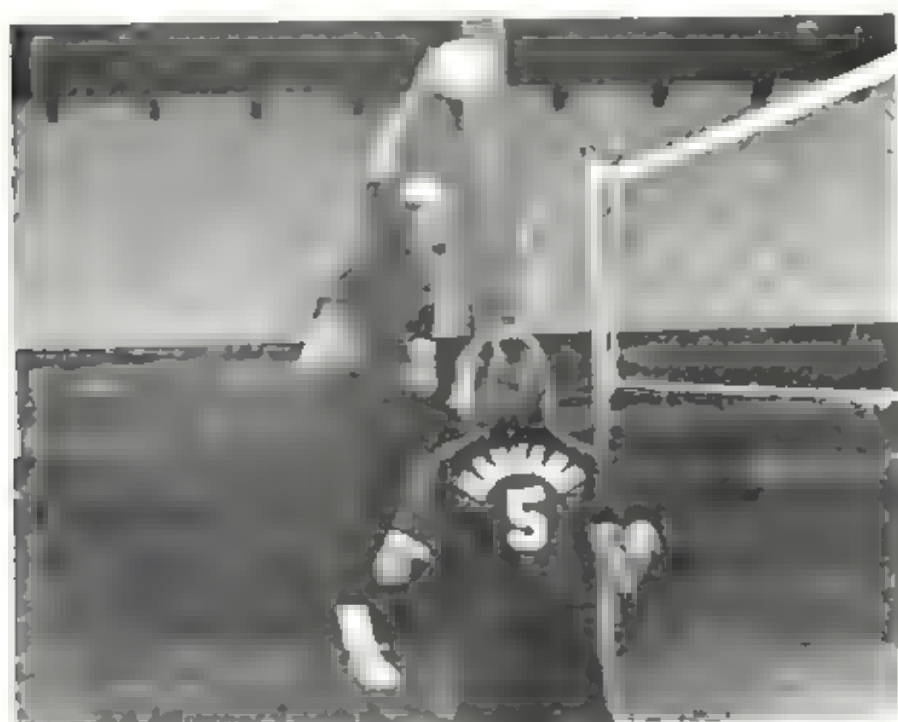
FROSH-SOPH BASEBALL

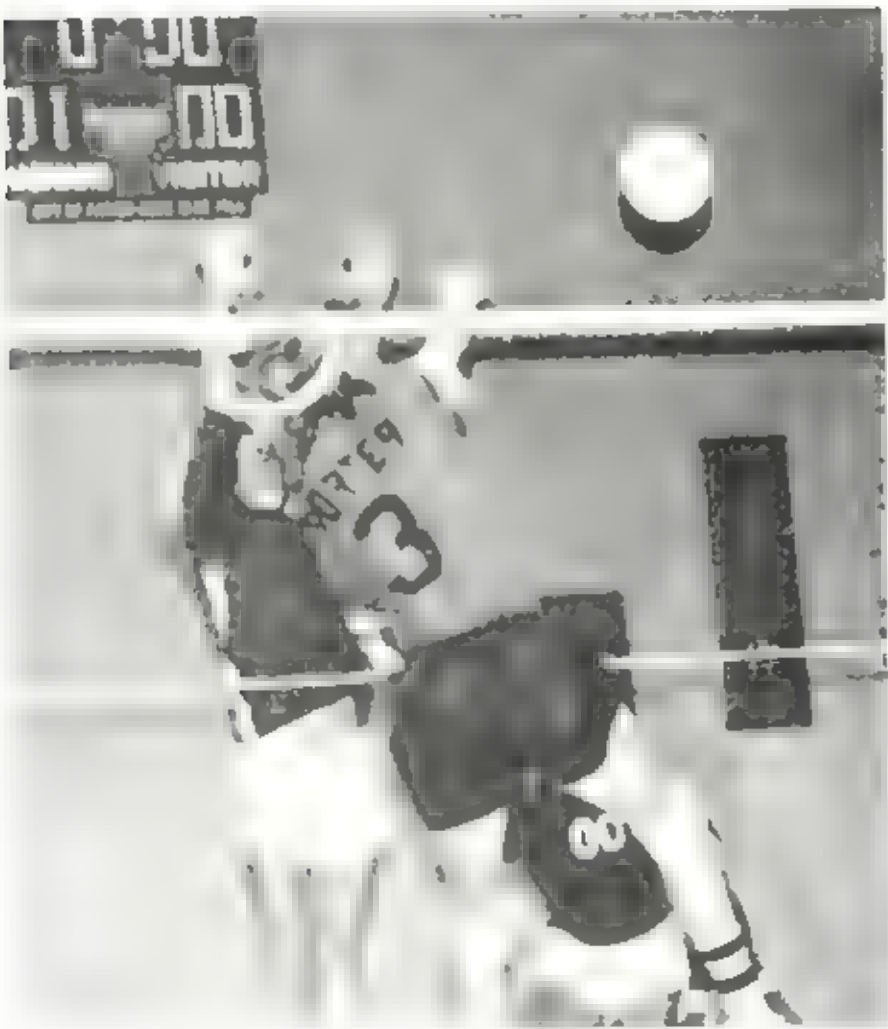
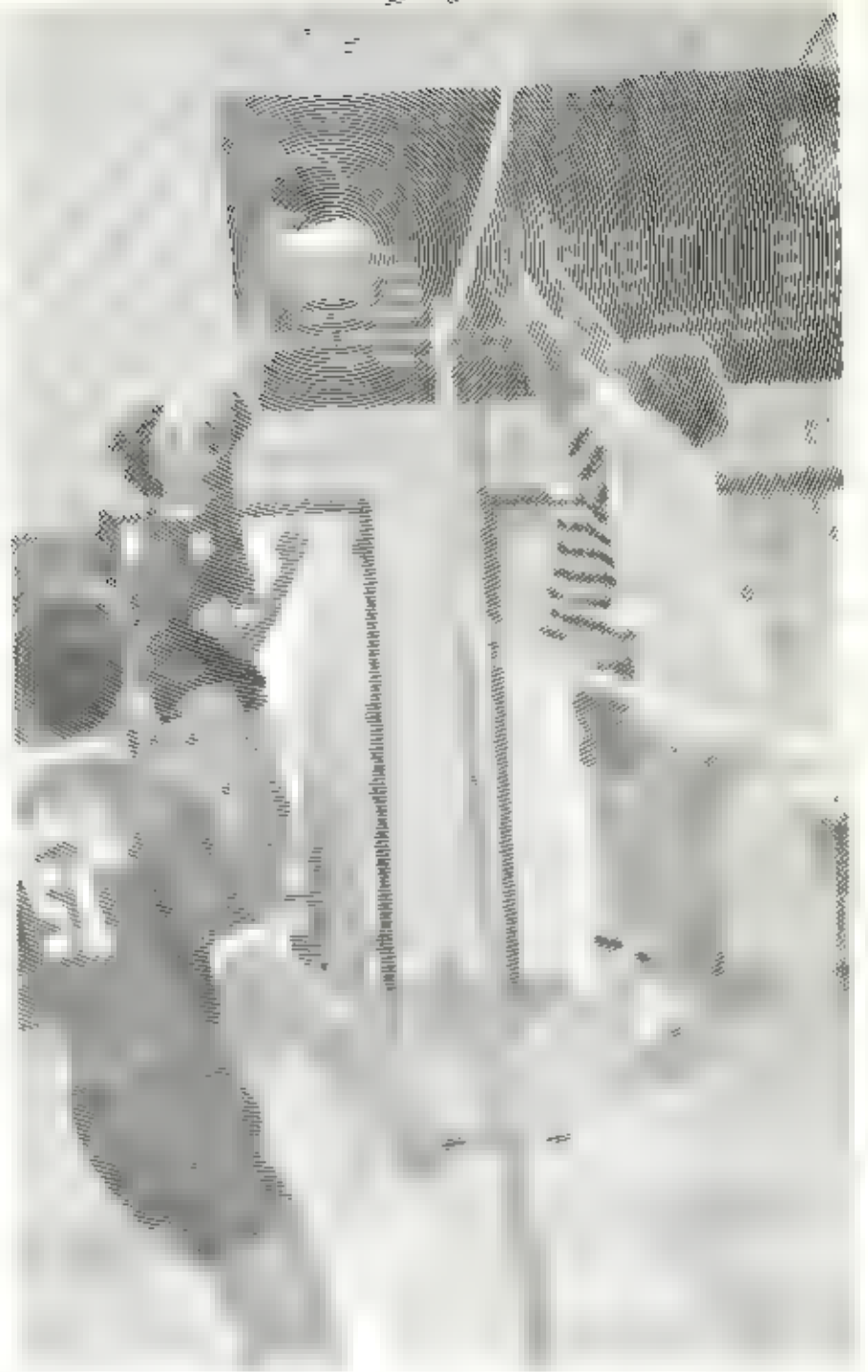


Left to Right, Kneeling — Bevan, Stullberg, Voithanel, Michos, Forbes, Bergen, Marylander, Williams, Standing — Westham, Levy, Mitchell, Gleason, Coach Brysha, Andrews, Goldman, Maskett, Hoffenberg



Standing — Erick, Porter, Bagnard, Paul Pappas, Coach McFadden, Kneeling — Archer, Elder, Hinds, Zaro, Read





A black and white photograph showing a zebra and a lioness resting on a large, patterned rug. The zebra is on the left, partially visible, showing its characteristic stripes. The lioness is on the right, lying down. In the background, there is a building with a tiled roof and a large window. The scene is set outdoors, possibly in a courtyard or a similar open space.



245

1950-1960



Los Angeles

1956 Walt Disney's opening of his Disneyland empire is estimated to be worth over \$100 million dollars.

1957 Slim Dunlap sets a world record of 17.5 minutes for a mile.

1958 The Los Angeles Times is founded.

The World

1950 The United Nations is founded.

1951 The United States and the Soviet Union merge with the UK.

1958 The first American Satellite is launched.

1959 Alaska and Hawaii make the 49th and 50th states.



"THE MORE WE DO,
THE MORE WE CAN DO;
THE MORE BUSY WE ARE THE
MORE LEISURE WE HAVE"

— Hazlitt



1950 Launching of Master Plan starts with the building of Rugby.

1958 Wes Parker bats .556 and has a 3-1 pitching record.

1958 A trip to Zuma beach is offered as the reward for winning the Club Championship.

RECORDER CLUB



Mr. Clark, Charlie Stack, Jim Isaacs, Grant Marylander, Mr. Leigh

CHESS CLUB



J Howard, J. Isaacs, B Castle, M Mettler, M Herbert, R. Miller, B. Plants

PREFECTS



Wes King, Bob Maloney, Jeff Stern, Chris Escher. Missing — J. DeJman, J. MacDougall, N. Leonard

COLDWATER PIPELINE



Standing — R. Wyman, M. Herbert, J. Stern, L. Renick, D. Levy
 Sitting — C. Escher, K. Fisher, M. Kaplan. Missing — J. Ungerleider
 N. Leonard, J. Morland

NUMISMATICS



Standing — Mr. Marks, Tarnoff, Hennessy, Entenza, Zerlin Sitting — Gleason, Pres. Goodman, Lubie, Stone

CHAPEL SERVERS



Richard Parker, Jim Isaacs, John Howard, Chip Palmer

VIEWPOINT



Mr. Berk, G. Farr, F. Kaufman, J. Heyman, F. Glasser, P. Hoffenberg, J. Utasy, M. Reinhardt

HARVEST



M. Peiser, T. Diskin, P. Kerner, T. M. ... M. K. ... P. Hoffenberg, M. ... M. ...

COOKING CLUB



Back Row — R. Shagan, B. Klein, W. Maxwell, C. Toy, J. Thompson, P. Porteous, Mrs. Perkins
 Middle Row — J. Christianson, G. Nudell, S. Sucke, P. Teng, J. Simons, W. Ahmanson, M. Chutea J. Garcia
 Front Row — H. Sunkin, J. Iorilo, B. Samacs, E. Rayden, B. Franklin, J. Jaffee

MAGIC CLUB



Top Row — J. Terzian, T. Diethofer, T. Melnik, B. Castle, G. Phillips, D. Revere, L. Anderman
 Bottom Row — R. Helperin (officer) S. Fill, B. Sherwood, A. Factor, S. Linick (officer), W. Kinder
 Missing — R. Gordon (officer)

ADELPHIAN SOCIETY



Top Row — M. Werner 11, C. Farnan 9, E. Sibley 9, B. Castle 12, B. Reiter 11, A. Swick 10, P. Aberg 11, W. Maloney 10, T. Flintoft 9. Middle Row — R. Parker 8, B. Hance 8, B. Williams 8, C. Taylor 8, Pres. K. Fisher 11, J. Howard 12, C. Wright 11, C. Palmer 11. Bottom Row — R. Greenberg 8, M. Lubie 9, R. Pops 9.

SCENESCAPE II



Top Row — R. Stone, J. Horowitz, J. Ino, R. Hoffenberg, M. Lubie, R. Lester, F. White, M. Diskin. Middle Row — S. Lucas, D. Holzman, B. Woythaler, P. Kleiner, M. Kaplan, S. Haggard. Bottom Row — R. Shagan, A. Trueblood, J. Iorillo, D. Fields, H. Weinstein, G. S. [unclear].

ECOLOGY CLUB



Top Row Mr. Koslow, S. Christopher, B. Maddox, R. Andrews Bottom Row R. Stone, L. Chaffin, F. Kaufman, B. Holland, D. Levy

AQUARIUM CLUB



Top Row Mr. Koslow, B. Marston, T. Zerin, M. Herbert, B. Holland, J. Sangmeister, R. Stone
Bottom Row D. Keith, G. Nudell, J. Weterrings, H. O'Connor, J. Oetiker

STUDENT COUNCIL



Top Row — B. Champion 8, J. Gries 9, W. Gresson 9, A. Kinner 11, J. Zipp 11, P. H. Gering 10, W. W. S. Bottom Row — D. Nelson 12, C. L. G. 12, W. K. 12, J. Moore 12, J. Stern 12, D. Greenberg 11

LOWER SCHOOL NEWSPAPER



Back Row — W. K. 11, P. W. 11, G. G. 11, J. M. 11, J. H. 11, J. H. 11
Front Row — C. L. 11, K. S. 11, M. 11, L. 11, J. 11

MATHEMATICS TEAM



This year's varsity math team, led by many returning lettermen, has been calculating its way to glorious new heights. In the UC Santa Barbara prize exam contest, five seniors

Bob Maloney, Bill Plants, David Mael, Mark Carroll, and Jim Isaacas — won a total of \$340 in cash and \$3400 in scholarships. Bob, Dave and Bill took first place awards in three of the four events offered statewide, an unprecedented show of strength by one school. The Occidental Math Field Day was another successful outing for the squad. Isaacas, Mael, and Maloney received awards of math books. Steven Cutler scored highly as well. In league competition, the team is being seriously challenged in its attempt to repeat last year's first place finish. Harvard seems certain to rack up another standout year led by Coach Gene Murrow.

YEARBOOK

CLUB

PHOTOGRAPHER



Ralph Crandall

RALLY COMMITTEE



'75-'76 Yell Leaders

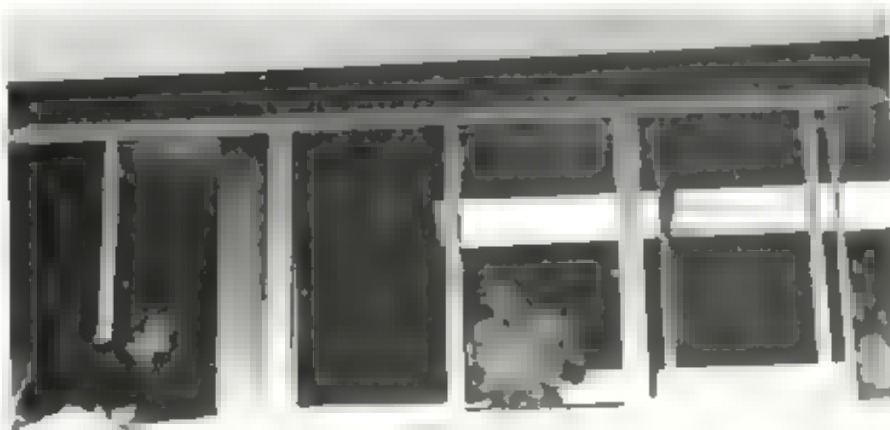
Dave Nelson
Bryan Boone
Pat Cohen
Mike Healy
Jeff Heyman
Jim Isaacs
Jay Rosenberg
Ted Rutter

'75-'76 Cheerleaders

Rose Haddad
Anne Heidt
Liz Linton
Jill Mitchell
Marsha Ozwald
Pam Sirianni

Faculty Advisor

Hal Richardson



SENTINEL ANNUAL STAFF



Mike Herbert — Editor-in-Chief



Andy Caine — Assistant Editor-in-Chief



Bill Urick — Sports Editor



Mark Block — Underclass Editor



Steve Horowitz — Letter School Editor — Pete Grossman



Other staff members include: Vince Jefferds, Chris Escher



"Urick, this is the worst layout I've ever seen."



WANTED

Able person to be
Yearbook Editor
Full time job.

REWARD:

Fame, Fortune,
Mike Herbert

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Mrs. Virginia Pickerell
Mr. Jerome Overbey
Mr. Patrick Hill
Eric Lund



"Now will you get to work, Grossman"

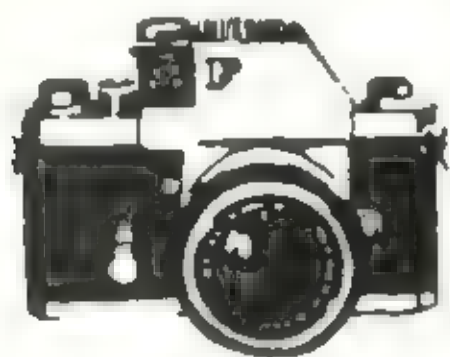


"What are you guys doing in the dark-room?"



Sentinel Staff Meeting

YEARBOOK PHOTOGRAPHERS AND DARKROOM STAFF



DAVE "Master Mind" FRANKL



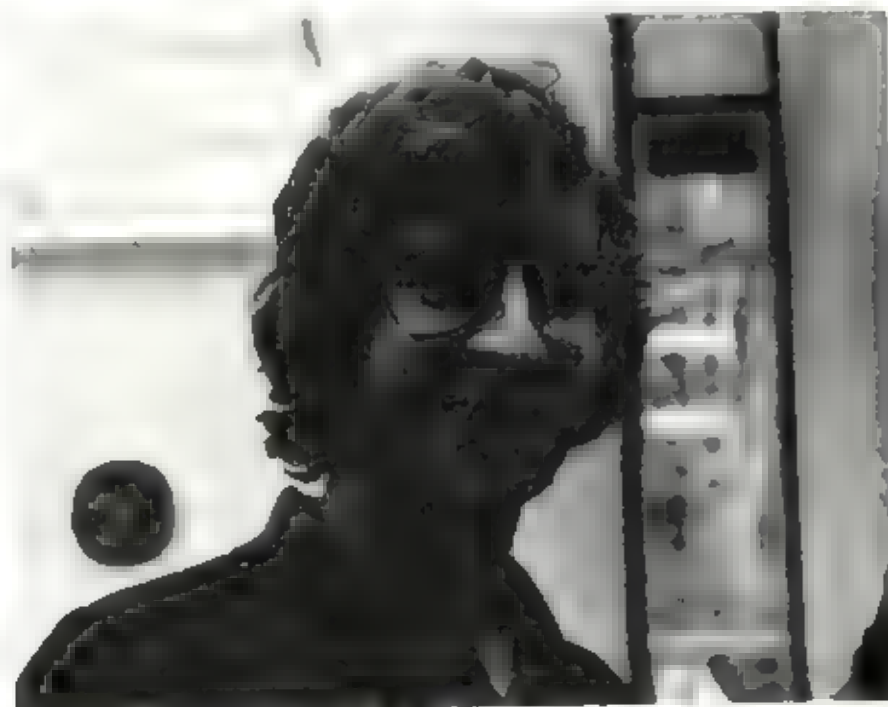
JEFF "Magic Formula" ANDERMAN



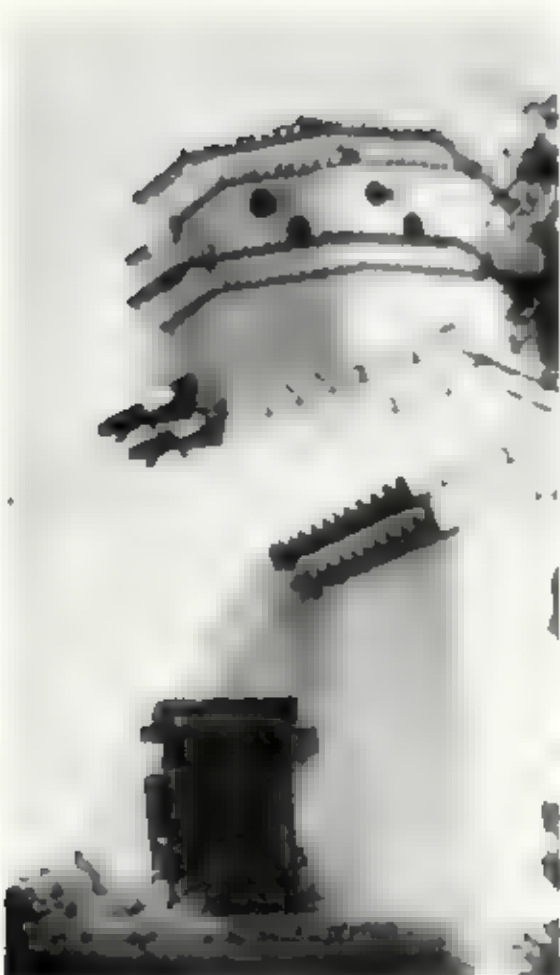
MICHAEL "Snapshot" HERBERT



ANTHONY "Foggy Fog" LOMAN



TODD "The Fog" ZERIN



Earthquake



Albino rabbit in a blizzard with
its eyes closed

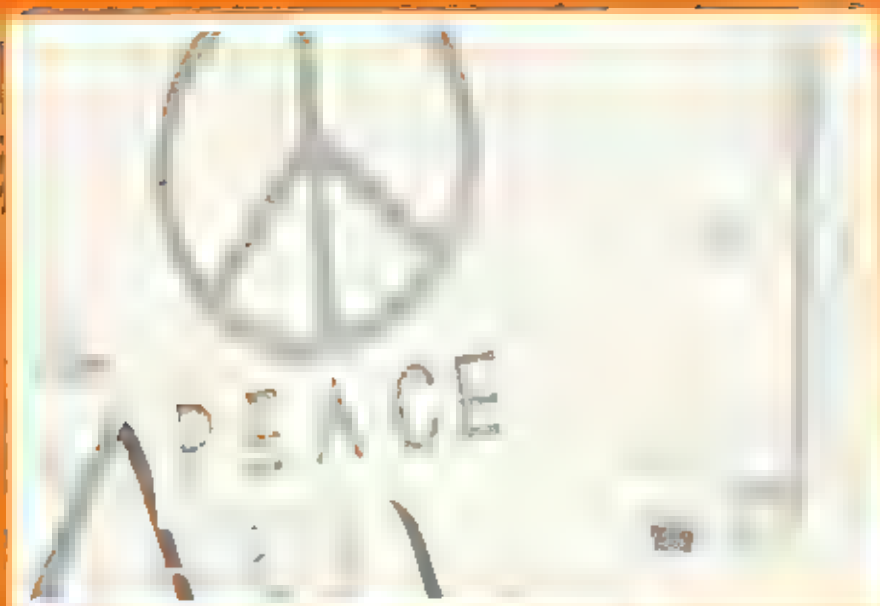


SPRING

OUR BEST WORK



1961-1970





"THE AVERAGE STUDENT AT HARVARD
SPENDS 73.54 CENTS PER YEAR AT THE
FRIENDLY ORANGE JULIUS AT WOODMAN
AND VENTURA." —SENTINEL REVIEW 1971



- 1963 — Stained Glass windows in Chapel dedicated.
- 1964 — Chapel celebrates its 50th birthday.
- 1969 — School drops its Military program

PREFECT ELECTIONS



Dan
Greenberg



Jeff
Heyman



Tegan
West



Dave
Zaro



Paul
Williams

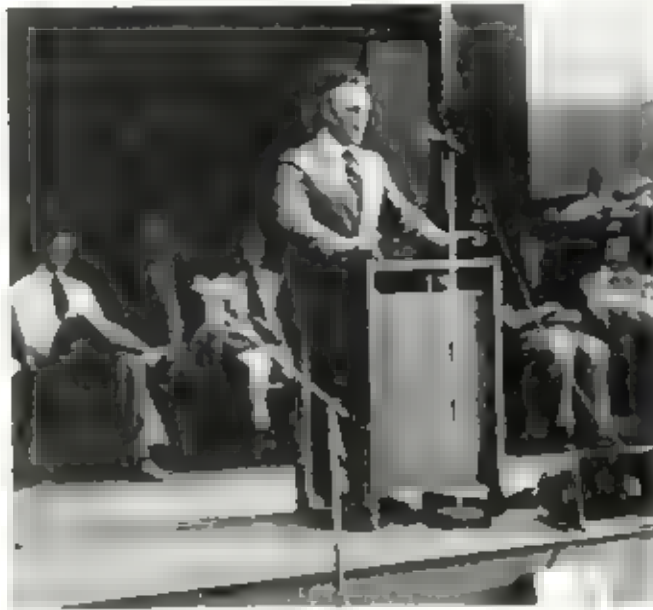
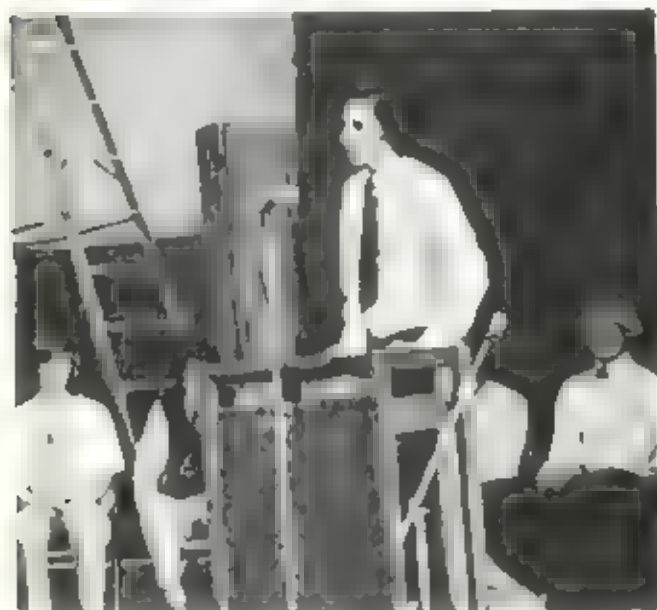


Todd
Zerin



Jeff
Bell

THE WINNERS



The Other Nominees



Chris
Wright



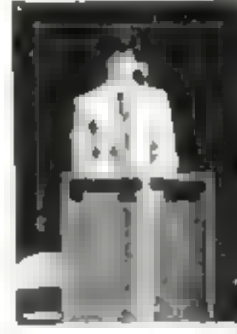
Brad
Reifer



Huck
Sutherland



Peter
Aberg



Eddie
Poplawski



Chris
Jones



Chip
Palmer



INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE

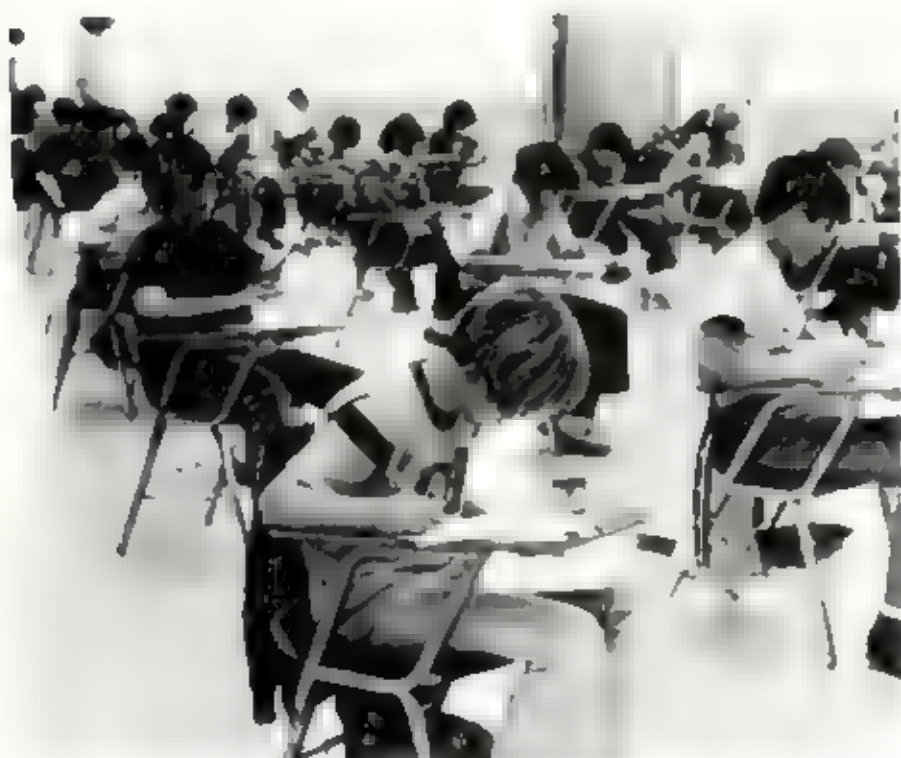


John Ames
H. B. Barnum
Jeff Bell
David Daniels
John DeMarco
John Dewell
Kevin Fisher
Robert Flanagan
Jon Fredricks
Chirs Friel
Raymond Gillete
Perry Goldman
Michael Kirkwood
Pete Jungshaffer

Bill McGovern
Randy Miller
Robert Moriarty
Jeff Nudell
Richard Potter
Tim Sarnoff
Wesley Sterman
Jon Strauss
David Sones
Randall Taylor
Ted Thompson
Jere Tognazzini
Herb Wiggins
Marc Winters



ADMISSIONS TESTING DAY



"STOP THE WORLD, I WANT TO GET OFF"

A bright and fast paced production of "Stop The World" began Harvard's theatre season this year. Directed by Mr. Jerry Margolis, the production starred Jerrell Tognazzini as Littlechap and Cathy Wagner as Evie. Members of the cast included Jeff Adler, Terry Payne, William Kinder, Charlie Stack, Jon Ungerleider, Jane Margolis, Debbie Girard, Amanda Hallock and Tracy Obrien. The full Harvard Instrumental Ensemble provided the super orchestra sounds from backstage. Audiences who attended on the evenings of November 20, 21, and 22 were treated to a great rousing evening of comedy, music, pathos and the ingredients that go into making a super show to watch. Bravo "Stop The World."



STOP THE WORLD!

HUGHIE and THE LESSON



John Bunzel and Dan Greenberg



Vince Jefferts



Chris
Harvie



Peter
Kleiner

Harvard's first drama lab production was a double bill: Eugene O'Neill's Hughie and Eugene Ionesco's The Lesson, chosen for their literary value as well as for the opportunity they afforded young actors: all the roles in both plays were challenging and demanding.

In Hughie, now considered by many scholars to be one of O'Neill's most important and well-crafted plays, we meet Ernie Smith, the demoralized Broadway gambler mourning the death of one friend and looking for another, and Charlie Hughes, the nightclerk whose senses have been dulled by the boredom of his job but who has learned to survive through his fantasies. John Bunzel as Ernie and Dan Greenberg as the nightclerk performed with sensitivity and intelligence.

In The Lesson, which offered the additional challenge of a highly absurdist style, there is the bumbling professor whose life is defined by violence, the student whose initial openmindedness and intellectual curiosity are gradually beaten out of him, and the butler who runs not only the professor's household but his life as well. We had to make an adjustment in Ionesco's script by changing the female roles to male roles, but the menacing quality of the drama remained, thanks to the competence of Vince Jefferts as the professor, Chris Harvie as the student, and Peter Kleiner as the butler.



HARVARD SCHOOL DRAMA DEPT PRESENTS

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM

(BY) SHAKESPEARE
HARVARD SCHOOL
RUGBY AUDITORIUM

APRIL 23rd at 1:00 p.m.
8:00 p.m.

APRIL 24th at 8:00 p.m.

APRIL 25th at 1:00 p.m.

ADMISSION \$ 1.00

HARVARD STUDENTS WITH I.D. \$.50

A Midsummer Night's Dream

THE CAST

Music by Jeff Stern
Lyrics by Chris Escher

THE COURT

Duke Theseus
Hippolyta
Egeus
Lysander
Demetrius
Hermia
Helena
Philstrate

MARTIN ALDERSON-SMITH
SHELLEY BROWN
DAVID ZASLOFF
TEGAN WEST
JAMIE MacDOUGALL
ANNE BRUNER
BETSY BAUM
AMY HEYMAN

THE RUSTICS

Bottom
Peter Quince
Flute
Snout
Snug
Robin Starveling
Dog

VINCE JEFFERDS
PETER KLEINER
SPENCER BEGLARIAN
BOB DRAKE
STUART LUCAS
CHRIS HARVIE
JAMES

THE SPRITES

Oberon
Puck
Oberon's Train

JOHN BUNZEL
DAN GREENBERG
MARK BLOCK
BLAKE CHAMPION
TONY CONNOR
ANNE COOLEY
JOANNE DE LA CHAPPELLE
ELEANOR EISELE
JANET GRIFFITH
BRETT HELLER
CRAIG ROECKER
SUE SINGLETON
TAMMY ZDENEK

Titania
Titania's Train

PORTIA GIOVINAZZO
RICHARD LESTER
JON SIMON

Peaseblossom
Cobweb
Mustardseed

ANDY ROBINSON
JON GARCIA
BEN SHERWOOD

THE MAGICIANS

ANDY FACTOR,
SIMON FILL,
ROBBY HALPERIN,
MARY HARDESTY,
STEVE LINICK,
DAVID REVERE,
DAVID RHEIN-
STEIN

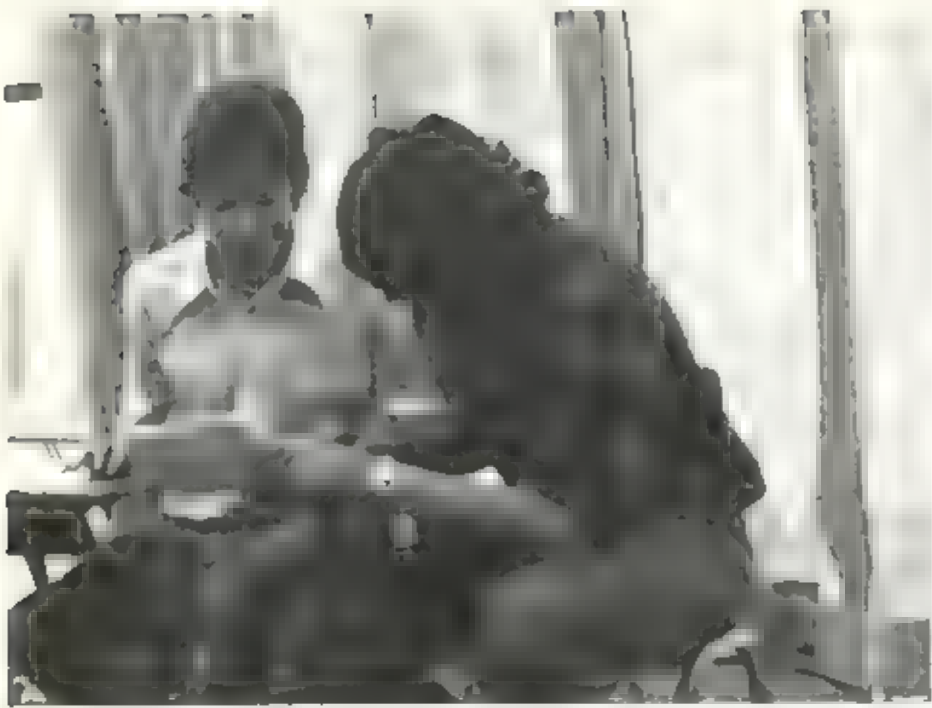
THE SINGERS

ELISE BENUM
GRETCHEN
BOONE, KRISTI
CLARK, JON
DWECK, CAROLYN
GORMAN, LINDA
JACKSON, KENDA
NOBLE

THE MUSICIANS

JEFF BELL — Bass
KEVIN FISHER — Guitar

MATT CHAIKIN — Drums
JEFF STERN — Keyboards



THE MYSTERY THEATER

AN EXCERPT FROM "HORROR ON BLOOD ISLAND"

JACK: Sir, I think one of the natives is approaching . . .
NATIVE: Bwanas! Hmmm guro, asgro legor, Doctors!
DOCTOR: Good Lord! Why this native speaks South African.
JACK: Hey soul brother, talk straight with a couple of honkies, dig?
DOCTOR: Jack! This is not your typical native! Now be silent, I'm trying to understand him.
NATIVE: Bwanas, legro andura, gim duro afto, Doctors!
JACK: Sir, what did he say?
DOCTOR: Well, as I recall from my studies, "Legro Andura" means . . .
"Follow me down this little path here, I want to take you to my master, he's been waiting for over forty minutes!"
KAY: Oh dad, what do you think this all means?
DOCTOR: Obviously my dear, there are certain beings running this island with a higher level of authority than our colored friend here.
JACK: He's no friend of mine!
DOCTOR: Be quiet Jack! And for god sakes, take off that Wallace button!
NATIVE: Bwanas, chieagra nowbwangi dierowa, Laskal.
JACK: Sir, what did he say?
DOCTOR: We are entering the confines of Dr. Laskal. There, up ahead, That stone slab is moving to one side!
KAY: Dad, what do think it all means?
DOCTOR: Obviously Kay, some evil mastermind who mutates animals lives in these caverns.
JACK: Dr. Richardson, how do know that?
DOCTOR: I looked at the next page. Come on, we'd better go in . . .
JACK: Gosh, it's so spooky!
KAY: Dad, what do think it all means?
DOCTOR: I don't know dear, we'll just have to wait.
NATIVE: Bwanas, you gorungo mwambi Keebrama lotoros!
JACK: Sir, what did he say?
DOCTOR: He wants us to stay here, and wait for the doctor.
KAY: Dad, what do you think it all means?
DOCTOR: Will you shut the hell up!!!



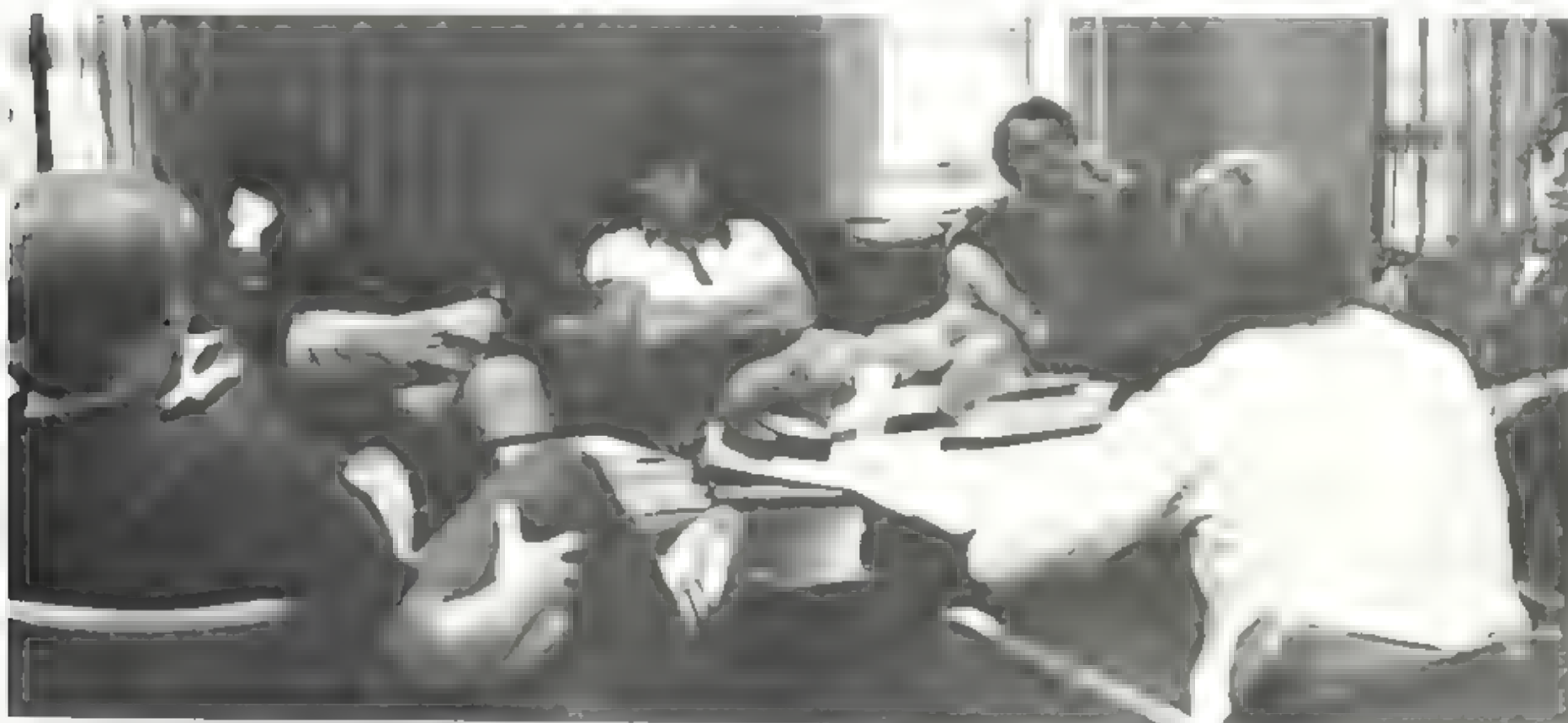
TEACHER'S AIDE PROGRAM

The Teacher Aide Program was designed to provide junior and senior students the opportunity to work meaningfully with younger students. Teacher Aides, in conjunction with master teachers, participate in teaching situations ranging from tutorial to whole class instruction. In addition, they attend a weekly seminar which focuses on various philosophical and practical issues in education.

Students participating in the program include:

Bill Bennett
David Bennett
Andy Caine
Chris Escher
Gerry Flintoft
Hans Fredericks
David Griffiths
Mike Healy
Mike Herbert
Wes King

Ken Loughran
Jamie MacDougall
George Pappas
Jim Rene
Jay Rosenberg
Zachary Sharp
Jeff Stern
Bill Urick
Bill Zimmerman



EUROPEAN EXCHANGE PROGRAMS

ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION



Exchange students Martin Alderson Smith (ESU), Bentio Mueller (AFS), and Ian Calaghan (ESU) drinking American coffee

DECLARATION OF THANKS

In School, June 4th 1976

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one person to give his thanks to those who have connected him with America, and to finally separate and return home — a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that he should declare the causes which compel him to do so.

California is a great and powerful state, but despite this, personality and individualism has not been lost. Hospitality and friendliness pervade throughout society — particularly throughout the LUCAS family — and my special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, my American Parents. My thanks must also go to “my brothers and sisters” — Stuart, Boutie, John, and Nori. I would also like to thank Harvard School, particularly the 11th and 12th grade and the Faculty for all their help and kindness.

Martin R Alderson-Smith

Wallasey
England

Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien

— John Keats

. and yes, I do like hot dogs. My ears
are stinging from the American Scream,
and my eyes ache from the glare of the
bright lights and billboards that hang
over the Land of the Free and the Home
of the Brave, but so what? In the
(adapted) immortal words of e. e. cum-
mings, next to of course england, amer-
ica i love you, land of the pilgrims and so
forth

Ian Callaghan

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

"No, I Do Not Like Hot Dogs!"

Benito Mueller
becomes a Play-
boy in Hawaii.



9th GRADE

LAKE ARROWHEAD TRIP



L. to R Christopher Diekey, Mr. Diekey, Mrs. Diekey, Mrs. Leigh



Standing — B. Eyraud, Chris Reich. Sitting — Mrs. Miller, Mr. Miller, Spencer Miller, Karen.



Sitting — T. Doskow, E. Sibley, C. Forman, B. Wright, T. Carson, S. Samuels. Standing — C. Scharff, M. Monroe



M. Cole, C. Scharff, H. Tarnoff, C. Roecker (shooting)



Front Seat — T. Carson, B. Wright. Rear Seat — M. Monroe, L. S. Truck — C. Scharff, S. Samuels, C. Forman



117 9th Graders



身分証明書

50711001
in Extension Student



1 新島
グレコリー スター 14
35 11 24
ハミ子前元ハミ子町 2-14P
TEL 0426(61) 2661

JAPANESE EXCHANGE PROGRAM



Tamagawa Gakko n Kindergarten
Children

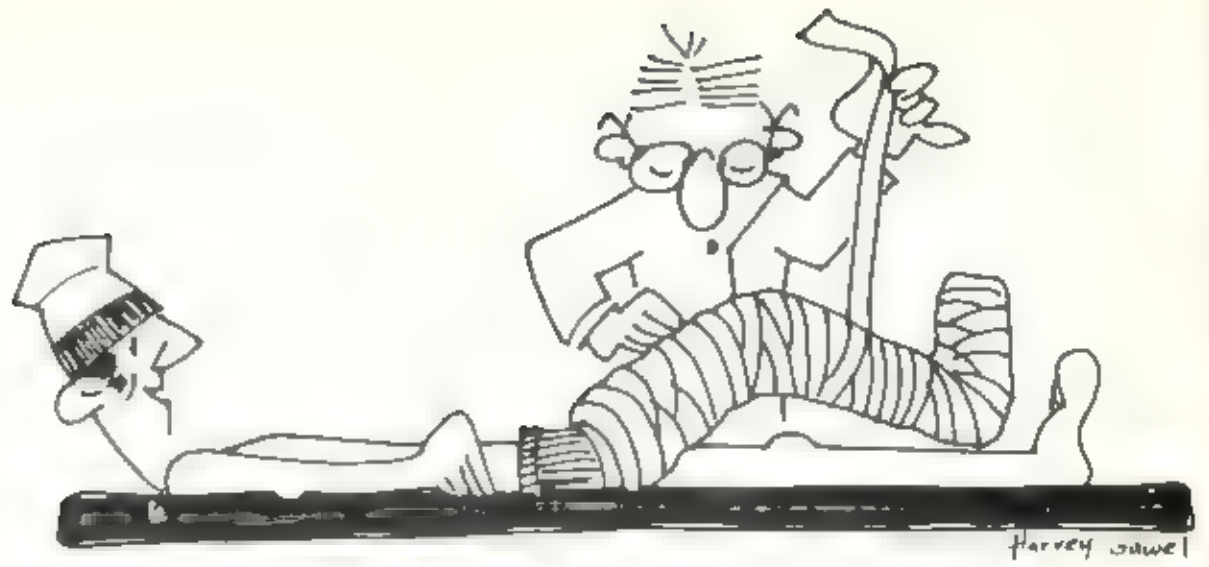


In traditional dress are Terri Fadden, Sue Rose, not Greg Stern, Dore Rosenstem, and Jeff Salmore.



For the group of Americans participating, and Japan's host cities, I recorded 1 school.

SKIING



How about giving it a little more cant Doc?



JOHN SKI CLUB



POWDER! POWDER! POWDER!



7th GRADE YOSEMITE TRIP



YOSEMITE is a week of outdoor experience and class unity. This year, Mr. Michaud led another group of 7th graders for a week in Yosemite. The trip is designed to reinforce concepts learned in science, and social studies, as well as provide a chance for the 7th grade faculty and students to know each other better

DR. STRANGE LOVE

OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Winner of
60
International
Awards



Directed by
**STANLEY
KUBRICK**

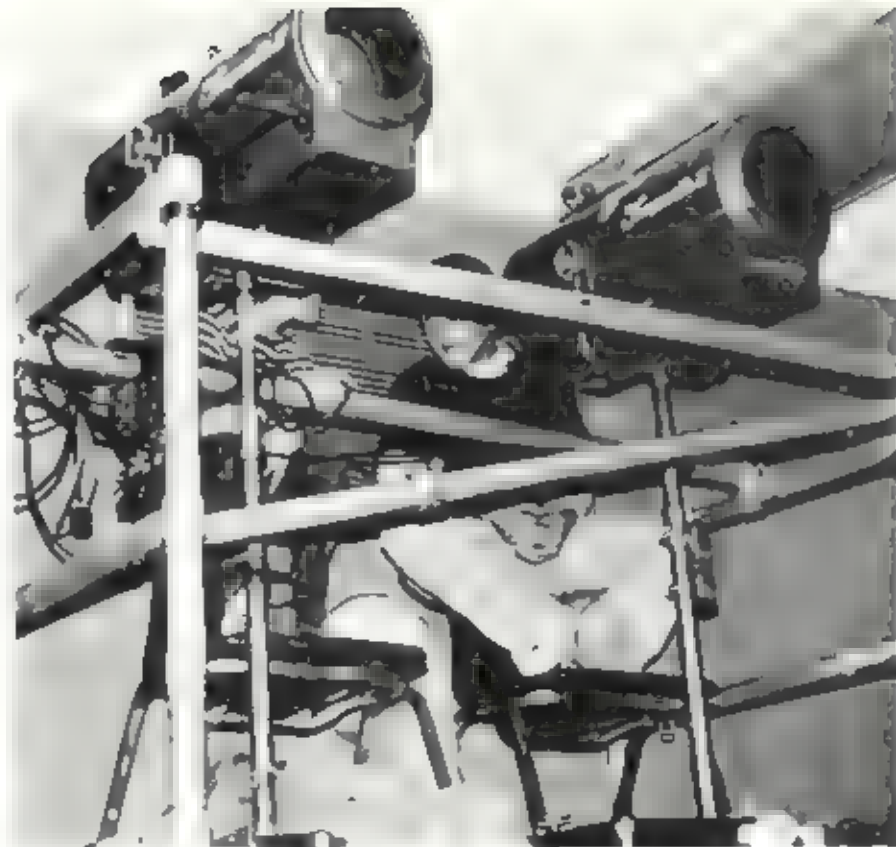
HOUSTON McTEAR FILMING SUPERSTARS SHOW



Houston McTear
signing
autographs for
A. Streiber, A.
Robinson, and
M. Billet.



Houston McTear defeated Russia's Borozov in the 50 and 60 yard dash the same day at the Times-Sunkist Track Meet



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D
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The Razu Band . . . minus one



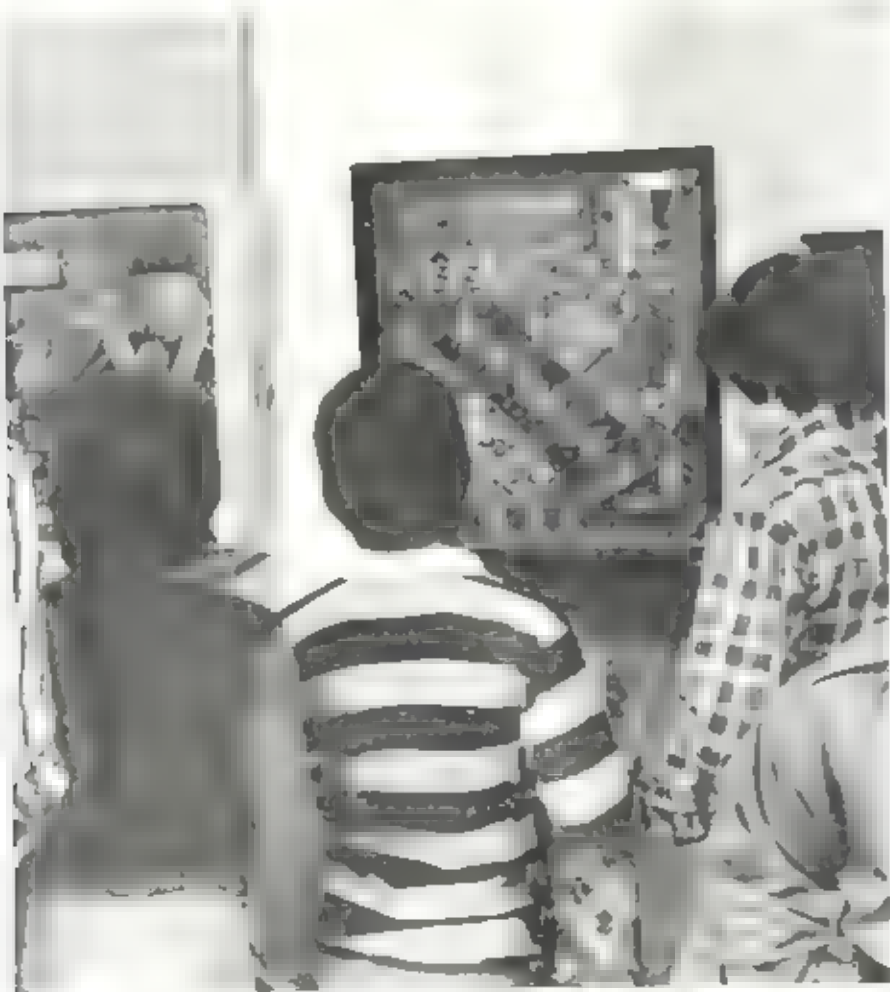
Lower Schoolers pack Chalmers



How'd you grow so tall?

HARVARD DAY

1975



ICE HOCKEY CLUB



Such Style!



Shot On Goal, He Scores!

Much to the delight of the hordes of hockey fans everywhere, the ice hockey club is now in its second year of existence at Harvard. Originally, the club was begun by two die-hard Kings' fans, Mike Segal (now at Pomona College but still playing on the team) and Jim Rene. The club has had students, faculty, alumni, and friends (Harry and Steve) participate.

The club plays on Friday nights at Van Nuys Iceland, right across the street from the police station (occasionally the riot squad has to be called in). Actually, the checking is rather low-key, with emphasis put on skating and shooting skills. Original team members include Greg "Dave Schultz" Horowitz, Tony "Pot Hole" Lomax, Ed "The Puck Stops Here" Glantz, Paul "Nose Bleed" Lawrence, Bill "Board Check" Bennett, Chip "High Stick" Griffiths, Chet "The Enforcer" Griffiths, Dave "He Hit The Post" Griffiths, Jim "Finesse" Ackerman, Jeff "He Scores" Cohen, and Ray "The Rocket" Michaud. The players provide their own sticks and equipment, although skates can be rented.

An unusual note about the club is that it is a year round activity. The club played last summer, and is scheduled to play through this summer as well. All in all, the ice hockey club has added a new dimension to Harvard School, and hopes are high that the club will continue to play at Van Nuys Iceland for many years to come — Jim Rene



Standing — Ackerman, Sharp, Lomax, Orr, Horowitz, Cohen, Brady, Harr, Glantz, Rene, Wethering, Steve
Kneeling — Malone, Hazen, I. Griffith, Noe, Goring, C. Griffiths, Lawrence, Forbes, Michaud



Two minutes Tripping



Standing — Chris Escher, Jeff Stern, Mike Kaplan. Kneeling — Dave Frankl, Andy Caine, Mr. Woods

Special Distinction

Chris Escher

Mark Carroll
John Bunzel
Joe Gamsky
Adam Kessler
Albert Eyraud
Tom Riccard
Dave Frankl
Rick Berg
Dave Griffiths
Todd Zerin
Jon Frojen
Charles Labiner
Dave Peterzell
Andrew Yamamoto
Philip Zane

James Isaacs

Bob Maloney
Paul Williams
Joe Utasy
Jeff Heyman
Bill Maloney
Eric Lund
Dennis Yokoyama
Bill Urick
Andrew Goodman
Doug Levinson
Steve Aronson
Mark Mosch
Jim Terzian
Brad Zane
David Brittan

Jeff Stern

Mike Kaplan
Peter Kleiner
Mark Binstock
Brian Castle
Tom Mampalam
Nat Williams
Michael Lubie
Brad Reisler
Robert Beyer
Stephen Cutler
Elliott Barnes
Josh Grolstein
Paul Peterzell
Brian Wright
Roger Stone

Andy Caine

Chris Wright
Chuck Lindley
Greg Stern
Bob Wyman
Chris Harvie
Tegan West
Herb Wiggins
Bill Plants
John Howard
Robert Mackey
Andy Feshbach
Rick Wentz
Mark Block
Daniel Goodman
Matt Entenza

Distinction

Excellence

John Meyer
David Mael
Tom Barrett
Tim Sheppold
Eric Walter

Lionel Whitman
Bill Reich
Grant Marylander
Bill Roden
Harry Tarnoff

Dave Rheinstein
Hans Fredericks
Jim Rene
Shaun Samuels
Alex Mackendrick

Greg Horwitz
Dan Greenberg
Jay Josephs
Stephen Cloobek

Honor

George Fenimore
Dave Bennett
Peter Wright
Steve Tag
Dan Weintraub
John Brunson
Michael Werner
Ed Glantz
Bill Grasska
Tom Christopher
Peter Goldstein
Ben Woythaler

Jeff Bell
Eric Cotsen
Kevin Fisher
Derek Bell
Bart Miles
Mark Reinhardt
Mikael Kjellin
Dean Karny
Peter Hoffenberg
Eric Sibley
Lowell Cannon

Matt Kayden
Mark Kindon
Mike Kirkwood
Andrew Swick
David Zaro
Steve Sanders
Wilbert Chew
Seth Front
David Naylor
Spencer Beglarian
Latham Williams

Dave Haddad
Dean Walker
Rick Caruso
Eduardo Chung
Aric Browne
Tom May
George Pappas
Geoff Saldivar
Brian Eisenrick
Dan Holzman
David Plants

Merit

Doug Erwin
David May
David Bercovici
Jeff Dillman
Ed Cazier
Peter Maas
Jon Riccitelli
Mark Kasey
George Thabit
David Bernat

Bill Janes
Jon Hookstratten
David Schnitt
Bill Bagnard
Bill Holland
Larry Levine
John Bertram
Max Groves
Blair Leach
Andy Ogilvie

Rob Marsalli
Fred Kaufman
John Ford
Jamie MacDougall
John Davis
Donald Hill
Les Josephson
Mike Molnthis
Matt Mettler
John Ames

Benny Slatkin
Bill Sims
Tom Higgins
Bill Pasnau
Phil Sirianni
Mike Healy
Joel Masket
Tom Howard
Jamie Hogan
Matt Sullivan

Matt Holland
John Mottl
Richard Lee
Mike Fraschilla
Ron Radstrom
Steve Mitchel
George Michos
Carl McKenna
Jorgan Weterrings
Fritz Canby
Chris Burr
David Fredricks
Michael Monroe
Tim Carson
Rahr Borchardt

David Ulich
Chris Jones
Richie Pops
Brett Heller
Ed Poplawski
Tony Connor
Jon Lee
Russell Gilman
Ben Dosti
Michael Kahn
Craig Bevan
Eric Cohen
Chris Forman
Tim Inch
Lance Weissman

Sean Kelly
Richard Braun
David Lippman
Charles Stack
David Zasloff
Chris Reich
Tommy Nathanson
Jeff Fruin
Bill Phelps
Mike Oich
Richard Wander
Brian Moss
Mark Liebman
Jordan Bender

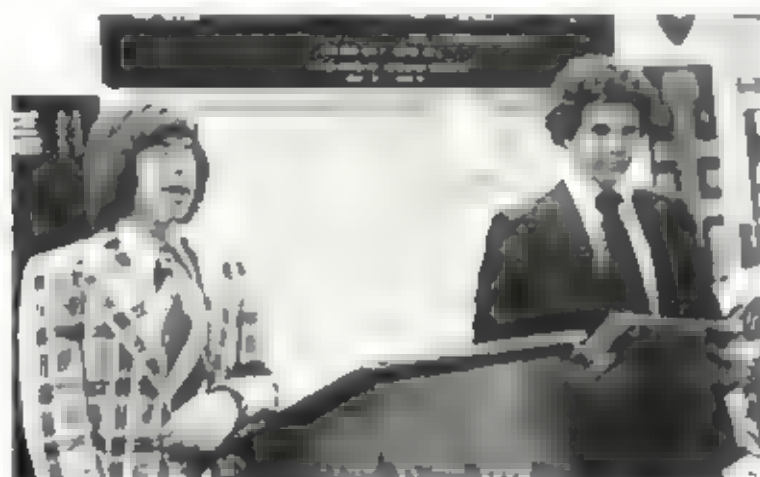
Jeff Mow
Josh Holland
Doug Brady
Tom Hoffman
Doug Levy
Tony Connor
Joji Dreyfus
Robert Gordon
Mark Schine
Jeff Cunningham
Bill Moses
Frank Vothanel
Greg Zimmerman
Craig Glick



Rick Berg — Herb Wiggins



P. Kleiner — C. Harvie



Andy Caine — Nat Williams



Dave Frankl — Chuck Lindley



Chris Wright — Paul Williams



J. Isaacs — J. Gamsky

Lately, Harvard School's greatest non-academic success has come in the area of Forensics, and 1975-1976 is no different. A lot must be said for this year's winners. Harvard has again taken the Grand Sweepstakes trophy, for the outstanding school, at almost every tournament entered, and the number of participants keeps on growing. The Sophomore class has shown an unexcelled interest and has taken a major portion of the awards. The Junior class has continued to participate actively, while the Senior class has been a disappointment. Only five members of the senior class have continued to participate and only three have done so actively. However, in a Harvard first, Andy Caine appeared on television after he and his partner, David Frankl, each won \$325 in scholarship money in the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce debate competition. Harvard's success is most consistent, and this must be attributed to the teaching and encouragement of Mr. Woods. Harvard's future will certainly be bright as long as he remains with the program.

1970-

Los Angeles Times

NIXON RESIGNS IN 'INTERESTS OF NATION'

Cites His Achievements for Peace as His Legacy Ford Pledges Foreign Policy Continuity, Takes Oath Today



Los Angeles Times

DEATH TOLL 33 IN MASSIVE EARTHQUAKE

48 Missing; Periled Dam Forces 40,000 to Evacuate



UCLA MAKES HISTORY AGAIN, 23-10



Los Angeles

1974 — Hank Aaron hits 714th homerun and catches a legend

of Nation

ending

misdemeanor

the World

1975 — Elton John sells out Dodger

1976 — U.C.L.A. upsets Ohio St. 23-10 in the Rose Bowl

Photographs and memories
Christmas cards you sent to me
All that I have are these

To remember you

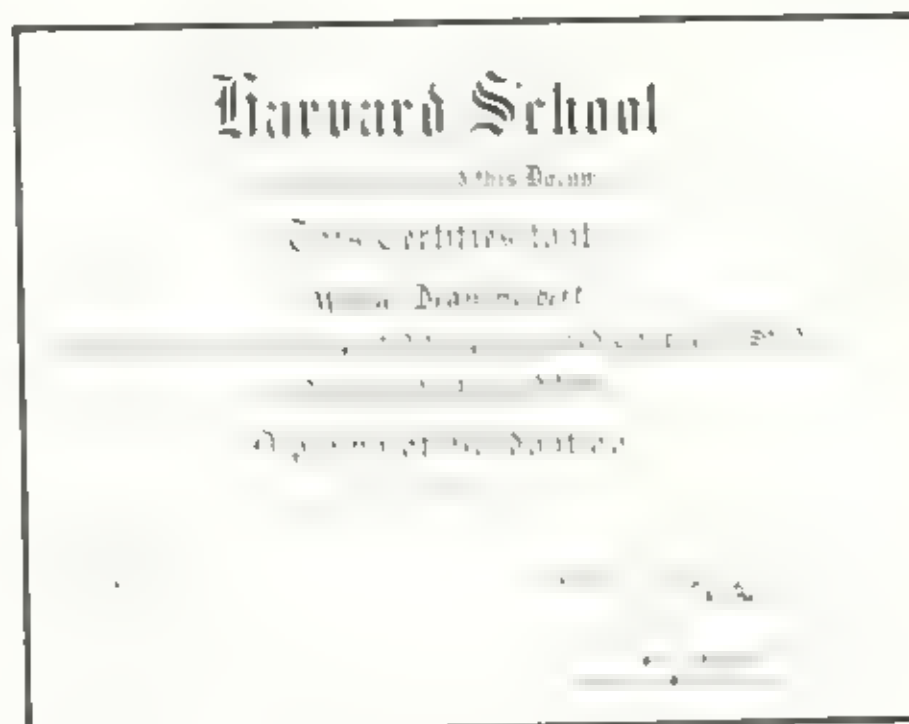
Memories that come at night
Take me to another time
Back to a happier day
When I called you mine

But we sure had a good time
When we started way back when
Morning walks and bedroom talks
Oh how I loved you then

Summer skys and lullabies
Nights we couldn't say goodbye
And of all the things we knew
Not a dream survived

Photographs and memories
All the love you gave to me
Somehow it just can't be true
That's all I've left of you

"REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN . . . !



1970 — CIF 2-A Basketball
Champions.

1974 — Seely G. Mudd Library
finished.

1976 — Diamond Anniversary
Annual published.



For College Recommendations:

The information which you provide below will assist us in preparing your official college recommendation from Harvard School. This information, therefore, should be relevant, complete, and accurate. Please complete and return to Mr. McGrew **as soon as possible**.

ACADEMIC: (Honors, prizes, awards, Advanced Placement)

- 9. Honor Roll, with perfect record in math.
- 11. Passed one-semester Intermediate Algebra Course in two semesters.
- 12. Passed one-semester Solid Geometry course in two semesters.
- Accelerated World History, Decelerated Chemistry, Honors English.
- Rip Van Winkle Award in mathematics.

ATHLETIC: (Interscholastic Teams, captaincies, MVP etc.)

- 9. School Intramural Championship. Softball team.
- 10. JV Football (began as blocking back but made defensive Tackle because of inability to remember plays.)
- 12. Varsity Football (began as defensive tackle but made benchwarmer because of inability to remember plays. Set W.L.A.A. league record for bench time.)
- 12. Varsity Baseball (made first cut but learned there was a second).

EXTRA-CURRICULAR: (Clubs, presidencies, awards, special programs, chairmanships, etc.)

- 9. Ran for school president; forgot middle of speech, received 49 votes from friends and sympathizers.
- 11. School marching band (began in first trumpet section but moved to second because of inability to read music. Memorized field formations and the "Trio" of **Illinois Fight Song**.)
- 12. Yearbook Staff (wrote article on jazz band but disclaimed it after editor changed "bull fiddle" to "dog house.")

COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES:

Church high school youth group.
Boy Scouts: Eagle Scout, Junior Assistant Scoutmaster, Order of the Arrow, Scoutmaster at Council Camp, Troop bugler and bow and drill champion.
De Molay
Dating and associated crises.

OTHER:

Part-time work: Haberdashery salesman (sold two ties before being dropped for having no working permit), custodian and paper-baler in department store, shipping clerk, camp counselor, stand-by emergency snow-shoveler for city, yard work.

On graduation enlisted in U.S. Marines. Took officer-candidate, specialized service, and technical training qualification tests. Completed military service as gate-guard.

Please note **dates** whenever possible.

Elliott B. McGraw



Retrospective pages have become somewhat a cliché. From Andover, Mass. to Harvard, each graduating class leaves with "a note of thanks to the school that gave them so much." After a few generations, its effect has understandably diminished. Still, we try again and again. Could it be that only the words fail us? Six years cannot be captured upon one page — or even in one annual. Yet we wish to record **something** that might, in the future, rekindle those old memories; and help us relive them once again.

September 11, 1970. More than 100 short-haired and sharply dressed 12-year-olds sit in rows waiting for a new life to begin; and indeed it did. Labeled "the smartest group ever to enter Harvard" the class of '76 began its career with great expectations. The upper school dubbed the class "a bunch of arrogant scrubs," yet perhaps they realized, if only intuitively, that here was a group which must be reckoned with.

The Lower School changed under the class of '76's influence — it became more active, more alive, and more independent. It began Lower School athletics, and began the drive for an independent Lower School Student Council.

By Autumn of '72, though, things had changed. We were now entering that misty and utopian dream of "high school." It was now, or so we were told, that things really began to count. Now able to compete in inter-school sports, the class eagerly joined all teams. We joined many of the new clubs, some even joined the new Math Team. But most of all we all studied hard. And then the flood hit.

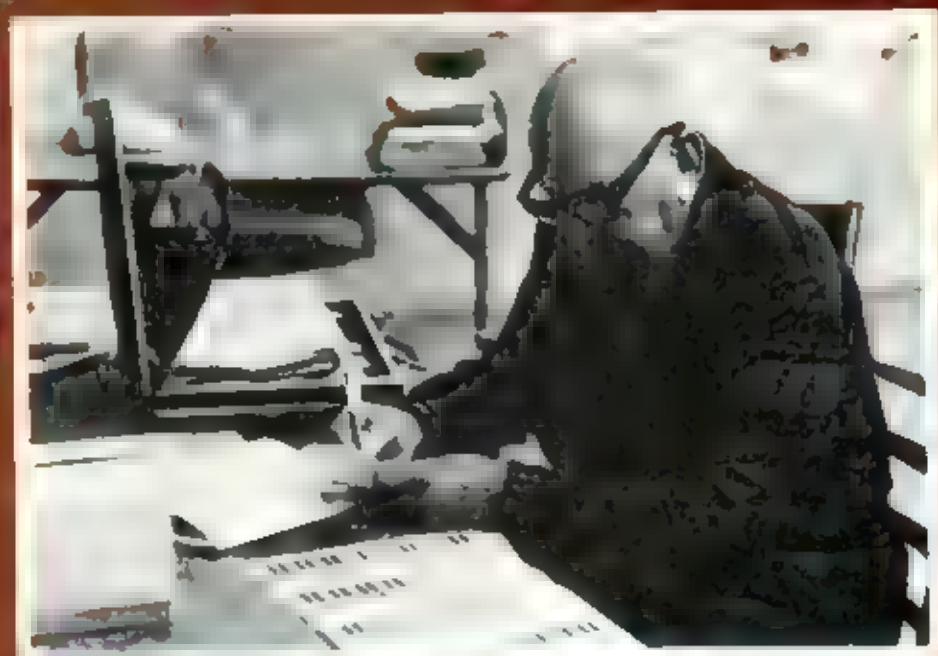
That was in 11th grade. PSAT, SAT, ACH, AP, GPA's and other ominous storm clouds joined together to send us into a panic. All night study sessions, vocab lists, first college meetings — and the innocence was gone. Things really were beginning to count. But then in June it was over. Except for the waiting.

September 1975. The class had now dwindled to less than 100; or at least attendance at class meetings could indicate that. We were really no longer a class. There were different people and different groups going different ways. The unification left us when maturity hit us. We bowed passively to the inevitable.

But there was another side. When we lost that unity, we also gained our individuality — and perhaps that is the whole redeeming fact of Harvard. Students do not graduate a class. We leave this place a group of individuals. What more could we ask for?



SPECIAL THANKS TO THE 1976 SENTINEL ADVISORS



RALPH JESSON

Publishing Advisor

RAY MICHAUD

Faculty Advisor



PHIL HOLMES

Faculty Advisor



EDITOR'S EPILOGUE

First of all, let me stop and take one long deep breath! Ahh, it's finished. This annual was a great deal of work, but it was worth it. But then again, no one ever said it would be easy. I really enjoyed being editor, and, by the way, all those rumors about it being canceled weren't true.

Several years from now, wherever you are, as you look back through this book you will be reminded by most of the pages, of all the good times that were a part of Harvard in 1976. But you may not remember the significance of those pages which do not specifically relate to Harvard. So let this epilogue help you.

In 1976 America was 200 years old and Harvard was 75 years old. Actually, Harvard was 76 years old but the Class of 1976 was the 75th graduating class. Keeping that in mind, you will begin to understand why we divided the annual into decades and included pictures and facts about the history of our community and country during the past 75 years, on the division pages. Opposite the division pages we placed pictures from Harvard's history that would relate to the following section. We also included on those pages facts of Harvard's history pertinent to the decade indicated. Oh, about the cover. The Chapel is the most historic part of the present campus, so we decided to recognize this by placing pictures of two of the Chapel windows on the front and back cover of Harvard's Diamond Anniversary Annual. I recommend that you read the inscription at the bottom of each window.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank the people who made this yearbook a reality. Thanks to: Mrs. Pickerell, for the pictures and her time; to Mr. Hill, for his proofreading; to Mark Block, for his various layouts; to Steve Horowitz and Peter Grossman, for lunch and good times; to Todd Zerlin and all the other photographers, for their time and prints.

Special thanks to: Bill Urlick, for making the deadlines close and a job well done; to Vince Jeffers, for his artwork; to Jeff Anderman and Dave Frankl, for the two thousand pictures and all the trouble; to Andy Caine, for "pin the tail" and doing a fantastic job! Special thanks, again, to the advisors. To all those that I didn't mention, thanks! Good luck to the next editor; my rates are fifty dollars an hour for instruction!

Au revoir,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Michael D. Herbert". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal line extending to the right from the end of the name.

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R. W. "BUS" BLANCHARD, JR.

BEST LUCK, CLASS OF '49

THE GRIERS

Sunset 22296
LONE PALM FURNITURE
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12815 Ventura Blvd. Studio City, Calif.

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MUIR'S SPORTING GOODS
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12139 Chandler Blvd. • No. Hollywood
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Stanley 7-3035 Sunset 1-6608
SPORTSMEN'S LODGE
Excellent Cuisine
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S.M 5 6989 • Arizona 3 1328
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BRENTWOOD PHARMACY
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HABERDASHERS
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BEST WISHES TO THE
CLASS OF 1949
Mr. and Mrs. John Newton

Best Wishes to the Class of '49
MOOSE

— Compliments of SWEN D. NELSON, Mgr. —
ORTMAN'S GAMBRINUS GRILL
Featuring
Spanish and American Dishes
Cocktails and Beverages
30 North Euclid Ave. • Pasadena, Calif. • Sy. 2 2794

CONGRATULATIONS
TO ALL THE
SENIORS
FROM THE SENTINEL ANNUAL STAFF

MIKE HERBERT

BILL URICK

ERIC LUND

JEFF ANDERMAN

JIM ISAACS

MARK BLOCK

PHIL HOLMES

RALPH JESSON

ANDY CAINE

VINCE JEFFERDS

DAVE FRANKL

TONY LOMAX

TODD ZERIN

STEVE HOROWITZ

RAY MICHAUD

PETER GROSSMAN

P.S. — The Senior pages were not turned in to the publisher until Dec. 17th.

"NOTHING ENDURES
BUT CHANGE"
— HERICLITUS

Bill Hunt '76
The Associates and Hunt
Insurance Agent and Broker

In Honor
of
Our Son

Pat
and
His Friends

1976

Nina & Dick
Cohen

Eric

Alexis

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Phone 769-0666



**CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL
THE SENIORS**

CONGRATULATIONS
TO ALL
THE SENIORS

MRS. A. CARTER

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE
CLASS OF
1976

THE WHITMANS

MOM AND DAD
BREN AND TRIPP PAUL '71

CONGRATULATE
STEVE'S
CLASS.

CONGRATULATIONS
TO GREGORY
AND
THE CLASS OF
1976

MARTHA PORTER
CLAIRE AND CLARK

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE
CLASS OF
1976

THE LEONARDS

BRADLEY '74

NEAL '76

BEST WISHES
TO THE
GRADUATING SENIORS

FROM

ENVIRONMENTALS

INCORPORATED

STUDENT COUNCIL
WANTS TO WISH EVERYONE A
PROSPEROUS and ENJOYABLE
1976



CONGRATULATIONS

To
ANDY CAINE
And His
CLASSMATES

PANAMA-
WILLIAMS, INC.

CONGRATULATIONS

TO THE
CLASS OF '76

Mr. and Mrs.
Stanley Beyer,
Robert and
Lavrian

CONGRATULATIONS TO
MY CLASS!
WE MADE IT!

Good Luck From Chris Wood
Continuation of Will:

Elmo: D.B.S.P., wars in the condo, and a book of illiterate manuevers which

I started and you finished.

Special Thanks, again, to the Trainers, Healys, Nelsons, Carrolls, and Mullins.

THE
HARVARD
MOTHER'S CLUB
SALUTES
THE
SPIRITED CLASS
OF
'76

CONGRATULATIONS
TO
THE CLASS OF '76
AND
FAREWELL TO HARVARD
FROM
ALL THE HEALYS
MIKE '76
JOE '74
WENDY '76 (Cast of Tommy)
BRIDGET '70 (Song Girl)

HURRAY!
YOU FINALLY MADE IT
CONGRATULATIONS
MR. AND MRS. WM. G. MILLER

THANKS FOR A GREAT
ASSOCIATION!

THE CHARLES H. STERN FAMILY

**CLASS OF '76
WELCOME ABOARD!**

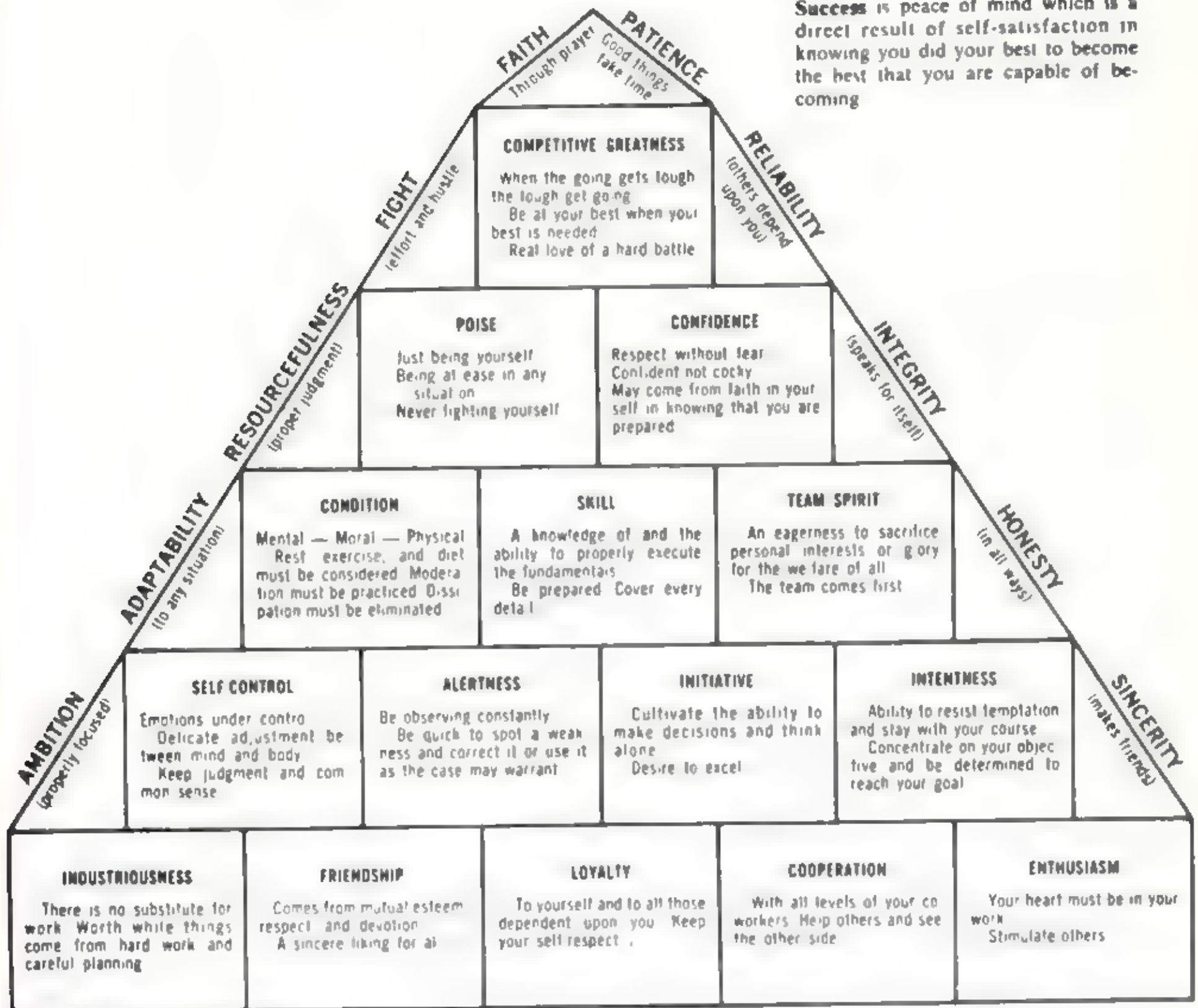
**HARVARD SCHOOL
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION**

**The First Step Towards
Success
In Any Occupation
Is To Become
Interested In It.**

— SIR W. M. OSLER

JOHN WOODEN'S PYRAMID OF SUCCESS

Success is peace of mind which is a direct result of self-satisfaction in knowing you did your best to become the best that you are capable of becoming



A TREMENDOUS YEAR!

CONGRATULATIONS TO US ALL FOR . . .

OUR BICENTENNIAL YEAR

HARVARD SCHOOL'S 75th ANNIVERSARY

OUR SON MIKE HERBERT'S GRADUATION

THE GRADUATION OF THE CLASS OF '76

A VERY BRIGHT FUTURE

Mr. and Mrs. Mort Herbert

— "SO SPOKE THE BADGER, NOT KNOWING WHAT THE
FUTURE

HELD IN STORE, OR HOW MUCH WATER
AND OF HOW TURBID A CHARACTER, WAS TO RUN
UNDER BRIDGES BEFORE TOAD SHOULD SIT AT EASE
AGAIN

IN HIS ANCESTRAL HALL."

The Wind in the Willows —

BON VOYAGE — CLASS OF 1976
SIDNEY AND GEORGE THORSON
ERIC 1974

BRAD 1976

CONGRATULATIONS

TO

MATT

AND THE

CLASS OF 1976

THE METTLER FAMILY

MANY THANKS

TO THE

FACULTY

FROM

THE SENIORS

CONGRATULATIONS AND
BEST WISHES
FOR
A HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL
FUTURE
TO MATTHEW AND
THE CLASS OF 1976

Lorraine and William Kayden

Neutrogena®

BEST WISHES TO ALL
THE SENIORS

IN THIS, THE BICENTENNIAL YEAR

THE FATHERS-SONS CLUB

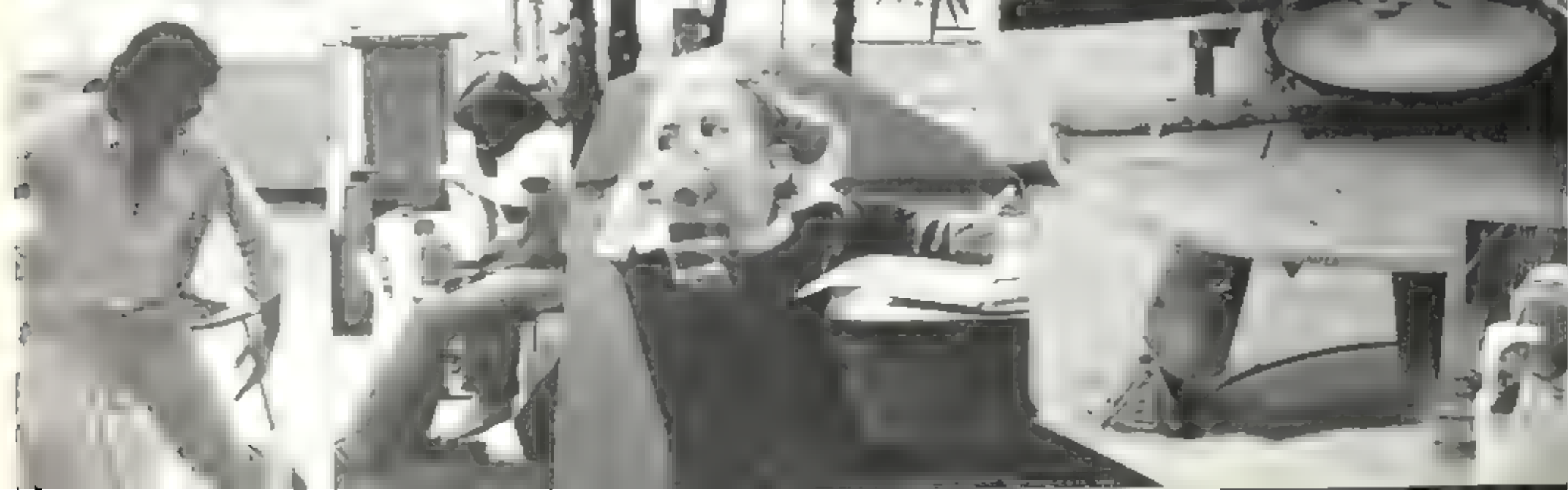
EXTENDS

BEST WISHES AND CONTINUED

SUCCESS

TO

THE CLASS OF 1976







Jeffery

